FOREST AND STREAM.

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ON A FISHERMAN.

A fisher, while he angled in a brook,
A dead man's skull by chance hung on his hook;
The pious man in pity did it take
To bury it, a grave with 's hand did make;
And as he digg'd, found gold; thus to good men,
Good turns with good turns are repay'd again.
Alexander Brome, 1664.

SNAP SHOTS.

AMONG the interesting game protective and game exploiting schemes of the day is the one just entered upon by the Province of Quebec. The system hitherto in force has been to exact a license fee from resident sportsmen, a permit to kill birds and animals costing $30; one to trap fur-bearing animals $25, and one to kill only birds $20. Under the new order, the entire unoccupied territory of the Province suitable for fishing or hunting will be divided into tracts of territory varying from 20 to 400 square miles each, and these individual tracts will be leased to sportsmen at certain fixed annual rentals. The leases will carry with them the exclusive right to hunting and fishing, and to trapping the fur-bearing animals. One who leases a tract of land for hunting purposes will control it absolutely, having the right to fence it, to employ wardens for keeping other people off, and in every way to maintain his exclusive privilege upon it. The non-resident license being abolished, the lessee of a tract will have the privilege of inviting all his friends to share in his privileges without cost to him or to themselves. The Government will give such protection as its newly organized service will secure to protect the lessee in his exclusive rights. A Government survey is now in progress marking out the boundaries of the territory which is to be leased, and the several lots will be sold at auction in March or April of this year. The territory comprises all of Labrador, a part of Gaspe and a portion of Ottawa Superior. So far as the Quebec authorities shall be successful in renting their wild lands they will convert their territory into one vast game preserve made up of individual tracts, upon which, as each club or individual shall protect his own grounds, better protection will be secured for the entire area than could ever be attained if the wild country were to be controlled by the Provincial authorities alone.

Scientific circles in Europe are shaken to their foundations, their centers and their peripheries, over the discovery of a learned psychologist. This psychologist has discovered that fishes possess the faculty of remembering, and this discovery brings grief and perplexity in its wake. The trouble lies here: It appears that all investigators of mental phenomena are unanimous in believing that the seat of the memory lies in the coating of the brain; hence a brain without a coating cannot possess the power of remembering. But the brains of fishes have no coating, hence fish cannot have memory—and yet they do. The learned psychologist believes that his investigations demonstrate that a fish remembers the prick that he has received from the hook, and may remember an individual who has fed him, as well as the place and the time where he has been accustomed to receive food. He implores the observations of other persons interested in fish to confirm or disprove his belief. What now are the other, presumably not less learned, investigators of mental phenomena going to do about this? Obviously only two courses are open to them to choose from: Either they must demonstrate that the learned psychologist is in error and that fishes have no memory, or they must acknowledge that they are wrong in their conclusions and that the seat of the memory is not in the coating of the brain, but is somewhere else. Until they have done one or the other of these two things scientific circles will continue to be shaken. Meantime we think that many of our angling readers will agree with the conclusions of the learned psychologist.

One of the most successful fish stocking enterprises lately entered upon is the transferring of fish from the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal to the waters of the Potomac River. This, as we have already recorded, is under the direction of Dr. Geo Massamore, of Baltimore, the Chief Deputy Game Warden of Maryland; and the work has been well done. Thousands of fish, comprising white perch and black bass, have been taken from the canal, whereas otherwise they would have been seined unlawfully for market or would have perished as the canal dried up in the spring. The work is receiving high commendation, particularly from the anglers of Washington, who are warm in their praises of Dr. Massamore's management of it.

Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Chas. W. Dabney, Jr., has prepared a plan for the consolidation into one great department of science of all the existing several Government bureaus which are maintained at public expense for the promotion of science and the development of the country's resources. These include the Department of Agriculture, with its Bureau of Economic Mammalogy and Ornithology, and the Fish Commission. Mr. Dabney's argument for the proposed change is that such a reorganization and placing of the different bureaus under one head would add to their individual and collective efficiency.

One of the first bills introduced into the Utah Legislature by a female representative was a measure to forbid the wearing of high hats in theaters; the Governor of Utah or some other Western State was importuned by a woman to introduce into his message a recommendation to forbid the wearing of corsets; New York has a bill to punish by imprisonment or fine anyone who publicly mutilates, tramples upon, or otherwise defaces or defiles the flag of the United States or the flag of the State; and Maine has a bill proposing the license of sportsmen's guides. One may readily appreciate and sympathize with the motive which probably is at the foundation of the proposed guide license law. The commissioners of Maine are quite well aware of the systematic and prevailing lawlessness of guides and sportsmen in the woods in the close season. The guide license system would involve on the part of the guide returning from an excursion to the woods a detailed statement of the happenings of the trip with respect to time, locality and game killed; and under the system the guide would be made responsible for any violation of the law committed with his connivance and consent. It is readily to be understood that if this rule were in operation it would go far toward putting an end to such unlawful game destruction. The average guide would not be so ready to kill a moose before the season opened, that he might preserve its head for the sportsman who came in after the law was off; nor would he be so willing to conduct a visitor into the woods in close time, that the employer might himself do the unlawful deed, if he knew that upon his return out of the wilderness he would be compelled under oath to make returns of what had been done.

For instance, we have the names of several individuals who with their guides killed moose in Maine in 1896 before the the law was off; we saw the other day a photograph of one man and his guide standing beside a moose they had killed in September. Now these men went into the woods and killed their game, and in defiance of the law, only because they were confident that the employer could escape from the State without detection. If the guide had been compelled to make a sworn return of the circumstances, we are sure that in the case of this particular individual who had himself photographed with his illicit booty the killing never would have taken place. As a game protective measure the proposed license system has very much in its favor, and it is possible that if it were to be proposed and were to be adopted purely as a game protective expedient it might be upheld by the courts as a constitutional measure. We have by no means yet determined fully in this country what may or may not be done for game protection. The decisions of the higher courts are all in favor of giving State authorities almost unrestrained power to hedge about the killing of the game with rules and regulations as strict as those which a private individual may exercise for the protection of his own live stock.

Aside from the purely protective aspect, however, the license system may have little said in its favor. The contention that a guide's occupation is one of skill and responsibility, in a degree calling for a license as a test of fitness, is idle talk. The guide's is not a skilled occupation demanding civil service examinations and merit systems. The work of paddling a canoe, packing duffle across a carry, building camp and cutting firewood, no more ranks with the skilled arts than do the guide's home farm work of raising potatoes, foddering stock, churning and chores.

As for the reports which licensed guides would be required to give of their doings and the doings of their employers in the woods, these would be hardly less distasteful to the law abiding sportsman. Such a system of rule, regulation, inspection and detail would rob an outing of its satisfaction. For what is the chief compensation of a plunge into the woods, a free holiday of wildness in the wilderness, if it lies not in the throwing off of conventionalities and restraints? The invigoration of body and spirit comes not of the ozone and the sunlight alone, but of the abandon as well. It is this delicious freedom—freedom, not lawlessness—which is menaced by a proposed system calling for official details of the trip. There is danger that with our multitudinous statutes governing the minutiæ of sport, with our artificial and fantastic and often in a growing degree ridiculous code of what is and what is not truly sportsmanlike, we are likely to forget the fine old arts of shooting and fishing. If we must regulate our every coming and going by meddlesome rule, impertinent regulation and a wet-blanket code, the peculiar delight of the woods will have been lost to us forever.

Things will have come to such a pass by and by that a man will have to show a civil service certificate before he can tell a fish story.

There has recently been established in this town a society for the reviving of ancient mysteries, and it is given out that a temple will be built at an enormous cost as a fitting shrine for the oracles and priests of the new order. The most ancient mystery in the world probably is how that grouse got away. It is one which has puzzled and baffled successive generations of mankind from the time of the cave dwellers down through the flint-spear, sling, arquebus and flint-lock stages to our own hammerless and smokeless arms of to-day.

Senator Sanger has introduced in the New York Senate a bill to repeal Section 249 of the game law, permitting the sale of game all the year around. This is the most important game measure of the entire list likely to come before the Legislature this session. It should have the support of sportsmen throughout the State; and one effective means of showing this support would be for each interested citizen to address his Senator and Assemblyman urging the passage of the Sanger repeal bill.

It will be recalled that the New York (city) Association for the Protection of Game has come to an understanding with the marketmen by which the two interests agree to a compromise as to game selling. The proposed seasons for possession and sale as assented to are: For venison, Aug. 31 to Oct. 31 for deer killed in the State, and Aug. 31 to March 1 for venison from other States. Wildfowl, April 1 to Sept. 1; quail, Oct. 1 to March 1; woodcock and grouse, Aug. 16 to March 1. This involves an opening of the quail season one month earlier than now, and an extension of the selling seasons of all game named beyond what the statute would provide if the laws were amended simply by the repeal of Section 249. The State Association at Syracuse the other day refused to unite with the city society in approving such a compromise.

The tenth annual banquet of the Megantic Club in Boston last week was, as always, a most enjoyable occasion. The banqueting hall was elaborately and fittingly decorated with trophies of the hunt; the attendance of members and guests was large, and the after-dinner speaking was most happy in its spirit. The Megantic membership is full, with many on the waiting list; the club's possessions are being improved every year, and the organization is in a prosperous and flourishing condition.

STORIES OF AN HEROIC AGE.

THE RETURN OF A WAR PARTY.

A Reminiscence of Charley Reynolds.

It was in the autumn of 1875 that we were traveling westward across the buffalo-trodden plains of Montana. The days were hot and dusty, and on this day especially we had started very early. It was a long, hard march, but we pressed on, for we wanted to make Camp Lewis that night, and it was yet an hour or two before sundown, when the cottonwoods that fringed the Warm Spring Fork of the Judith River began to be seen. On the hills beyond and to the north of the point that we had headed for we could see far off many feeding animals, and as we drew a little nearer the different colors showed that they were not buffalo, but were either horses or cattle. We knew that there were no cattle in the country and that these could only be horses, and Indian horses, and that somewhere near at hand there must be a big camp. Charley Reynolds and I talked it over as we rode along, and decided that the Indians were probably Crows, though it was possible that they were a camp of Blackfeet, or even of Prairie Gros Ventres.

When we rode down into the valley where the white tents of the soldiers shone, and crossed the creek to the solitary building occupied by Reed, the post trader, we learned that the camp was one of 300 lodges of Mountain Crows, who had moved in only the day before. They had come just in order to take a hand in the excitement of the last twenty-four hours.

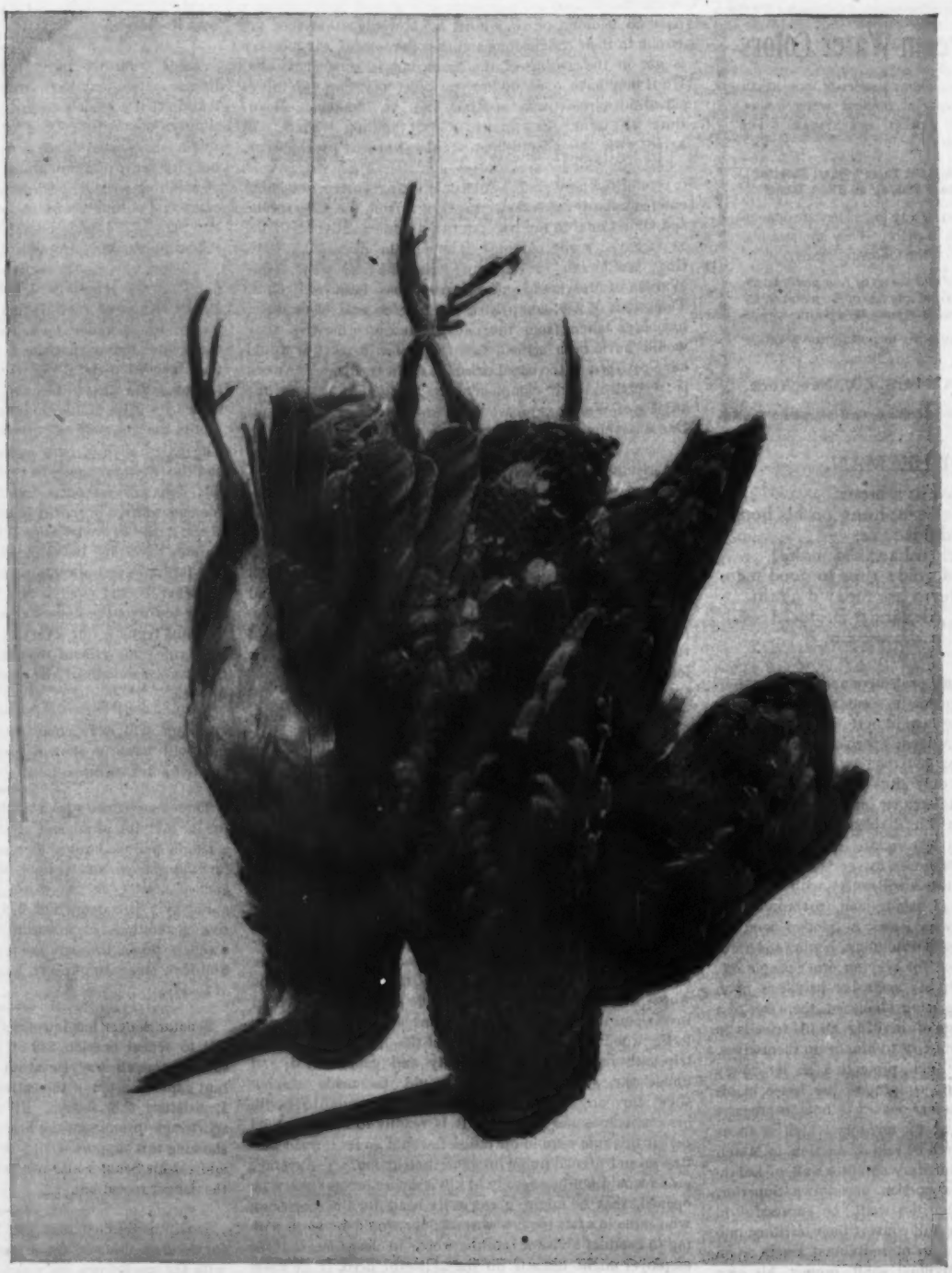
For several days a small war party of Sioux had been hovering around the soldiers' camp and trying to drive off the Government mules. As this was an infantry post, the soldiers could do nothing except look on at these attempts and guard their stock as carefully as possible. Two days before the eighteen Sioux had made another dash. They failed to get the mules, but had succeeded in driving off some horses belonging to Reed and to some men who were stopping with him. They had also killed a couple of recruits who were fishing at a big pool in the river quite close to the post.

One of the men at Reed's was Yellowstone Kelly, and when the Sioux were charging down on the camp, with one or two others he had run out to try to drive in the horses. The Sioux were too quick for them, however, and they had been obliged to content themselves with firing a few shots at the enemy at 500 or 600yds. distant, and then had seen the horses rounded up and driven away into the hills.

This was the story of the loss of the herd as Kelly told it to me afterward. He said: "We had just finished eating dinner when one of the boys in the store yelled: 'Indians, boys! Hostiles!' At the cry we grabbed our rifles and cartridge belts and rushed out of the cabin. Along the foothills, stretched out in loose order, we saw about eighteen or twenty Indians riding at an easy gallop in the direction of the pony herd, about three-quarters of a mile distant. Most of them had blankets wrapped closely around them, over or under the shoulders, and their every action was graceful as they rose and fell to the movement of their swift and agile ponies. They were so near that we could see their motions and could tell that their faces were turned toward us. They seemed to be watching our movements with an indifference that was very irritating. All this we saw at a glance.

"With us were two Prairie Gros Ventres—modest, unassuming young men, for Indians—who were stopping at the trading post for a few days. They had seven or eight ponies in that herd, and I suppose it flashed across their minds that they would have to give an account of those ponies when they returned to camp. Although our own ponies were safely cached in a coulee, I know that we—that is, Jack Mail, John Lee and myself—were instantly seized with a strong desire to frustrate the purpose of the Sioux. We all raced madly to cut them off. But running afoot at full speed just after eating is very disastrous to wind, and we never got closer than about 500yds. to the war party, who watched us, but kept on their way.

"As they bunched up a little before rounding up the herd, we threw ourselves on the ground and popped it to them with our rifles. It seemed as if some of the shots must have told, but the Indians paid no attention to us, and rounding up the herd struck for the foothills. Then we turned and plodded back to the cabin, but the Gros Ventre boys, who had followed our actions, rose from the ground and set out after the Sioux at full speed, and the last I saw of them they were rising a distant hill, still going along at the same steady dog trot."



WOODCOCK.

From the original photograph.

Not very far from Reed's two villages of Mountain Crows were camped, one being a day's ride to the northward, the other not so far to the west. To the first of these camps Kelly and another man rode to try to get the Crows to follow the Sioux, but for some reason the Indians declined to move. Long Horse's camp, however, which was further to the west, heard of the raid and at once moved up near to the post, and about 150 warriors started out on the trail of the Sioux. It was the horses of these Crows that we had seen on the hills. There were about 5,000 of them, and among them many spotted horses and mules. The pursuing warriors had not yet returned to the village when we arrived at the post.

Charley and I were hot, dusty and tired from our long ride, and the rush of the cool waters which flowed down from the mountains and by the camp was very attractive to both of us, and we agreed to go up the creek a little way and take a swim. Two or three kindly disposed individuals called out after us that we had better look out or we might lose our hair, as the recruits had done the day before; but we had our rifles with us and thought that we could take care of ourselves.

We went up to the deep pool where the recruits had been fishing when they were killed, and saw on the bank just above the pool the poor fellows' graves. It took but little time to strip and plunge into the sparkling water, and the pool was deep enough to swim in. It was delightfully fresh and cool, and we were swimming about, now and then dipping under like a couple of ducks—or perhaps geese—that had long been deprived of water, when suddenly on the bank above us a shot sounded, and we pulled for the shore and for our guns.

We seized our rifles and cartridge belts and looked for cover. There was no time for dressing, and with guns and belts in hands we crossed the stream, climbed up the bank and peered over it on the other side, where the two graves were. What we saw there at once showed that there was no danger for us. Galloping down the valley, and flanked on either side by a man dressed in superb war clothing, rode a naked Indian on a naked horse, carrying in his hand a pole to the end of which was tied a stretched scalp, the long hair of which blew out behind him in the breeze. His face was painted black and he was singing a song of war and triumph. The men who rode beside him were clad in shirts and leggins of white buckskin. Long war bonnets of eagle's feathers hung down behind them and blew out over their horses' hips. As they rode they sang, and as they sang they fired shots in the air. They were the *avant couriers* of the returning and triumphant war party.

We watched them down the valley, and then returning to our clothes dressed and clambered up on the bank just in time to see men, women and children swarm up the valley from the camp to meet the returning warriors, who now began to appear over the distant hills and to come down toward their home. On either hand the sight was a fine one. The women of the camp who had relations in the war party had bundled on all their finery and arranged themselves on either side of the valley so that the warriors could pass between them. Buckskin dresses heavily trimmed with elk teeth and beads and red cloth and fur, and painted robes, that today would be worth a small fortune, were common here. Many of the men carried bows and arrows, but there were a few sawed off needle guns, a few old Henry rifles, and a good many muzzleloaders. If the clothing of the women was fine, that of the men who were coming back from war was much finer. Before starting out in pursuit of the enemy the Crows had had time to dress and paint themselves and their horses most elaborately, and each man was equipped in his finest war costume.

The Mountain Crows a stark and sturdy race, the men big and fine looking as any Indians I have ever seen, except perhaps among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Their hair is long and often hangs down so that it rests upon the back of the rider's horse, and you can imagine that these splendid men attired in all their finery made a good appearance as they rode down toward us. They came in little groups. Eight, ten or a dozen would be clustered about some man who bore a scalp upon a pole; others went before, behind and on either side of some man who held an enemy's rifle. The captured war ponies ran loose among the throng, neighing to each other in shrill tones. From each group came the sound of singing, now loud, now low, and the burden of the 150 voices mingled with the high-pitched chant of the onlook-

ing women was pleasing and full of melody. All about us, as we stood there viewing this savage procession, were the men, the women and the children from the camp. Some of them sang, others chatted excitedly, while others still stood silent, impressed by the pageant and glorying in it.

Asleep in the arms of a sturdy Indian at my side lay a tow-headed baby two or three years old, as fair as any white child leading an outdoor life would have been. After the procession had passed I touched the Indian's shoulder and questioned him by signs, asking him if the baby was *Pa-ra-ka*, to which in reply he signed yes. As he turned to go the child awakened, yawned and stretched itself, and when it looked at me its eyes were as china blue as of the blondest baby in America. It was hard to believe that the infant had a drop of Indian blood in it veins, and I wondered if it might not be a captive or a stolen white child.

The procession passed on and the throng of onlookers duly trailed away in its wake, as, in the city, street boys follow close upon the heels of marching soldiers. We too were turning to go, but as I paused to light my pipe I glanced up toward the hills again and saw that something else was coming. Down the narrow trough of the valley walked a shock-headed Indian boy clad only in a shirt, leading a mule, and on the mule's back was a bundle done up in a green blanket. Not far behind the mule rode a man and woman and a well-grown boy. This was the body of Long Horse, the Crow chief, who had been killed in the battle and was now being brought back to the camp that he had ruled; and those following him were his father, his mother and his brother. Very melancholy were the songs of mourning which floated to us through the clear air, at first in disjointed quavers, but later, as the group drew nearer, in the connected form of a mourning chant.

We turned and walked down the valley toward the post not far from them, and as the mule with its burden passed the trading post the old man and his wife drew up and dismounted by the side of a wagon standing there. Each drew out a butcher knife, and the old man, resting the fore-finger of his left hand on the pole of the wagon, chopped off the finger, and then remounting rode away. The old woman hacked off two fingers from her left hand, and then drew the knife three or four times across her head from crown to forehead, gashing it deeply so, that the blood followed the knife and streamed down over her countenance.

"There, you see," said Charley, as we watched the pair ride away, "these people are truly sorry for their friends who die."

It was an hour later, and we were still lounging at the store talking to Reed and Kelly, when the young brother who had been following Long Horse's body strode into the store, and, resting his left forefinger on the counter, chopped it off with his butcher knife and then went away.

So now in the Crow camp there was mourning for their loss, tempering the joy that came to them through the defeat and death of their enemies; and there were no public rejoicings over their victory until Long Horse had been buried.

The next morning early Charley and I got into the saddles and continued our journey, and we saw no more of these Crows. Later we heard from Yellowstone Kelly that Long Horse had been buried near the post in a lodge, that before it many horses had been killed for him to ride in the land of the shadows, and that over the fireplace in the burial lodge hung the scalp of one of the Sioux taken on that eventful day. GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

TREASURE HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see that the columns of your paper are being taken up with treasure-hunting stories, and as I have been one of the hunters I can contribute my mite to the general fund. All the fools are not dead, and until that dismal day arrives treasure hunting will be followed.

Something like a year ago a half-breed Indian woman opened up an alleged silver mine some miles north of the city. She had some trouble with her title, which called in the services of myself and another illustrious attorney whom we will call the Judge. That resulted in our learning the history of the treasure. According to her story, she was the daughter of Chief McIntosh, who sold the tribal lands of the Creeks in Georgia to the United States Government. McIntosh was half a white man, and being a thrifty individual thought it a pity that so much good stuff should be wasted on redskins, and immediately departed for the territory, taking his family and, in a moment of forgetfulness, the treasure with him. But for some reason the Indians objected to the proceeding, and following him up eliminated him, but not till he had buried the treasure, consisting of 112 kegs of gold coin. She and Harry McGee, her cousin, were the sole surviving heirs of McIntosh, and held the secret. She had a map showing the location of the treasure at the junction of two creeks, the landmarks being a mountain, four white oaks, two walnuts and two Indian mounds. It was only eighteen miles away, so we concluded we would investigate.

At the appointed time she came with another woman we will call the Widow, and two of her miners, H. and M. The Judge and I made up the rest of the party. A trip of half a day over the worst of hill roads brought us to the promised land, only to find the place cultivated in a crop of cotton which had been lately gathered. A little negotiation with the owner, a thrifty Dutchman, arranged the question of search and board for the party, and then began the search. Harry McGee was to have met us there, but was conspicuous by his absence then and at all times, and I have never been satisfied of his existence at all.

The map was very accurate and showed Mamelle and Nowlin creeks, Pinnacle Mountain and all the other landmarks; but the trees were gone and the mounds had been plowed to the level. After long search we found traces of two stumps, and Mrs. Mack, our half-breed, located the spot. The Judge was an old Dakota miner, and by this time he had the jimmies. He and the miners went to work, while I directed the strategic part of the campaign, and during M.'s resting spells watched him make love to the Widow, who seemed no way averse. They were evidently at work on an Indian mound, for they dug up pottery, arrow heads, dead Indians and other relics; but no gold met our anxious eyes. Mrs. Mack and the Widow then held a consultation, at which we poor white trash were not allowed to be present. The result was that she announced that she could not locate the treasure in the absence of the landmarks without the help of McGee, and that M. and the Widow must go to his camp across the Arkansas River and bring him. M. would have gone to the devil if the Widow was going with him, and they took the team and departed, while the rest of us prepared for a day in the country waiting for their return. And it rained and we stayed in doors and lived on *kraut*.

About 9 o'clock the next night M. and the Widow returned. They had not found McGee, who was reported to have gone to the Territory, but brought back a female traveling fortune teller about the size and general appearance of a Dutch tobacco hogshead with a pumpkin on top for a head. She immediately went into conference with the women, while the rest of us said, "Bless it, we will hope." Hunting with a map was one thing and hunting with a fortune teller quite another. The women had all retired for a consultation, a sun dance or something like that, and after a while we were summoned to the presence of the freak. She delivered us a monologue about how she could summon spirits from the vasty deep, and how she had found a strayed mule in Argenta, and then proposed to find the treasure for $500 cash in advance. I had been elected spokesman and informed her that we were not as big fools as we looked, and that all we would do was to pay her $500 if she found the treasure, and if that did not suit her she could walk back where she came from, as she could not have our team. She was too fat to walk, and she consented to my terms after calling down on us the vengeance of her spirit guides for our obstinacy. I will say in passing that the aforesaid vengeance has not yet materialized.

The next morning came cold and foggy, and we proceeded to the field. The old girl waddled around it like a walrus on a piece of ice, and said a dark-complected man with long hair had been on the ground and his magnetism bothered her, and also that mine was very bad, and unless I left the field she would do nothing. So I took the boys out of the field and left the women in full possession. Our full-blown daisy then made some cabalistic figures on the ground, called the spirits—who were evidently busy somewhere else—and then called us back. She pointed out two stumps about 300yds. apart and said the treasure was on the line between them and about 3ft. deep. The state of my health did not require that I should take out any of that red clay, but the Judge and the two miners were full of the true mining spirit that goes out every morning with a brown-stone front in its eye and comes back at night with an empty belly. So they soon had the ditch laid out and went to work. All day they labored, and when night came the ditch was done and the daisy was $500 short.

The next day Mrs. Mack proposed to go to some rocks sculptured with hieroglyphics and get new landmarks. But there are some things I know, and one is when I have had enough treasure hunting and *kraut*. The rest went to look for the rocks and found them with undecipherable inscriptions on them, they said, and spent two weeks more in the search. What happened in that time I only know by hearsay, but for myself I am persuaded that three days' treasure hunting is an ample sufficiency, and that I can make more money replevying a blind mule than I can at that business. I am persuaded that treasure hunting is not my forte. UNO.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 19.

TIM, INTEGER VITÆ.—II.

THE railroad town of Deming had just sprung into existence. Slowly but surely the reign of the teamster was passing away in the great Southwest. Tales of the Santa Fe and Red River trails would soon live only in the traditions of nation building. I was a thorough "tenderfoot" on my way to Silver City. Thence as some passing whim in my search for health might direct me. The trip to Silver was a business proposition. That finished, my time was my own. Others had found strength and wealth in this unexplored country, old in the legend of Spanish padres and prehistoric Pueblos; why should not I?

It was with a mingled feeling of relief and disgust that I landed in a low, one-story building—hotel, lunch room, dance hall, gambling dive and office of the Silver City Forwarding Co. A freighter was going out in the morning and would be glad of company, so Manager Martin informed me. I looked around the throng of miners that were blowing in their hard-earned dust, of raw-boned, cursing bull-whackers and cowboys, of bedizzened Mexican women, of flashy faro dealers and poker sharps.

"Will you please point out the man?"

"Oh, you won't find him here. The cuss never drinks, and he's as hard to deal with as chaparral. If you strike him right he may take you for nothing. If you don't, he'll charge you a sackful, but he'll do anything in reason so long as there's money in it."

Through the livelong night there were riotous sounds of fights and carousings. The pistol crack was lost in the shrill accompaniment of harmonica and fiddle. Laughter and imprecation went side by side. As the sound of revelry died away I fell asleep. It was bright morning when I awoke. On all sides the frontier settlement was surrounded by a waste of sand, relieved on the north and west by gigantic yuccas that seemed palms in the allurement of distance. A hasty breakfast, followed by a few inquiries, brought the news that my charioteer had not yet put in an appearance, but all arrangements for my transportation had been made. I would walk along the trail to the northwest, leaving him to follow. So long as I kept the track we could not miss each other.

It was comparatively cool when I started. The air seemed life-giving from the mountains, not scorching from the deathly desert. At all events, it was in marked contrast with the foul atmosphere of the night. In half an hour I had reached the yucca grove. Yesterday amid the snows of the Raton Range; to-day in flowerland! Was there ever a more marvelous change? The sun rose higher and the heat became intense. I lay beneath the shade of a huge pyramid of creamy bells and waited. Up to this time there had been a strange dearth of animal life, but now long, spotted lizards came out, basked in the glow, and peered at me with their jeweled eyes. A tarantula wabbled toward me and I gave the gentleman right of way. After this I thought it unsafe to doze, not knowing what the tawny sands might bring forth. Tired nature, however, was not to be balked, I nodded, rested my head in my hands and—

"Hello, thar! I guess you're the feller I'm ter take ter Silver!"

The speaker pulled up his two span of mules and stuck his head from the dirty canvas protection of a prairie schooner. His red hair, yellow from years of exposure; his weather-beaten countenance, lank form, all seemed familiar, but where I had seen him I could not tell. After the outfit had resumed its course he opened the conversation.

"Wha're ye frum, stranger?"

"New York."

"Oh! I didn't know but yer come frum Noo Jarsey. No 'fense in askin', only I like to know the fellers I pack."

I looked him square in the eye, and the remembrance of that June day on the headwaters of the Raritan came to me like a flash.

"Tim!"

"Walt!" Then he paused, afraid to ask the question that was uppermost in his mind. "Hev ye seen Cynthy lately?"

"I saw her Christmas Sunday, singing in the choir just the same as ever. All the other faces were new, but she looked as sweet as she did twenty years ago—only a little older."

"Thank the Lord for that! It's jest the way I dream uv her on a Sunday arternoon. I kin see old hilltop an' her a-comin' frum meetin' ez plain ez ef it was right afore me eyes. She ain't married yit?"

"No, nor even keeping company. They say in Mendham that she's waiting for some one to come home to her."

"Waal, I guess she won't hev ter wait much longer. Say, Walt, I'm powerful glad ter see ye, powerful glad. Yer trip won't cost ye a durned cent, an' ef ye ain't tew busy I'll show ye the pootiest ranch in the mountains. Guess Cynthy 'll be tickled when she sees it," and he chuckled to himself at the very thought.

"What have you been doing, Tim, all these years?"

"It's a long story, boy, an' I don't talk much; but I almost feel like I wuz hum at seein' ye. Cynthy knows, but she don't say much nuther. Let me see. Ye know I never c'u'd git ahead tew hum, so I jest bucked the traces an' started West. I had enough ter git to Chicagy, an' then, bein' ez I war dead broke, I 'listed. They sent me daown to Tennessee, an' I wuz with Thomas tew Nashville; but the war didn't last long arter thet. Then I went over tew Missoury an' built me a cabin in the Ozarks. I trapped fur a couple o' winters, but thar ain't no money in trappin', an' besides it ain't a life fur a civilized human. Arter I'd saved a little stuff I bought a mewl team an' tuk ter freightin'. Been at it ever sence, allers keepin' ahead uv the railroads. That pays best. Four years ago I tuk up a little walley on the San Francisco River, between Silver an' Fort Wingate. Pootiest spot on 'arth. I kin raise garden sass an' sech, an' ye've got all God's kentry fur a range. Why, the deer come right tew yer door tew git a drink. Then I begun ter put my money inter stock, an' naow I hev two hundred head of beef critters, ez pooty ez ever wuz loaded on the keers. The only trouble is the ranch is tew plaguey close tew the Apaches ef they should ever break loose."

"But don't you get terribly lonesome?"

"Not so awrful. Ye see, I'm a-workin' fur Cynthy. The first thing I hear in the mornin' is the birds a-twitterin' 'Cynthy, Cynthy,' an' last thing at night is the water runnin' past my cabin still a-singin' 'Cynthy, Cynthy.' When I git tired uv meself I take a load of stuff tew Silver or tew the post. Miners an' sojers hez hard cash an' is free-handed. Mostly when I git lonesome is when I'm tew the camps. Sometimes it's plagued cold uv nights, an' in summer the hot sand sifts inter yer blankets most uncomfortable like. Then the boys comes out an' they sez, 'Come in, Tim, an' hev a little red licker an' a time with the gals, an' be sociable like.' But, somehow, I allers thinks to meself, 'What 'ud Cynthy say?' an' so I stay outside."

It did not take long to transact the necessary business in Silver City. Tim kindly waited for me, and then we started for his mountain-walled paradise. For a day and a half we journeyed slowly over the desert, which gradually became more rocky, but all the time with a heavy up grade. About noon of the second day vegetation changed. Yucca and cactus gave way to oak chaparral. There were signs of verdure in the cañons above us. New flowers bloomed beside the trail; new birds were building their nests and the breezes came fresh from unseen snowbanks. At 3 o'clock we halted at Oak Springs for lunch. To my surprise Tim belled one mule and hobbled two more.

"We'll git a deer in an hour. Thar'll be plenty a-feedin' around afore long. This 'ere spring runs dry in April, but naow it's a reg'lar game preserve. It's only a short drive over the divide, and by noon we'll be hum."

Dinner over, Tim drew out something that betokened the same old hunter. It was a .40 90 Ballard. He knew that I had its mate among my traps. Our route led up to the pines, above which was glistening whiteness, but on the lower side they were fringed with succulent grama grasses and evergreen laurel.

"You jest lay here an' keep your eye peeled. I'll go yender an' wait for 'em. Don't wait on me an' don't get flustrated," with which parting injunction he stole, noiseless, out of sight.

It seemed as though I kept one position for an hour. My body was immovable, but I craned my neck and scanned every favorable nook. Then I heard a rustle behind me, followed by a clucking gobble. I looked. There were a drove of hen turkeys enjoying themselves and probably awaiting the coming of their liege. It was a great temptation, but I thought Tim would not like it, especially as he was stuck on getting venison.

A hundred yards or so from my stand was a cliff overhanging the trail, down which I expected the deer to appear on their way from upland glade. A movement on the rock caught my eye and completely diverted attention from the turkeys. A big, lithe, tawny object was crawling to the edge, crouching, quivering and switching his tail with expectancy. He saw something that I did not. It was my first view of a mountain lion. Drawing as fine a bead as possible, I blazed away. There was none of the fiendish shriek of a wounded cat of which I had heard so much, only an aimless spring into the gorge below. As he fell a doe bounded with a crash from the thicket and ran between Tim and myself. In the excitement I forgot that I needed not only a fresh shell, but that I should have ejected the empty one. So I foolishly

pulled the trigger as the crack of Tim's gun brought the young lady to the ground.

"You missed entirely," said Tim, as the smoke cleared away.

"I did not."

"Why, man, can't ye see thar's only one hole?"

"In the deer? Yes, but I've got a lion."

"The devil you have! Where is he?"

"Just up the trail."

The Rocky Mountain terror was too badly injured to get up, but he clawed and spit most horribly as we approached. Tim said that as he was my meat I should give him his *coup*. This time I remembered to put in a cartridge. This lion incident raised me 50 per cent. in Tim's estimation, and he offered me a ranch as good as his own if I would only join him permanently.

What a supper we had that night; what a breakfast in the morning, and with what glee Tim harnessed his mules for the last stage of the journey! It took but a short time to get over the divide, and then we swung down the long cañon of the upper San Francisco. The trail wormed in and out so that we could see but a few rods ahead. Suddenly Tim reined in his leaders. From far below came the sound of several men singing a wild cowboy song. Then we caught the refrain:

"She's a most attractive creature.
She is known both near and far;
An' she's called by those as love her
The Rose of Rocky Bar."

Tim seemed worried.

"That's the M. J. outfit drivin' aout thar steers when they orter be drivin' 'em in. I wonder what's up?"

We were not kept in long suspense. Great, gaunt, wide-horned Texans blocked our way. We halted for 'hem to pass. The drivers did not wait to be interrogated.

"Better turn back, Tim; the 'Paches hez broke out again. More'n likely they'll strike your ranch to-night. If you hurry you kin round up a few head, maybe, an' get out with them. We ain't got time ter stop."

On sped the mules down the cañon at breakneck speed. If it had not been for the excitement I should have been terrified into jumping from my seat.

"We can see the ranch from the next turn," said Tim, slackening pace as he spoke. "Good God! what's that?"

The turn was made, but instead of cabin and stacks there was smoke and flame and the brutal yells of demonized savages. Tim grasped his field glass.

"Ef it warn't fur you an' Cynthy I'd go daown an' fight them Injun devils. We can't turn 'raound har, an' ef they see the wagon kiver we're gone. Take yer knife an' cut loose them leaders. Thar' used to ridin', both on 'em. Don't try to save the harness. Thar's a saddle in the back end. Git it. I kin ride bareback. Take yer gun an' fifty shells an' anything ye kin pack on ye. Be spry! We ain't got no time ter lose."

Even while he was talking it was done, and he and I were mounted, headed back on the Silver trail. As we started a louder shout proved that the wagon was discovered. Tim did not seem to care. He turned, shook his fist at the approaching Apaches; he was safe, for they were a full half mile away—and, for the first and only time in my acquaintance with him, I heard him utter a curse. Then we galloped back. Passing the cow punchers we gave them the startling news, but did not pause to see its effect. On, on, on! Half an hour's rest at Oak Springs for the mules to water and get a bite, then boots and saddles again, back over the desert that we had traveled so joyously the day before. It was in the gray of dawn that our steeds brought us into Silver. The news of the raid was before us. The whole camp was alarmed, and fugitives were constantly arriving from their herds or prospect holes.

"Walt," said Tim, as we dismounted, "the stage is jest a-goin'. She's full inside, but you kin climb on top. Thar naow, not a word! I'm a-goin' back tew save what I kin. I'll hev a hum fur Cynthy yet. Tell her—" A tear stood in his eye. "Tell Cynthy that I wuz powerful glad to see ye—powerful glad."

One pressure of the hand and Tim had disappeared in the crowd as completely as though the ground had swallowed him. A whip crack! I was riding back to Deming, the railroad and civilization. SHOSHONE.

AS IN THESE SIX STATES, SO THROUGHOUT THE UNION.

From Indiana.

I INCLOSE my check for another year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM. Although a little late, I had no thought of not renewing; could not do without it. Fred Mather's "Men I Have Fished With" has alone been worth the yearly subscription. JOHN G. MOTT.

From Ohio.

Your card of 18th inst. advising me that my subscription to dear old FOREST AND STREAM has expired is at hand. I am "chained to business," hence am compelled to do the next thing—read your delightful, entertaining and instructive journal. Push along extension of Yellowstone National Park and send FOREST AND STREAM with unfailing regularity, for which I inclose check for $4.

L. B. YAPLE.

From Kansas.

As I get old the reading of your delightful paper grows more and more interesting. My children gave me for Christmas "Uncle Lisha's Shop" and "Sam Lovel's Camps," both of which I had read in FOREST AND STREAM, but was glad to get them in book form. I wish I could thank Fred Mather for his late letters. They breathe the kindly spirit of fellowship. I love him for the friends he has made. O. S. WOODWARD.

From New York.

I inclose check for renewal of my subscription. To live without the weekly treat I get from this paper would be worse than to have to live on one meal a day. JNO. BOULTON SIMPSON.

From Maine.

Inclosed I send check for $4 to renew my paper. This will make twenty years I have been a constant subscriber and reader of FOREST AND STREAM. T. H. WYMAN.

From Pennsylvania.

ERIE, Pa.—Inclosed please find $4 for six months' subscription for the old paper. It's hard times, and I'm out of work; but I have taken and now have every number since 1880. F.

Natural History.

BENDIRE'S LIFE HISTORIES OF N. A. BIRDS.

ORNITHOLOGISTS everywhere have extended a hearty welcome to the second volume of Major Bendire's great work, which appeared some little time ago. Yet it is not the ornithologists only, but everyone who is interested in birds or in facts about natural history, who will wish to see this second part of the work.

Like its predecessor, this second part is published as a Special Bulletin of the United States National Museum, and, like the first volume, it bears the title, "Life Histories of North American Birds, with Special Reference to their Breeding Habits, Nests and Eggs." Of course, Major Bendire is best known to a large section of the public as an oölogist, but nowhere in this work has he confined himself to this branch of his subject. Instead of this he gives us life histories, and as a part of each life history has to do with the reproduction of the species, we are of course given a full account of the breeding habits, the home and the eggs.

The processes of reproduction, though they occupy only a short time, may not be separated from the general account of the bird's life. The same law that brought about the development of life upon the earth decrees that life shall continue here until such time as it shall have ceased to play a useful part on the fragment of the universe which we know. As the existence of the individual is brief, the continuance of the life of any species depends wholly upon its reproduction of its kind, and it seems certain that the reproductive function is the most important one of life; that it is the chief end of the species.

Among our wild birds the whole existence of the individual is a preparation for this function and its accompanying duties. The spring is spent in finding the breeding place, in nest building, and in bringing forth the egg; the summer in caring for and rearing the tender young; the autumn in recuperation from the fatigues of the breeding season and in a deliberate journey toward the winter home; the winter in resting and in accumulating vigor.

Major Bendire's first volume contained, as will be remembered, the game birds and those which are commonly termed rapacious. Thus the grouse, partridges, turkeys, curassows, pigeons and doves shared the volume with the vultures, eagles, hawks and owls. It is about four years since we called attention in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM to this important work, which contains the only modern biographies of the species noticed, so far as we are aware.

The present volume carries on Major Bendire's work from the parrots to the grackles, and thus covers about 200 species and sub-species, the groups treated being the parrots, cuckoos, trogons, kingfishers, woodpeckers, goatsuckers, swifts and hummingbirds, fly-catchers, larks, crows and jays, starlings, blackbirds and orioles. The volume contains more than 500 printed pages, together with seven beautiful lithographic plates. It is a large quarto.

Major Bendire's very extensive knowledge of the species described is supplemented by testimony and notes from his very wide circle of friends and admirers among ornithologists all over the country. He has thus brought out and published in its pages almost everything that is known about any species up to date.

Though perhaps it has not the same popular interest, the present work fully equals in importance the earlier part, and it undoubtedly represents considerably more labor than that, for the reason that the number of species considered is greater, and that many of them are but little known, and so require much time and investigation in order to give anything like a complete history of the life of the species.

These splendid volumes are not only enduring monuments to Major Bendire's energy, patience and assiduity in the accumulation of material, but they also show how much a man may accomplish in his leisure moments, if his devotion to the occupation of his leisure is real. Major Bendire has been all his life a soldier, yet it is not as a soldier that he has made himself famous, for while Bendire the soldier may be forgotten, Bendire the ornithologist will have an enduring remembrance. It is unfortunate that the second of these volumes could not have appeared earlier, but it is well understood that this is not the fault of the author. He was prepared to furnish in quick succession the material for this and other volumes, if only the meshes of governmental red tape could have been untangled or cut. The delay has been a real loss to science.

It is certain that the demand for this most valuable work will be very great, and the completion of the second part has laid ornithologists under fresh obligations to Major Bendire.

Some time ago in FOREST AND STREAM we were permitted to print Major Bendire's extremely interesting paper on the magpie, and those of our readers who remember this, as well as the extracts printed from his earlier volume, can appreciate the charming style in which these biographies are written. There is about them nothing that is sentimental. It is a plain, straightforward statement of facts, chiefly the recording of observations, though now and then the author does announce his own beliefs, especially when they are at variance with those of other observers. Although they are in no sense sentimental, at the same time these biographies are full of feeling, and no one can read them without coming to share with Major Bendire his love for the birds he has studied so long.

We cannot convey what this charm is in any other way so well as by quoting one of the biographies which Major Bendire has given us, and for this we select the first in the book, the Carolina paroquet. This species possesses an exceptional interest on account of the rapidity with which its numbers are decreasing. The day is not far distant when it will be extinct. Major Bendire says:

"The range of the Carolina paroquet, the only representative in the United States of this numerous family, is yearly becoming more and more restricted, and is now mainly confined to some of the less accessible portions of southern Florida, and to very limited areas in the sparsely settled sections of the Indian Territory, where it is only a question of a few years before its total extermination will be accomplished. Formerly this species had quite an extensive distribution in the United States, ranging from Florida, the Gulf, and the South Atlantic States generally, north to Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Nebraska, and casually even to Michigan and New York, while west it reached to Texas and eastern Colorado. It was especially common then throughout the entire Mississippi Valley and the heavily timbered bottom lands of the larger tributaries of the stream.

"With the more general settlement of the regions inhabited by these birds, their numbers have gradually but steadily diminished, and even as early as 1832 Audubon speaks of their not being nearly as common as formerly. As late, however, as 1860 they were still comparatively numerous throughout the Gulf States and the Mississippi, Arkansas and White River valleys; and I well remember seeing large flocks of these birds throughout that year in the vicinity of Fort Smith, Ark., and near several of the military posts in the Indian Territory.

"At present it is very doubtful if the Carolina paroquet can be considered a resident anywhere excepting the localities already mentioned, and it is rapidly disappearing from these, especially the Indian Territory. Occasionally a pair are still seen in southern Louisiana, and as late as the fall of 1891 Mr. Thurman S. Powell saw a couple at the Linchpin camping grounds, Stone county, Mo. Although rather restless birds at all times, they can generally be considered as residents wherever found, roving about from place to place in search of suitable feeding grounds, and usually returning to the same roosting place, some large hollow tree, to which they retire at night, hooking or suspending themselves by their powerful beaks and claws to the inner rough wall of the cavity.

"Previous to the more extensive settlement of the country, their food consisted of the seeds of the cocklebur (*Xantheum strumarium*), the round seed balls of the sycamore, those of the cypress, pecan, and beechnuts, the fruit of the papaw (*Asimina trilobata*), mulberries, wild grapes, and various other wild berries. According to Mr. J. F. Menge, they also feed on the seeds extracted from pine cones, and those of the burgrass or sand bur (*Cenchras tribuloides*), one of the most noxious weeds known. They are also rather fond of cultivated fruit, and in Florida they have acquired a taste for oranges and bananas. They are also partial to different kinds of grain while in the milk. Mr. Frank M. Chapman states that while collecting on the Sebastian River, Fla., in March, 1890, he found them feeding on the milky seeds of a species of thistle (*Cirsium lecontei*), which, as far as he could learn, constituted their entire food at that season. He says: 'Not a patch of thistles did we find which had not been visited by them, the headless stalks showing clearly where the thistles had been neatly severed by the sharp, chisel-like bill, while the ground beneath favorite trees would be strewn with the scattered down.'*

"According to the observations of Mr. August Koch, published in FOREST AND STREAM, Sept. 24, 1891, they also feed on the red blossoms of a species of maple (*Acer rubrum*). In the vicinity of Fort Smith, Ark., during the fall and winter of 1860–61, I frequently saw flocks of these birds in osage orange trees, which attain a large size here, biting off the fruit and feeding on the tender buds; here they were also accused of doing considerable injury to Indian corn while still in the milk, and many were shot for this reason, and there is no doubt that they do more or less damage to both fruit and grain.

"Although clumsy-looking birds on the ground, it is astonishing how readily they move about on the slenderest limbs in trees, frequently hanging head down like crossbills and redpolls, nipping off the seed bulbs of the sycamores, etc., and swinging themselves, with the assistance of their powerful beaks, from the extremity of one branch to another.

"Their flight, which is more or less undulating, resembles that of the passenger pigeon, and again that of the falcons; it is extremely swift and graceful, enabling them, even when flying in rather compact flocks, to dart in and out of the densest timber with perfect ease. Their call notes are shrill and disagreeable, a kind of grating, metallic shriek, and they are especially noisy while on the wing. Among the calls is one resembling the shrill cry of a goose, which is frequently uttered for minutes at a time. Formerly they moved about in good-sized and compact flocks, often numbering hundreds, while now it is a rare occurrence to see more than twenty together, more often small companies of from six to twelve. When at rest in the middle of the day on some favorite tree they sometimes utter low notes, as if talking to each other; but more often they remain entirely silent, and are then extremely difficult to discover, as their plumage harmonizes and blends thoroughly with the surrounding foliage.

"They are most active in the early morning, and again in the evening, while the hotter parts of the day are spent in thick-foliaged and shady trees. They are partial to heavily timbered bottom lands bordering the larger streams, and the heavy cypress swamps which are such a common feature of many of our Southern States. Social birds as they are, they are rarely seen alone, and if one is accidentally wounded the others hover around the injured one until sometimes the whole flock is exterminated. This devotion to one another has cost them dearly, and many thousands have been destroyed in this way.

"Mr. E. A. McIlhenny has kindly furnished me with the following notes on their habits as observed by him in southern Louisiana, where the species was still comparatively abundant a few years ago, but has now nearly disappeared:

"'The Carolina paroquet may be looked for in this section about April 25, or when the black mulberries begin to ripen. This fruit seemed to be their favorite food, and in the morning from sunrise to about 7 o'clock, and in the evening from 5 o'clock to sunset, at which hours they feed, they were to be found in the mulberry groves. They spent the rest of the day and roosted at night in the live oak timber. In the morning, just before sunrise, they mounted the tallest trees, congregating in small bands, all the while talking at a great rate. As the sun rises they take flight for the nearest mulberry grove, where they partake of their morning meal amidst a great amount of noise. After they have eaten their fill they generally go to the nearest stream, where they drink and bathe; they then go to some dense oak timber, where they pass the heat of the day. After they get in the oaks they rarely utter a sound. In the afternoon they go through the same performance, with the exception of going to the water.

* Proceedings of the Linnæan Society, New York, for the year ending March 7, 1890.

" 'The flight of the Carolina paroquet, once seen, is never to be forgotten; it is undulating, somewhat like the woodpecker's, but very swift. While on the wing they chatter and cry continually; this cry sounds like *qui*, with the rising inflection on the i; this is repeated several times, the last one being drawn out like *qui-i-i-i*. These birds are rarely met with in the summer, and I do not think they nest here. They are most plentiful in May and September. In the fall they feed on the fruit of the honey locust, and are then more often seen on the ground.'

"The total extermination of the Carolina paroquet is only a question of a few more years, and the end of the present century will probably mark their disappearance. Civilization does not agree with these birds, and as they certainly do some damage to fruit in sections where they still exist, nothing else than complete annihilation can be looked for. Like the bison and the passenger pigeon, their days are numbered.

"Considering how common this bird was only a few decades ago, it is astonishing how little is really known about its nesting habits, and it is not likely that we will be able to learn much more about them. The general supposition is that they breed in hollow trees, such as cypress, oak and sycamore, and that they nest rather early in the season, while others think they nest rather late. There are two eggs in the United States National Museum collection, No. 17,709, in rather poor condition, which are entered as having been taken in St. Mary's parish, Louisiana, March, 1878. I have endeavored to obtain some further particulars about them, but have been unsuccessful. One egg, laid in captivity by a bird in the possession of Mr. R. Ridgway, was deposited in August, 1877, and another in July, 1878, and one in September, 1888. There are also a couple of eggs in the collection of the American Museum of Natural History, New York city, collected by the late Dr. S. W. Wilson, of Georgia, which I believe are genuine; these are said to have been taken on April 26, 1855, from a hollow tree, the eggs being deposited on a few chips in the cavity; the exact locality where they were obtained is not given, but the collection was chiefly made on St. Simon Island, and in Wayne and McIntosh counties, Ga.

"Mr. William Brewster, of Cambridge, Mass., ever alert to obtain new information of the habits of our birds, while on a visit to Florida elicited the following, published by him in the *Auk* (Vol. VI., 1889, pp. 336, 337), which is well worth inserting here. He says: 'While in Florida during February and March, 1889, I questioned everybody whom I met regarding the nesting of the parrakeet. Only three persons professed any knowlege on this subject. The first two were both uneducated men, professional hunters of alligators and plume birds. Each of them claimed to have seen parrakeets' nests, which they described as flimsy structures built of twigs and placed on the branches of cypress trees. One of them said he found a nest only the previous summer (1888) while fishing. By means of his pole he tipped the nest over, and secured two young birds which it contained. This account was so widely at variance with what has been previously recorded regarding the manner of nesting of this species that I considered it at the time as a mere fabrication, but afterward it was most unexpectedly and most strongly corroborated by Judge R. L. Long, of Tallahassee. The latter gentleman, who, by the way, has a very good general knowledge of the birds of our Northern States, assured me that he had examined many nests of the parrakeet built precisely as above described. Formerly, when the birds were abundant in the surrounding region, he used to find them breeding in large colonies in the cypress swamps. Several of these colonies contained at least 1,000 birds each. They nested invariably in small cypress trees, the favorite position being on a fork near the end of a slender horizontal branch.

" 'Every such fork would be occupied, and he has seen as many as forty or fifty nests in one small tree. Their nests closely resemble those of the Carolina dove, being similarly composed of cypress twigs put together so loosely that the eggs were often visible from the ground beneath. The twigs of the cypress seemed to be preferred to those of any other kind of tree. The height at which the nests were placed varied from 5 or 6ft. to 20 or 30ft. Mr. Long described the eggs as being of a greenish-white color, unspotted. He did not remember the maximum number which he had found in one set, but thought it was at least four or five. He had often taken young birds from the nests to rear or to give to his friends. He knew of a small colony of parrakeets breeding in Waukulla Swamp, about twenty miles from Tallahassee, in the summer of 1885, and believes that they still occur there in moderate numbers.

" 'It seems difficult to reconcile such testimony with the statements of Audubon, Wilson and others that the Carolina parrakeet lays its eggs in hollow trees. It may be, however, that, like the crow blackbird and some of the owls, this parrot nests both in holes and on branches, according to circumstances; at all events the above account has seemed to me to rest on evidence sufficiently good to warrant its publication.'

"It is quite possible that the Carolina paroquet, from its exceedingly social nature, was compelled where very numerous to resort to open nesting sites from necessity, as suitable cavities are rarely found in sufficient quantities close to each other to accommodate any considerable number of pairs. We find this to be the case with *Bolborhynchus monachus* (Boddärt), the green paroquet of Paraguay, Uruguay and the Argentine Republic, which suspends its nests from the extremities of branches, to which they are firmly woven. Mr. Gibson describes their nests as follows: 'New nests consist of only two chambers, the porch and the nest proper, and are inhabited by a single pair of birds. Successive nests are added until some of them come to weigh a quarter of a ton, and contain material enough to fill a large cart. Thorny twigs firmly interwoven form the only material, and there is no lining in the breeding chamber even in the breeding season. Some old forest trees have seven or eight of these huge structures suspended from the branches, while the ground underneath is covered with twigs and remains of fallen rocks.'*

"Another species, the Patagonian parrot, *Conurus patagonus* (Vieillot), found in the Argentine Republic and in Patagonia, excavates its nests in perpendicular banks, like our kingfisher; while the ground parrakeet, *Pezoporus formosus* (Latham), of Australia, nests in tall grass.

"Although nearly all the species of this numerous family nest in hollow trees, as stated above, there are exceptions to this rule; and it is quite probable that some of our Carolina paroquets nested at times in Florida as Judge R. L. Long described, and again both in communities in large hollow trees, and singly, as Alexander Wilson states, all of these different assertions being probably correct.

"We have no positive information about the number of eggs laid by this species in a wild state.

"Dr. Karl Russ, of Berlin, Germany, in his interesting article on this species in his work on "Die Fremländischen Stubenvögel, die Papageien" (Vol. III., 1879, pp. 231–236), mentions several instances of the Carolina paroquets breeding in captivity in Germany, where the eggs were depositied in June and July, two being the number laid; but in his "Handbuch für Vögelliebhaber" he gives the number from three to five, and he describes these as pure white, fine grained, very round, and quite glossy, like woodpeckers' eggs, measuring 33 by 36 millimeters, or about 1.50 by 1.42in.

"Mr. Robert Ridgway's birds would not use the nesting boxes provided for them, and both females deposited their eggs on the floor of the cage; they were laid in July, August and September respectively. None of these eggs can be called round; they vary from ovate to short ovate, and are rather pointed. They are white, with the faintest yellowish tint, ivory-like and quite glossy; the shell is rather thick, close grained and deeply pitted, not unlike the eggs of the African ostrich (*Struthio camelus*), but of course not as noticeable. Holding the egg in a strong light, the inside appears to be pale yellow.

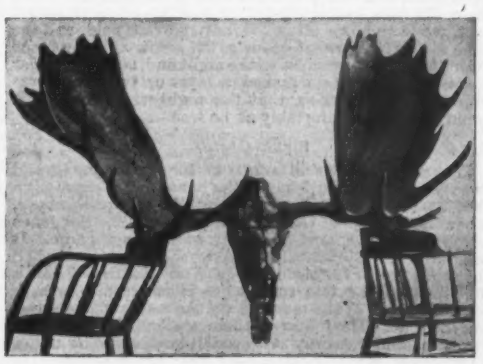
"These eggs measure 36.32×26.92, 34 54×27.18, and 33.27×26 92 millimeters, or 1.43×1.06, 1.36×1.07, and 1.31×1.06in.

"The deep pitting is noticeable in every specimen, and there can be no doubt about the identity of the eggs. The other eggs in the collection, about whose proper identification I am not so certain, and whose measurements I therefore do not give, have a much thinner shell, and do not show the peculiar pitting already referred to. There is no difficulty whatever in distinguishing these eggs from those of the burrowing owl or the kingfisher, both of which are occasionally substituted for them."

* Argentine Ornithology, Vol. II., 1889, pp. 43-46.

ANOTHER OTTER AND HIS WAYS.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 20.—Tommy, the tame otter, was caught on the Sauble, in northern Michigan, and owned by a saloon keeper at Grayling. He was a great pet with the village people, and visited the kitchens of that quiet little burg with a constantly increasing regularity. His regular beat up and down the Sauble for a distance of three or four miles afforded him abundant opportunity for fishing and hunting. In town he was a great friend with every dog and cat in the village. He would play with them on the streets for hours at a time. Once in a



THE RECORD MOOSE HEAD.

great while some cat would offend Tommy, and then the scene would be changed instanter. Tommy would grab the cat by the back, and in much less time than it takes to tell it the cat and Tommy would be under water in the Sauble, and that was the end of the cat. Tommy never had time to fool with a cat after it was dead, but he would hunt up another cat and have his play spell out.

Dogs Tommy liked, and he spent all of the time playing with them that he could find dogs willing to put up fun for him. One day a big bull dog happened along when Tommy was playing with some of his home dog talent, and the bull dog, not familiar with the Grayling pet, picked Tommy up and nearly killed him before he could be choked off. Tommy soon got over his scrap, and was on the lookout constantly for the big bull dog. One day the bull dog came to town again, and right in the middle of the village he met a dog with a chip on his shoulder, and the fun began. Just as the fight was well under way Tommy put in his appearance, and while the town dog held the bull dog down to business Tommy nearly ate him up. He would rip great mouthfuls of flesh out of him, and pull and lug him about till he had about killed the dog, when the town boys took Tommy off.

It would be hard to make a Grayling man believe that an otter had not a first-class memory for matters and things. Tommy knew all of the fishermen up and down the river, and was always ready for a fishing trip when an opportunity offered. He could catch more fish than all of the town fishermen put together, and when he was one of the party and had got all that he wanted to eat he would catch fish to supply the whole crowd. One day he broke his record and landed a big trout that weighed nearly 3lbs. When the party moved they would take Tommy into the boat, and he would curl up under the seat, but when the boat stopped he was out and in the water like a flash.

Tommy often went hunting and fishing alone, and on one of his excursions he was shot by a man who says he mistook Tommy for a wild otter. While the man knew Tommy well and saw him almost every day, yet he shot him, and the shooting led to a big law suit, for Tommy had lots of friends.

If anybody doubts the truth of the life history of Tommy, and believes that what I have told about his doings is not true, and he will write to Mr. Alexander, lawyer, at Grayling, he will furnish him enough material regarding Tommy and his doings to fill a big book. I have two more otter to write you about. JULIAN.

COMMUNICATION AMONG ANIMALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson has done the students of the ways of animals a service the value of which does not seem computable at present, but which is very great in any event. The idea of a newspaper edited by wolves will not lie idle, and to the mass of testimony that will be added to Mr. Thompson's I hasten to call attention to other and quite similar bureaus of information, namely, the traces which otter and mink leave of their presence, usually conspicuously on rocks, logs and other elevations, but frequently in the grass and bushes led to by regular and well-trod runways.

Now that Mr. Thompson has called attention to odors as a means of communication, the strong scent of muskrats around caves or bayous and on streams has special significance.

In this connection I would like to ask, why is it that a school of whales sporting in the ocean near the surface suddenly and all together lift up their tails and disappear? By what means are the whales able to do this all together? Schools of whales covering twenty-five square miles have been seen to dive simultaneously when unalarmed, so far as could be known, and a similar thing may be witnessed in schools of minnows. What tells them to?

And how do young birds know what to do in migrating time? Birds that wouldn't know Florida from the South Pole and who never saw snow travel south with the rest, only birds that were willful remaining behind to freeze their toes. How do these birds talk to each other, as they certainly must do? They don't rub bills, as dogs rub noses, before going somewhere. There are certain "call notes" heard in the fall that may appear a partial solution, just as the robin sings "I'm in love" every spring. Bluejays get up alongside of each other in the spring and don't make a noise hearable five rods away, though they do make some subdued sounds, love talk, most likely.

To my mind there is nothing more interesting in nature than the methods by which her creatures talk to one another, and now that Mr. Thompson has called attention to it I hope the FOREST AND STREAM will sift the matter as deeply as may be. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

A GEOLOGICAL MAP OF THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

THERE has recently been printed, under the supervision of the United States Geological Survey, folio No. 30 of the Geologic Atlas of the United States, which is the Yellowstone Park folio. This embraces the greater part of the Yellowstone National Park, and, while not a complete geological map of the Park, it yet does cover that portion of the reservation which is of especial interest to geologists.

This folio will be of very great interest as well to many people who read the FOREST AND STREAM, and who have visited or hope to visit the National Park. It contains five pages of description of the geography and geology of the region by Mr. Arnold Hague, geologist in charge; one page on the Igneous Rocks, by Mr. J. P. Iddings; a number of remarkably handsome half-tone pictures of characteristic Park scenery, two contour maps of the central portion of the Park, extending from near the northern boundary south almost to the head of Jackson's Lake, and two geological sheets covering the same portion of the Park, so colored as to indicate the different geological formations and mineral deposits which appear in the various localities.

As will be remembered, the geological work of the Park for a good many years has been under the charge of Mr. Arnold Hague, who has long been known to our readers as an enthusiastic well-wisher of this great pleasure ground. He has been assisted by Professors Weed, Iddings, Pirsson, and by others whose names are well known to FOREST AND STREAM readers. Thus it is certain that the scientific details of this map have been attended to by men eminently qualified to perform the work.

On the mechanical side this folio deserves high praise, and in this respect it is probably the best that has ever been issued by the United States Geological Survey, as from our point of view it is the most interesting.

Mr. Hague has long been at work on a monograph of the Yellowstone Park, and when this is issued there will be published with it a map of the entire Park.

Indian Mounds in Tennessee.

KELPIE writes from Grand View, Tenn.:

"Towstring is not far from the mouth of White's Creek, where we went to look for Indian mounds and ducks. The ducks had gone South, but the mounds were there, and we saw seven, some of which had been excavated, some not. Within ten miles of this point are a large number of mounds scattered along the Tennessee, and I should have been glad to spend a good deal of time among them had it been convenient. It is a good chance for somebody."

The Record Moose Head.

LAST week we gave some particulars regarding the giant moose head which is here illustrated from a photograph made by FOREST AND STREAM. The spread of horns is 70½in., and the weight of the skull and horns 68lbs. The horns are rather light in color, and curiously fluted. The head belongs to Wm. W. Hart, the New York taxidermist, and will be mounted and exhibited by him at the coming Sportsmen's Exposition.

Twenty Years.

HEREWITH find my check for $4 in payment of another year's subscription of your most estimable paper. This makes twenty years that I have been permitted to sit at your table and sip the wine of your vintage. How the months and years have glided away, and with them taken so many of the bonny lads that were our cherished companions in forest and on stream! How many of the guests of '76 are still at your board? R. S. IREDELL.

OHIO.

Men I Have Fished With.

THE DETROIT JOURNAL, EDITORIAL ROOMS, Jan. 20.—I am deeply interested in Fred Mather's reminiscences, which are of a high order of merit, and one of the best features you ever offered.

W. J. HUNSAKER, Mg. Ed.

Game Bag and Gun.

A WINTER CAMP ON WADLEIGH BROOK.

Part I.

ONE day last November a New York doctor himself in need of doctoring, a farmer from that part of Lake Champlain where the Adirondacks and Green Mountains come closest, a business representative of a great fence company manufacturing the one and only elk high, fawn tight and buffalo strong fencing for parks, and lastly a FOREST AND STREAM man, came together by prearranged plan in the waiting room of the Boston & Maine Railroad in Boston, bound for the northern Maine forests.

The doctor, the farmer, the fence expert and the newspaper representative dumped in one colossal pile their blankets, rifles and the miscellaneous assortment of boots, moccasins, heavy clothing and camp duffle that figured in their baggage and exchanged greetings, while the omnipresent station loafers debated among themselves whether they were "recruits for Cuby" or "only another lot of North Pole cranks."

It was a cold, raw day—that Nov. 21—and the air had a penetrating chill that suggested snow, resembling in this respect the corresponding day in 1895, when the writer left Boston at the same hour and with the same purpose in view. Then the snow had begun falling a little before noon, before Portland was reached, and continued all the afternoon and evening and well on into the night. History repeats itself, and in this case the parallel was striking.

At a corresponding point on the journey before Portland was reached, one of the party looked up from the game of cards we were playing, in which the train boys' cinnamon wafers were utilized as chips, and announced that it was snowing, and when Portland was reached the ground was already white.

Here we had hoped for a chat with Mr. Harrie B. Coe, of the Maine Central, who but for the exigencies of a presidential election would have been a member of our party, and who afterward was of invaluable service to us in the recovery of some lost baggage, but fate willed otherwise. North of Portland the snow fell merrily as per schedule, and at Bangor there was already a venturesome sleigh or two on the streets. This was the first snow of the season of any consequence, and we couldn't help feeling that it had been precipitated for our especial benefit.

In only one respect did our journey differ from that of the previous year, in that instead of a cold, cheerless wagon ride from the main line of the Bangor & Aroostook R. R. to Patten, we went this time by train. Otherwise the snow was about the same as last year. We enjoyed equally good hotel accommodations at the Patten House, and Herb Brown was on hand with the same intelligent team of black horses to take us back to camp.

Sunday morning dawned bright and cold, with a shrewd wind blowing across the open fields through which the first part of our journey lay, and the road blown bare of snow for long stretches, which necessitated traveling on wheels instead of runners.

At noon we stopped for dinner at Louis Cooper's house, twelve miles from Patten. Mr. Cooper has accommodations for sportsmen both here and at a camp on Sebois Stream, a few miles away, and those who come for deer rarely go away disappointed. In summer there is good fishing in the two Shin Ponds, which are no great distance off. The next cleared land is at Sebois House, ten miles beyond. This is kept by George Cooper, a brother of Louis Cooper, and here we spent the night. Under favorable conditions we might have gone through to Trout Brook Farm, ten miles further, in one day, but we had struck particularly bad traveling. The road had been worn deeply by heavy toting, and in places was full of water covered by ice that, while not strong enough to bear buckboard and team, was sufficiently thick to make it both hard and dangerous work for the horses pulling through.

In this respect the following day saw a condition of affairs still worse. The horses were obliged at times to plunge through mud holes, breaking through viciously tough ice and sinking to their bellies at every jump. Under such conditions it was no wonder that they fell down repeatedly and were badly cut by the ice, and that we were the best part of a day in going ten miles. The remarkable thing was that we got through at all.

That was a cold ride, but in the woods, despite the fact that the thermometer registered 20° below zero, the air did not feel so chill as it had in the open country at the start of our journey.

Big Game vs. Small Guns.

At Sebois House we met Frank McKinney, who has a camp at Hay Lake in a good moose and deer country, six miles or so south of this point. McKinney is the man who killed a bull moose last fall with a .32cal. Stevens pistol, shooting the short cartridge and a charge of smokeless powder.

He heard the moose coming, and standing behind a tree let him approach within 30ft. before firing. His first bullet went through the moose's heart, but the great animal stood perfectly still, apparently uncertain of his enemy's whereabouts, till McKinney had fired a number of additional shots, all hitting near the same spot. Then he started to run, and the hunter followed, firing at every opportunity, till finally the moose succumbed and fell. The shots varied greatly in penetration, some sticking in the tough skin on the side from which they were fired, while others went completely through the animal.

McKinney has the proud distinction of having killed his moose with the smallest regular cartridge made, and if any one wants to beat his feat he will have to try a BB cap or an air gun; but he is not the only man who has killed this king of our game animals with a pistol. Wm. Cuvrins, the lumberman, a year or two ago shot and killed a large moose with a .32cal. Smith & Wesson hammerless revolver, with a 3½in. barrel and the coarse factory sights. Cuvrins is a man who travels through the woods a great deal in connection with his business, and he is a first-class shot with either pistol or rifle. He killed this moose at ten rods and only fired one shot. McLain, Jr., at Sourdnahunk Lake, shot and killed a large buck this fall with a .22cal. pistol at a distance that would be a fair rifle shot. This deer was shot through the heart and went no further than if hit by a rifle ball. There is food for reflection in the possibilities of these little weapons in the hands of expert hunters.

Harvey's and Trout Brook Farm.

Five miles or so after leaving Sebois House we had our first view of the East Branch Grand Lake. This is a beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by hardwood ridges and good hunting country, and also affording a magnificent mountain view south toward Katahdin and the Traveler Range. At the head of the lake is Samuel Harvey's camp, and here we found deer tracks in the clearing right up to within 50yds. of the house, so thick that we thought they had been made by a drove of sheep. Harvey keeps no sheep, however, and his mutton is spelled with a v, except perhaps during the summer months.

Four miles further, having meanwhile crossed the East Branch of the Penobscot above the lake, we swung across the bridge over Trout Brook, were whisked up a hill and down again, and with the customary flourish drew up in front of the hospitable door of Trout Brook Farm, here nestled behind a perpendicular mass of trap rock. This is a favorite point for sportsmen, within striking distance of moose and caribou and surrounded by an unexcelled deer range. On our way out we found at this place two genial Worcester sportsmen, Messrs. J. D. Morton and C. A. Middlemas, who killed three big bucks in less than a week.

Jock Darling and Natey.

Here also we found Jock Darling and his grandson, Natey Fogg, than whom I doubt if the Pine Tree State produces a better hunter for his years, or a better camp companion. Natey is a chip of the old block and has the same natural aptitude for the woods that characterizes Jock. Like poets and other geniuses, woodsmen are born and not made; also with the woodsman it counts for a good deal to come from the right stock. I suppose Jock is descended direct from Robin Hood, and the strain is the same with Natey.

Jock and Natey had walked across from Sebois Lake, and at the farm secured a river driver's tent, 16ft. long, which was constructed like an Adirondack camp (or half of an A tent cut in two along the ridge) and a number of heavy quilts and blankets, cooking utensils and camp supplies.

We shivered a little at the thought of sleeping out in that tent, which was all front door and the epitome of open-handed hospitality to the elements; but we had a good deal of confidence in Jock and were ready to take his word for it that we would not be uncomfortable. Fortunately we had taken especial precautions before leaving to provide ourselves with an ample stock of heavy clothes and the warmest Jaeger underwear that could be purchased, and plenty of it; so that in the coldest weather we could wear two or three suits at a time. As an actual fact, we were more often too hot than too cold, and the time the mercury went down to 22° below zero the fence man got up in the middle of the night and, standing under the cold, glittering stars, shed a layer or two of his surplus clothes, remarking that the night was so warm he could not sleep comfortably as he was.

First Game.

That afternoon we all went out for a short hunt, and twenty minutes after leaving the house Dr. Wright got a shot at two deer. They were on the jump, however, when he fired, and he did not score. To the fence man fell the honor of securing the first game. It was the following morning, and we had almost reached the spot selected for our camp on Wadleigh Brook, half a mile in from the tote road, when Hoisington, who was walking ahead of the team, saw some fresh tracks crossing the road. He followed them a short distance to investigate, and presently saw a small buck standing under a tree 50yds. away, looking back over his shoulder. He knew that the deer was likely to take alarm at any instant, as he could hear talking and the noise made by the team behind; so he took a quick aim and fired. Several other deer near by dashed off at the sound of the shot, but the particular one at which he had fired fell within 40ft. of the spot where he first stood. The ball had entered back of the near shoulder and quartered through, breaking the opposite shoulder. It was an ugly wound, and though the bullet had missed the heart, it had killed much more cleanly than the average of such shots, and thus at the very start vindicated the effectiveness of the little 6½lb. .30-30 Winchester from which it was fired.

For supper that night we had juicy venison steaks, albeit not so tender as other cuts were later, but vastly preferable to anything else our larder afforded.

The buck was very fat, and I doubt if venison was ever more truly appreciated. We began at the hindquarters, and little by little, through the medium of the frying-pan and boiler, converted the various parts to our use, till every shred of flesh had been devoured and only the bones remained. It took us a little more than four days to accomplish this result.

In Camp.

Our camp was pitched directly in the old tote road up Wadleigh Brook, and if any future visitor finds a particularly smooth spot 12ft. or so in length in the road he will recognize our bed. Roads in this part of Piscataquis county are nothing to brag on as a rule, but we will back that 12ft. section to be equal to anything in the State, and we know whereof we speak, for we all labored individually for its improvement.

The foundation for our bed was of balsam fir boughs, and over this several sacks of straw were laid on, and on top of all a heavy quilt. The bed was about 7ft. in width, and the tent roof slanted upward from where it was pinned to the ground at the back to a height of 6ft. or so in front. Opposite and also at one end Jock erected wind breaks of boughs, supported by pole frameworks and slanting in toward the center, and on the fourth side a piece of burlap was stretched as a sort of door.

In the center of the open space between windbreak and tent the fire was built, and on cold nights the camp resembled a miniature volcano, belching a steady stream of fire and sparks from the opening in the top.

In daytime the moosebirds were a constant source of amusement about camp. They made themselves at home from the moment camp was pitched, and investigated our belongings with their characteristic easy familiarity. Soft things that they could swallow seemed to interest them most, and they sampled every such article from Pears's soap to "moccasine." These birds, though their confidence is constantly abused, never seem to learn distrust of man. They perch upon the lumberman's balanced stick just as confidingly as they did a hundred years ago, and when this backwoods humorist gives the other end of their seesaw a rap with his axe that shoots them 20ft. into the air they are just as much surprised as ever.

We let the birds eat their fill of the soap, for we had plenty of that, and anyhow soap was not altogether essential to our life in the woods, but it was different with the moccasine. Our boots and moccasins needed constant greasing both to soften them and make them waterproof, and we used it for a thousand other things as well, so our one box of this precious article was carefully guarded.

It was a specific for chapped lips and noses, though it must be acknowledged that it smelled better than it tasted, and this fact prevented our using it as butter when that staple gave out, although the question was seriously considered. It also proved a good gun grease, and we found it to be a superior lubricant for bullets when we came to reload some of our ammunition with light charges for partridges.

The Burnt Lands.

For a day or two we hunted about camp, seeing deer, but for one reason or another not meeting with success. Du Bois, while walking up the main tote road, saw two large bucks across Trout Brook, and wounded one very badly. This buck lay down almost immediately, proving the seriousness of its wound, but the approach of night obliged the hunter to leave it, and a snowstorm that followed obliterated the trail before morning.

The first good hunting day, however, all hands, including Jock, who, though in fairly good physical condition, has not since his long confinement in the hospital regained his old hardiness, set out for the burnt lands. A mile and a half up Wadleigh Brook from our camp we had our first view of them, and here we jumped a large deer that went bounding off up a hillside fifty rods away.

At this point the party separated. Natey, Dr. Wright and Du Bois crossed the brook with the intention of working along the north side of the burnt mountain, and then circling back and striking the brook near the upper dam; while Jock, Hoisington and myself were to hunt the country nearer the brook and perhaps eventually circle around outside the others.

Shortly after the parties separated we jumped three deer that ran east through the big open. As we watched them disappearing 500 or 600yds. away, looking for all the world like good-sized rabbits, we suddenly heard a volley of shots, and realized that we had driven them on to the other party.

That night around the camp-fire they did not seem particularly anxious to tell about the occurrence, but they finally acknowledged shooting in self-defense at some deer that tried to run over them. They said they were satisfied to have frightened the deer off and to have escaped the threatened assault, but there was a certain tone of aggravation in their remarks that belied their words. Later, at the station restaurant in Bangor, the Doctor was noticed critically examining some murderous looking clubs carved from birch roots. He said he was thinking of sending one to Natey, but no doubt he was also regretting the fact that he did not have one along himself that day in the burnt lands.

Jock soon gave up the hunt, as the walking was hard and his strength not equal to the task.

Hoisington and Natey, while hunting independently, both found fresh tracks of several moose, and in each case a large one was among the number. Both followed their game till dark, and saw signs of recent feeding, but neither got a shot.

None of the rest of us saw moose tracks, but while making my way back to camp late that afternoon I stopped a fair-sized buck with a bullet through the neck.

The Small-Bore Hunting Rifle.

Much has been said and written regarding the value of the small-bore smokeless powder rifle as a hunting weapon. Personally I am a firm believer in its effectiveness, though I do not by any means go to the extreme of calling it the best hunting rifle on the market. There were two .30-30s in our party, both carbines with shotgun butts and Lyman sights, weighing 6lbs. and 6oz. apiece. These guns with the soft nose ammunition possess tremendous hitting power, considering the light weight of the bullet, great accuracy, and an extremely flat trajectory, and moreover are free from any annoying recoil. Smokeless powder and steel-jacketed bullets have made possible the former paradox of accuracy combined with flat trajectory, and killing power in connection with lightness. Smokeless powder also makes possible short barrels, for the ignition is much quicker than with black powder, and as I like a carbine on account of its ease of handling in the woods, I have an additional reason to be grateful to the new compound.

Accuracy of sighting is of course dependent on the distance between sights, but as I use Lyman sights I can afford to shorten my barrel considerably and still preserve a sufficient distance for all practical purposes.

The .30-30 carbine will shoot into the same mark at 75 and 125yds., and at 200yds. the drop is so slight that a sight well up on the animal is sure to count. Owing to flip of barrel these carbines shoot higher at 125yds. than they do at 25. At short range they shoot an inch or two low. So much for trajectory. As to striking force, the results obtained in actual service were thoroughly satisfactory. I have already mentioned the effect on Hoisington's deer. The other deer mentioned had a hole torn directly through the spinal column that one could put his whole hand into. In view of the trifling size of the bullet the result was nearly incomprehensible. Minute fragments of lead were scattered everywhere buried in the bone, but no single piece of any size except the steel jacket could be found, though the skin on the opposite side was not broken, showing that the ball had gone no further. The bullet apparently had exploded, and every separate grain of lead and steel had joined in the work of destruction.

In the case of the caribou which Mr. Hoisington killed later on a different effect was observed. Here the ball, mushrooming on a rib, had torn a hole through the animal's heart that would easily have permitted the passage of a silver dollar.

J. B. BURNHAM.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAINE GAME AND FISH.

[From the report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game for the year 1896.]

Moose.

IT would seem from the best information obtainable that more moose have been killed this year than in any one year for a great many years previously, notwithstanding the fact that no cow or calf moose can be legally taken. This is due mainly to the largely increased numbers who have hunted them.

We are convinced that in order to preserve the moose from extinction more stringent laws for their protection should be enacted.

The visiting sportsmen, or hunters from out of the State, come to us in ever-increasing numbers. Skilled guides are employed, a tent is pitched or camp erected in their very home, and weeks—and sometimes months—devoted to their capture by one hunting party, and it is not therefore surprising that with this vast outlay of money and time devoted to their capture, the bulls are becoming increasingly scarce.

Nor are these efforts confined to the close season. Hundreds and hundreds of hunters visit the haunts of the moose in August and September, and during the "calling period," kill their game, hide it till October, and then bring out the head alone, leaving the carcass to decay in the forest. Any law calculated to remedy this state of affairs will have the hearty approval of the commissioners.

The rich poacher cares nothing for a fine, so long as he can secure a good head, and August and September are very favorable months for their operations. Our forests are so vast that no system of wardenship could be arranged to successfully stop summer killing. The law should step in and do it. Complaint was made and a warrant issued for one of this class of poachers in October last, and a requisition for his arrest and return to Maine was asked for of his Excellency, Gov. Henry B. Cleaves, on the Governor of Massachusetts, to which State he had gone after killing a moose in September. This procedure had never before been tried in the history of the enforcement of the game laws. His Excellency, Gov. Cleaves, without hesitation granted the requisition, and it was duly honored by the acting Governor of Massachusetts; thereby the poacher was brought before our courts for trial, plead guilty and paid the usual fine—$100 and costs. This object lesson has taught the rich poacher from other States that he is not safe from arrest and trial even though he may escape arrest while within our borders, and it is believed will have a very wholesome effect.

A leading manufacturer in Pennsylvania writes: "I have spent $500 in hunting for moose legally in your State and have not seen one yet." And this man is only one in many hundreds who have done likewise, and so long as we have moose in our forests people in large numbers will come to hunt them lawfully, spending their money freely, and to prevent unlawful killing nothing should be left undone that we can do.

Large as the State of Maine is, extensive as our forests are, as much game as we have, our State is not big enough, our forests are not extensive enough, we have not and cannot have game enough for seventy-five millions of people.

Every railroad running our way, every steamboat line running our way, every newspaper in the State, and many out of it, every hotel, hunting camp, and nearly every guide, have been for years and years advertising the great opportunity to shoot moose, caribou and deer in our State, and the ease with which this could be done. The photograph of every moose killed is taken and sent all over the country; expositions are yearly held in New York advertising this in the same way, and the result is that each year sees a very great increase of hunters over the preceding year, so that this year at least 25 per cent. more came than ever before, and if the weather had been favorable for hunting there would not have been a bull moose left in Maine suitable or fit to kill.

We have been giving three months in the year in which to kill our game, and, with the enormous amount of advertising which is being done and has been done, the result is that there is no boy now but what dreams of the time when he can kill his moose. Something must be done, or else in a very short time not a moose will remain; there will be only the echo of his last "call" to remind us of his former existence.

Caribou and Deer.

There is no question but that at least 10,000 deer have been killed in Maine during the year 1896, quite a proportion of them by our own citizens. This is not merely guess work, but based on actual count of the numbers transported by the common carriers, and records kept by various sporting proprietors scattered over the State.

Deer are now found in each of the sixteen counties of the State, and there seems to be no great decrease, notwithstanding the great numbers killed. In some localities, however, there is a marked decrease owing to the fact that but slight, if any, attention has been paid to the game laws by residents and non-residents alike. Complaints have been made in several instances to us by farmers that their crops had been destroyed by deer. In each case reported to us we have requested to be furnished with the exact facts and a statement of the amount of damage done. We are convinced that the damage is not great, though, doubtless, very annoying.

From the best information obtainable, from the most reliable sources, the caribou is fast disappearing, and will very soon be practically extinct, unless a close time, for a series of years, is put on them, or more stringent laws enacted for their protection. Summer and winter killing has accomplished this. Every effort should be made to preserve this species of our big game, because of its vast importance to our citizens.

We are aware that this expression of opinion as to caribou, and possibly deer, is not in accordance with what the public has been led to believe from various statements from guides and others published in the press of this and other States.

Guiding has become a regular occupation by a large number of our people. Three dollars a day and board is the regular price paid for their services. At least 1,500 men are thus employed. Hunting camps are everywhere where fish and game abound; attractive circulars are sent broadcast by their proprietors, and an ever increasing multitude is attracted to our State.

Ten thousand, at least, visited the Rangely region this year; more than 50,000 souls have come to Maine in 1896 to fish, to hunt, to enjoy our unparalleled scenery and climate in spring, summer and autumn; more than $5,000,000 have been expended by them along our railroads, in our hotels, pay for guides, etc. It is an industry Maine can ill afford to lose. Business prudence and foresight demand that every means in our power be employed to retain it. This can only be done by propagating our fish and protecting our game. The Department of Inland Fisheries and Game is one of the greatest and most important departments in the State. It takes the whole time and attention of at least two members of the Board. The correspondence connected with the office is something enormous, coming from all sections of the Union. A clerk should be provided for the Board, as well as an office, and most liberal appropriations made to successfully carry on the work of our fish hatcheries and adequately protect our game. Only in this way can we hope to preserve our game from utter extinction and continue to reap these rich harvests.

Wardens.

There are forty-eight commissioned inland fish and game wardens in the State, all under bond for the faithful discharge of their duties. We have employed, nearly constantly, twenty, at an average salary of $3 per day and expenses, all that the means at our command would permit, but this number is entirely inadequate. The vast area of our fishing and hunting grounds renders it utterly impossible that this number can adequately protect the fish and game from the depredations of the poacher. More prosecutions for the infractions of the fish and game laws have been instituted this year than ever before, and more convictions had. Public sentiment is, more and more, in favor of a thorough enforcement of the laws.

As stated, guides receive $3 per day and board in most instances; to be a successful warden, especially to protect the big game, one must be a thorough woodsman, familiar with the woods and the hunting regions, and also familiar with the methods of poachers. In order to get the best we must pay as much, at least, as is paid for guiding. This we have been unable to do on account of lack of funds, and have consequently been unable to do as much as ought to be done. We have devoted practically our entire time to the work during the year.

Inland Fish.

We have the pleasure of reporting a larger run of trout and salmon this fall than for many years, resulting in our securing more eggs for replenishing our waters than ever before. Notwithstanding the largely increased number of anglers from abroad, as well as those we have at home, there seems to be a plenty, if not an increase, left to keep our fishing good for years to come. This result seems to us to be owing in a great measure, if not entirely, to artificial propagation and protection.

We have visited the spawning grounds of these fish in many localities, grounds that we have been familiar with for many years, and, from what we saw at Rangeley and other places, can see no diminution in numbers on their breeding grounds.

The landlocked salmon have thrived and multiplied wonderfully in many new lakes and ponds where they have been introduced within the last ten years—in some of these so much so that we have been able to procure a goodly number of eggs from these fish. They grow very fast, and in good waters, with plenty of feed, very large—in some cases attaining a growth of 12lbs. in six years. We believe they are to be the coming and favorite inland fish in Maine. They are now caught more or less, and increasing year by year, in nearly all our large lakes and ponds. There are hundreds of ponds in Maine adapted to these fish which we are stocking as fast as our limited means will allow. They will live in warmer water than the trout and thrive with the pickerel, but the lakes to be successful should contain deep, pure water.

We have no doubt that in many of our lakes there is a lack of suitable food, more especially for the young fry, also affecting their growth as they advance in life. We believe many of the newly hatched fish starve for lack of suitable food. Those that do survive are apt to be stunted and do not grow to be handsome fish. The smelt hatches at about the time the young salmon begin to feed, and is so small they readily swallow him. They are as eager after them as a cat after a mouse. We have dipped them in a pail of water, turned them in our hatching troughs with young salmon. They would hunt them till they caught the last one.

It is a well-known fact that the amount of fish you can raise in a pond depends on the food supply. The same rule applies to fish as to the number of cattle you can raise in your pastures, depending entirely on the crop of grass you make grow. This is of vital importance, and can in a great measure be improved by the introduction of the fresh-water smelt.

Every lake and pond should be stocked. We shall do it so far as we are able, but it is too large a job for us without help. It can be done very easily by collecting the eggs in the brooks when they run up in the spring to spawn. They adhere to the grass, moss, sticks and stones by thousands. They can be packed in damp moss or sphagnum and carried to the waters needed, and placed in the running waters of some tributary near the pond or lake. They will hatch in a few days and the job is done. We would suggest that any person interested in the fishing in any pond or lake see that it is stocked with smelts the coming spring. They spawn in the spring about the time the ice goes out. We shall do this so far as we are able, but without help it would take us several years, as there are only a few days in spring this can be done.

The run of salmon at Sebago this fall was the largest we have ever known, not only in numbers, but in size of the fish.

Black Game and Capercailzie.

The above-named birds, known to the Swedish language as "orre" and "tjader," are said to be very fine game birds—very fine for table use, and particularly adapted to the climate of the State.

After consulting with our Swedish friends, and also with Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., whose long residence in Sweden had given him opportunity to study the habits of these birds, we decided to import a few of each variety and liberate them in the forests. Accordingly, in the fall of 1895 three males and four females of each kind were ordered. They were shipped early in February of this year, but three of the larger kind—the capercailzie—failed to arrive.

Whether they died on the passage and were thrown overboard, or were lost in some other way, we have never been able to learn. We simply know that we received but two pairs of that variety. The others came as ordered, and the eleven birds, all apparently strong and healthy, were liberated on the last day of February in the forest in the northern part of New Sweden.

That a part of the black game has survived is certain, for they have been seen or heard repeatedly—once very recently. One young bird of this season's hatching has also been seen, showing that they have bred, which leads us to believe that the introduction of these birds can be made a success.

Of the capercailzie we can say but little, as their habits of going into the deep forest has doubtless been the reason for their never having been seen, excepting in one instance, about two weeks after they were liberated. The people of the Swedish colony were very much interested in the success of the experiment, and voluntarily organized a system of police surveillance to protect them. They also carried grain for food into the woods and distributed it near the place where the birds were freed. The birds evidently appreciated the kindness, for tracks in the snow showed that they came back for it.

It was intended to repeat the experiment of importing and liberating a few of these birds again this fall or winter, but we learn through correspondence that some of our sister States are anxious to try the same experiment, and have been enough more active than we to be able to "corner the market," and none can be bought. Perhaps it is just as well, however; another season will demonstrate more conclusively whether or not our climate is suitable for them.

DAYS AFIELD.—II.

A FRIEND rang me up on the telephone this morning and said: "Why didn't you tell the truth about those dogs?"

"I did."

"You failed to describe a good thing they did and polished up the bad."

"Did I? How will this do? The next afternoon we took Rab out with a good dog and found seven coveys: I one; Rab four, which he pointed; the good dog two, which he flushed. The Professor shot thirteen birds, and I—"

"What rot!"

Central here informed me that 880 Franklin had rung off.

It was the last afternoon of our hunt, and we wanted some birds. Ben, Sr., and Donald have been saved for it. Let me say here, parenthetically, men but seldom shoot over a better pair. No puppies these; one full-aged and wise, the other just coming into his prime—fresh, eager, fast, and yet steady—evenly matched, independent, good noses. We shall see some birds this afternoon, Professor, if there are any.

Ben takes up over the hill; Donald goes around, and both are skirting the woods. That stop must have strained your back, Ben, as you were going as fast as a dog could go, side to us. Now you are rigid, with head toward the woods and tail toward me. I saw it; there was but one motion to stop, and yet your momentum has turned you around. Donald comes on, and at 50yds. sees that he is beaten and stops with a look of resignation. I almost fancy he says to himself, "You have me this time, old man, but look out."

No flushing, and away go the birds as we walk in; most of them cross the ravine and settle in the woods on the opposite hillside.

After reloading our guns we go toward the corner of the fence, when Ben shows signs of game. "Look out, Ben." Donald comes with a rush which almost upsets the older dog, cuts a circle, leaps the fence and comes to a snappy point in the sedge. This covey makes for the same place to which the other has gone, and we are anticipating something to do when we get over there.

It is a pretty piece of woodland in which to shoot—tall oaks, a few pines and cedars and but little underbrush.

Donald goes as though he intended to drive every bird out of the woods in two minutes (one if possible), but he has no such intention. He loves to hunt in curves and circles and to come to his point from a full gallop. Sober Ben knows what is in the air, or rather among the leaves, and goes at it a little more cautiously.

"Point, George."

Sure enough, Ben has one just in the edge of the laurels. "Go ahead, I have a bird of my own over here." Donald has stopped. Further up the hill, and the ball is open.

"Get behind a tree, Squire Green; shot will fly around here rather promiscuously, and I dislike to look out for more than one man."

It's "Whoa," "Bang," "Missed" or "Fetch" until the guns are hot.

It's a question whether Ben, Sr., with that quick-stealing, snake-like movement of his, will find more than Donald, with his rapid gallop, quick turns and sudden stops. No mistakes (by the dogs) now; birds are everywhere. That is a pretty piece, as the Professor, stopping for breath, orders Ben to fetch, and he comes to a full point within a yard of the dead bird,

"Professor, there is a live one there."

Sure enough, and Ben has two to retrieve.

"Donald, what have you?"

A pair, and to me a lucky accident, to the birds a calamity. He brings the first, has secured the second and is coming toward me, stops and points with the dead bird in his mouth.

"Good fellow."

He knows how badly I shoot and seems more than anxious to do his part to help out the bag.

It is just as easy to tell which dog found the next covey as it is to tell who shot the single bird that fell, as five or six quail go whirring over the pine tops. Certain it is that Ben was perhaps two feet nearer the birds. It is equally certain that both dogs saw the fall, as the poor little thing came tumbling out of the bunch of feathers that were left floating in the air, and apparently each dog thought it was his bird—and Ben, Sr., gets it.

We feel too much elated to correct this little break very seriously; secretly, I am afraid that Donald is vowing "that next time if that old chap gets in ahead of me he will be smart."

This bunch is too small to follow. Down a ravine, up over a hill, across an old field, and the broad valley of the river—creek rather—or, as the natives of New Jersey would pronounce it, "crick."

In the sedge and pine we find birds again, and one of them seems to have met with an *accident*, as he cannot keep up with the others, and Donald sees it. "Never mind the dead ones, you can pick them up; I will get that fellow." I half believe he will. The bird is 10ft. in the air, and the dog, with leaps and rushes, almost reaches him. I whistle and call. No attention to me; he must have that bird. I blow and yell; finally lay down my gun, climb the fence and hill and, after a chase that exhausts my breath, catch that dog and lead him in no gentle manner to the place where he should have dropped.

When I get through, the Professor, who generally has a camera along, regrets he left it behind this time. He would "just like to show that picture to my wife. I would have to buy a new dog, as Donald would never be permitted to accompany me afield again if she could see that." Dear old Professor, as though no one had ever seen you tan a dog.

A brief stop at a spring and we go after the scattered birds, and find them. What an afternoon, and what a splendid ending to the old year and to our vacation.

Before climbing into our upper berths of the sleeper on our way home that night, we congratulate ourselves that while we have birds to give away, we have no dogs for sale. G. B.

THE SQUIRRELS, THE RIFLE AND NIGHT.

TUPELO, Miss.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While in this place I met Dr. M. F. Rogers, of New Albany, Miss., whose broad fame as a sportsman is so well known that to enlarge on it now would be to tell a twice-told tale. While we were talking over old times and new, and times which were of neither, he, in his engaging manner, said to me: "By the way, did you ever hear of Br'er Hough's schooling in Mississippi as to the best manner of squirrel hunting in the night time? No. Well, it was a real good thing, but somehow Mr. Hough forgot to incorporate it in his charming sketches of the "Sunny South." However, it was not treating the public right to leave out such an important incident, inasmuch as while using the pen of the historian he should tell the whole history; but no doubt Mr. Hough's modesty restrained him from dealing with such incidents as would bring him too conspicuously and too perpetually in the center of the stage. I would have written this true tale myself to FOREST AND STREAM save for the fact that I write but little now for publication, yet I tell it you not in confidence.

"The scene is laid in Bobo's camp, in the middle of his bear garden in Mississippi. Among the stars present were Bobo, Mr. E. Hough and Mr. Lamar Fontaine. These three are the heroes of the story, and it is not essential that the names of the others be mentioned, as if they were it might seem that they were stealthily introduced as witnesses.

"Mr. Fontaine is famous throughout the South as soldier, jurist, sportsman and poet. He is ingenuously versatile in any calling, but in poetry he achieved fame at one effort, for after unremittingly fighting the enemy three days and nights in the late debate at arms between sections which are now good friends, he sat him down on a log, laid gently the finger tips of his right hand on his brow, and thought deep and long, then returned calmly to camp, and by the flicker of the camp-fire, and to the music of cannon, he wrote that immortal masterpiece 'Beautiful Snow.' Some of these accomplishments may have been his brother's, but it is to be assumed that he could have had them had he cared for them. As a practical joker he has no superior in the world. His fertility in inventing cunning devices to inveigle his victims into his dead-fall jokes is surpassed only by his skill in executing what he has planned. With the rifle he is a master, in practical shooting or the wonders of fancy, spectacular performance.

"Well, at the end of a hard day's hunting for bear, which was all the harder from the timorous, inoffensive little creatures doing their utmost to avoid being blown to pieces by so many big guns, the whole party sat in contemplative and reminiscent mood about the camp-fire with the single exception of the mighty Bobo, who in negligee recline was engaged apparently in slumbering.

"A moment of silence came wherein Mr. Fontaine arose from his seat, donned his hat, and then with the most nonchalant air picked up a .22cal. rifle, tested its action, was satisfied, and started for the door.

"Mr. Hough had been furtively eyeing the strange actions which no one seemed to notice other than himself. His curiosity impelled him to ask Mr. Fontaine whither he was going. 'Going squirrel hunting,' was the sententious reply.

"'Squirrel hunting! What, this dark night?' said Mr. Hough in astonishment.

"'Of course,' replied Mr. Fontaine in a tone of indulgent tolerance and an air as became one gentleman informing another of facts the latter should know, but didn't, 'our very best squirrel hunting is in the darkness of the nighttime at this season of the year, and the best weapon, in fact the only successful one for night hunting, is the rifle. Don't you really know anything of this lovely sport?'

"'But how do you see to shoot?'

"'Oh, it has to be learned by experience,' was the laconic answer.

"Mr. Fontaine then strode into the thick of the black night. The members of the party resumed their gaze into the camp-fire. Conversation flagged. A calm contentment pervaded the company save for one who seemed restless and alert. A rifle cracked in the woods. 'That's a dead squirrel,' said one. 'Fontaine never misses,' remarked another. Some minutes passed, when in another direction the rifle was heard, *crack—crack—crack*. 'That fellow was running,' said one of the company. 'It's dead now, anyway,' said another. 'Wonderful gift for a man to have,' said a third, 'and it is no wonder he was so famous for night work in the army.'

"And so it continued for a half hour, when footsteps were heard approaching, and Mr. Fontaine, bunch of squirrels in hand, walked in with the matter-of-fact bearing of the man who has done the deed so many times that he has ceased to think of it with any warmth. The party showed no surprise and but little interest, save Mr. Hough. He entered into the matter with much spirit. His admiration for so mighty a hunter could not be contained. He eulogized him, praised his skill and commended his success. The company did not show the responsiveness befitting the occasion, so he shook the mighty Bobo, saying, 'Awake, awake, and view the marvels of the night and the wonders our good friend hath wrought with his trusty rifle in the darkness. Behold this bunch of squirrels which fell to his nocturnal eye!'

"Bobo awoke suspiciously easy, and said, 'Sonny, you have told us that you killed grizzly bears in the Rocky Mountains, killed ducks and geese in Texas, deer in New Mexico, shot all over Louisiana, killed buffalo and fished all over the world, and yet you break in on my slumbers to have me admire a bunch of squirrels which are cold and stiff and perhaps fly-blown, for they were killed three days ago with a shotgun.'

"A singular merriment thereupon pervaded the party.

"'That is a very good story,' I ventured.

"'That is not a *story*,' said the doctor in a tone of mild rebuke. 'That is a fact, for Bobo told me himself. Ask Mr. Hough about killing squirrels at night.'"

THE CHIEF.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fatal Affray on the Tolleston Club Grounds.

JAN. 22.—On the morning of Jan. 20 the daily papers of Chicago flamed with deep headlines descriptive of a sudden fatal affray that had occurred the day previous upon the preserves of the Tolleston Club, of Chicago, near Tolleston, Ind., where this well-known and wealthy club has large holdings of marsh lands, used for the purposes of a duck-shooting preserve.

At different times these columns have held descriptions of the determined efforts of the neighboring small landowners, and other less worthy persons, to treat this private property as their own—efforts which the club has always successfully combated within its legal rights. In these troubles of the past two or three determined trespassers have been roughly handled after refusing to leave the grounds. One or two suits for personal damages have been brought against the club, usually only to be dropped later. Suits have been brought to prove that the club marsh was open land belonging to the State of Indiana, and all sorts of trials have been heaped upon the silent and plucky clubmen who have tried to hold a little wild nature intact thus near to the city and to the hordes of unthinking and desperate men who wish to use as their own that which belongs to others. At one time two men who had formerly been in the employ of the club as watchmen pursued a quarrel outside of the club grounds and away from the club jurisdiction, and were both shot and killed by a man who was attacked by them, and who made a good case of self-defense, in which he was upheld by the club. Again, a year ago last October, two of the club watchmen who were crossing the marsh after dusk were waylaid and shot from ambush by unknown parties, whose identity the best detective energy has since been unable to discover. One of these men was Frank Whitlock, head warden, who was concerned in the affray of this week, and who was shot in the breast and seriously wounded at that time, his watchman's star being dented and bent by the load of shot which struck him in the breast and knocked him down. The other man was named Treagar, and he also was badly hurt, though both recovered in time. This latter was the last of the serious troubles upon this marsh, and it was enough to put the watchmen upon their guard, and to teach them how serious might be an encounter with the class of men who make the common and most dangerous poachers upon that property.

Serious as had been these earlier troubles on the club grounds—troubles which the club has always deplored, but could never avoid—the affair of this week was at once seen to be the most important one that has ever occurred there. Four men were reported to have been shot, two with probably fatal results and the others seriously. Three of the men acting as wardens were arrested, or rather gave themselves up at once; the fourth, Frank Whitlock, being then and now still at large. The prisoners were taken to the jail at Crown Point. It was at first reported, and indeed is asserted now, three days after the affray, that a mob was forming in the neighborhood determined to lynch the watchmen and then to march upon the Tolleston Club buildings to destroy them with dynamite and fire. This latter is a sample of the lawless and incendiary talk common in that neighborhood, where hostility to the "city sportsmen" is a part of the creed of life. Of course nothing will come of that. Meantime the Tolleston Club has engaged the services of W. A. Foster (the attorney who defended the Anarchists here), and has taken prompt steps to see the thing to a speedy legal end. Numbers of arrests are now being made among the poachers who were engaged in the fight, and the result will probably be that all the parties engaged in the affair on either side will be apprehended and held in custody until the matter can receive attention in the courts. The cases will probably be removed from the seat of local prejudice and tried in the courts of La Porte, in the same county.

The facts of the case as developed by careful investigation seem to be as follows: A party of men living near the club grounds—numbering in all fourteen or fifteen men—banded together and went upon the club grounds for the ostensible purpose of spearing muskrats. Just why so large a body of men should go together for the hunting of muskrats they can themselves perhaps better tell. It looks rather as though they were expecting or looking for trouble. At any rate, they were seen by the club watchmen, ordered off and refused to go. In the subsequent fight, in which the four watchmen were engaged with three times their number of trespassers, firearms were used, it is alleged, freely on both sides, with the result that one of the watchmen's party, John Blackburn, was slightly wounded in the head, while three of the trespassers—Frank Koster or Costick, Theodore Pratt and Alvin Bothwell—were shot. Koster was shot with a rifle in the hands, it is alleged, of Frank Whitlock, head warden. Pratt was shot seriously in the legs with a shotgun in the hands, it is said, of Barnum Whitlock, son of Frank Whitlock, who also shot Bothwell with the second barrel of the same gun, injuring him about the legs, though less seriously. The poachers assert that the men were all running away when they were fired upon by the wardens, but the latter testify very differently from that. At latest reports it is stated that Koster will die, and that Pratt's life is also despaired of; but all these reports lack confirmation, for there is obvious effort to work up local feeling and to array the resident population against the club men. It is likely that not more than one fatality will result. This, if the result should be so unfortunate, will be admittedly at the hands of Frank Whitlock, who was himself shot and nearly killed by men of this same stripe about a year ago, as above mentioned. (The poachers say it was Blackburn, and not Whitlock, who shot Koster.) Whitlock certainly had license to feel a bit timid and a bit vindictive toward the trespassers who have so long harassed the wardens and members of this club. It has been no unusual experience for wardens and members to hear rifle bullets singing near them when they have been out upon the marsh. It is commonly known that it is dangerous for a warden to go out upon the marsh alone or unarmed. Threats against the lives and the property of the club men have become too common to be noticed. It may be said, therefore, that when Whitlock saw this large body of men who had evidently come for trouble, he had every season in the world to go armed suitably for such trouble as his duty seemed sure to bring upon him. The facts as recounted by the club superintendent do not indicate that the watchmen acted hastily or in hot temper, or that they were too early with their fire. While the poaching element say that they had no weapons but their rat spears, and inflicted no wounds except with those weapons, the testimony of the wardens is directly contrary to this, they claiming that the men who came on the marsh all, or many of them, had revolvers in their pockets, and that they used them. The circumstances of the shooting are given as follows by the club superintendent, Wm. C. Kunert, in his report to the club officers, written immediately after the affair:

"TOLLESTON, Ind., Jan. 19.—To E. F. Daniels, President, and officers and members of the Tolleston Club, of Chicago: Dear Sirs—This 19th day of January, 1897, the attention of Frank M. Whitlock and Barnum Whitlock was called by me (Wm. C. Kunert) to a large crowd of poachers in the center sloughs, so Mr. F. M. Whitlock did not think that it was safe to go up to a big crowd of poachers and attempt to order them off. So they asked John Blackburn, Charles Blackburn and Albert Taylor to go along also. George Hacker and I were spearing in the center sloughs; the rest of the boys were on the north shore slough. I assisted the boys over the river in my boat, and they went toward the place where the poachers were. There were but very few words passed between the poachers and the boys when the poachers attacked the boys with their spears, and a few seconds later one of the poachers drew a revolver of .38cal. out of his overall pocket and shot John Blackburn in the head, making a scalp wound about 3in. long. Barnum, having a 10-gauge shotgun, shot this man who shot Blackburn. Then another poacher had a .32 Winchester pointed at Charles Blackburn's breast when 12ft. away from Blackburn. F. M. Whitlock, seeing this man pointing the Winchester at Blackburn, threw a shell in his Marlin Rifle and shot the poacher in the hip. Then the poachers agreed to get off and take their wounded companions along. I was about fifteen rods from where this took place, and to the best of my knowledge, and seeing how it was done, the boys were justified in doing what they did or they would all have been killed, for those poachers have made their threats right along.

"On Jan. 12, 1897, Charles and John Blackburn were spearing in the center sloughs and came across six poachers. They bid the poachers the time of day and asked them if they did not know that they were trespassing on the Tolleston Club's property, and then the poachers threw off their belts and wanted to fight. Furthermore, they always have some boys along to carry a shotgun or a rifle for them, and as the two Blackburns were insulted by the poachers, without a word to the boy, he had his shotgun in readiness to shoot. And the same six that insulted the two Blackburns were in this large crowd to-day. Also was Wm. Lohman. Lohman came across to where Geo. Hacker was spearing, and Geo. Hacker told or asked him (Lohman) what he was doing on the marsh, and Lohman told him (Hacker) that he was going to have everybody arrested who walks on the marsh in Sections 19 and 20.

"It is quite a sad affair. The boys thought life was worth fighting for, and they were right; for I was close enough to see the fight from beginning to end."

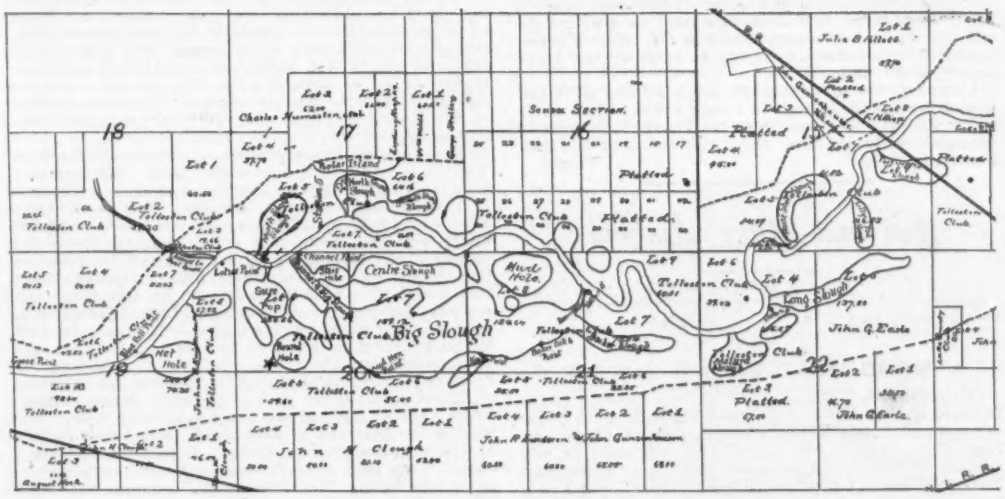
Kunert says the man Koster was shot in the hip. Really he was shot through the shoulder or upper part of the chest, and when the ball struck him his hand fell down and struck upon his hip, so that Kunert thought he placed his hand upon the wound. The report as given above does not show that Koster was shot while endeavoring to get away. Young Whitlock seems to have been careful to fire at the legs and not at the bodies of the men engaged in the affair, and this he says he did not do until he thought it was to save the life of the others, among whom was his father. Out of all these conflicting stories the slow process of the law will later sift the approximate truth. In any phase the matter is deplorable enough, to none more so than to the club members who have so long stood silently the opprobrium of an unpopular enterprise, and who have sought to hold their rights only by due and careful process of the law.

History of the Tolleston Club.

Probably no sportsmen's club in the United States has been called upon to make a hotter fight to uphold the trespass law than the Tolleston Club, of Chicago. Its membership is made up among some of the wealthiest men of Chicago, mostly middle-aged or old business men fond of an occasional day afield. The club property is fairly at the door of the city of Chicago, and is surrounded by a loose population not always of a worthy description. The conservative and intelligent methods of the club have always kept these marshes well stocked with game. The methods of the general public have long ago entirely depopulated the marshes outside the Tolleston marsh, and the shooters who believe in the right of all men to the wild game have for years been endeavoring to kill off the game of the Tolleston marsh also. It is impossible to tell how much trouble this has cost the club, or how much money it has expended in the continuous fight against this lawless element. The members of the club are very proud and quiet, and little gets into the public ear about the club's doings unless some case of especial prominence comes up. Really there ha been enacted here for some time the beginning of tha great fight which will eventually have to be settled !

America, the war between open shooting and the idea of the game preserve. The lesson of this war may be clearly read in the situation on this once famous marsh of the Little Calumet. Outside the Tolleston Club grounds there is no shooting. Inside there is shooting of very good sort.

For the benefit of those asking a clear view of the affair at the Tolleston Club a map of the grounds is appended, made for FOREST AND STREAM this week from copy furnished by the secretary of the club, Mr. Geo. Manierre. On this map may be seen a heavy dotted line surrounding the portions marked as marsh and water. This dotted line indicates the original U. S. Government Survey, made in 1834, when all this land was part of the public domain. The part of the old Calumet Marsh within these dotted lines was marked as "impassable morass," and it remained as part of the public domain. Under the Swamp Lands acts of 1850 this land was resurveyed in 1870, and was then meandered and so thrown open for entry under the United States land laws pertaining to such lands. The State of Indiana, within whose borders this land lies, never attained title to these lands at all. They were taken direct by patent of the United States. The Tolleston Club obtained its lands, 2,300 acres in all, in 1873, taking title direct from the United States, or in case of some lots by mesne conveyance from the United States. To-day you may see a stack of these old land patents in the archives of the club, bearing the signature of "U. S. Grant, President of the United Staees," these



MAP OF TOLLESTON PRESERVE.

patents running in some cases to a man who at once conveyed them to the Tolleston Club.

Meantime other parties had also taken land near by, and after a time the State of Indiana cast eyes upon this land. Certain parties, among these John H. Clough, whose land may be seen adjoining the club grounds upon the south, brought suit against the club, claiming that as riparian owners they owned all the land, not only up to the old survey line of 1834, but clear up to the middle of the stream of water made by the Little Calumet River. This claim, if allowed, would deprive the club of much of the property it has held so long; but as a matter of fact the Supreme Court of Indiana did approve this riparian ownership position, its decree giving Clough ownership clear up to the middle of the stream. In this, however, the Supreme Court of Indiana ran against the Supreme Court of the United States, to which the case was at once taken by the hard-fighting Tolleston Club. The latter expects that the United States will back the patents as originally issued, and hence believes that it will win the suit. As it stands, of course, Clough does not own the land beyond the line of the 1834 survey, and he cannot own it, no matter what the decision of the Indiana courts, until the Supreme Court has decided that he does so own it. This it may or may not do.

These facts all bear upon the case in hand, in which trespassers were ejected from this debated ground. Reference to the map will show a star (*) marked upon it close to the pond hole called the "Round Hole." This is where the shooting took place. (It was within a short distance from this point that Whitlock and Treager were shot a year ago.) Then fourteen men who made up the invading party came across the marsh from the east on a line from the "Mallard Slough" and across the "Big Slough," all the country being covered with ice outside the running current of water. The men were seen by the watchmen, as described, from a point near the club house beyond the "North Shore Slough," and on the opposite side of the river, which latter they crossed as stated in a boat. The encounter, it may thus be seen, took place at a point which is upon the disputed Clough land. The poachers claim they were on their neighbor Clough's land. The club claims that this land does not belong to Clough at all, and cannot except as the title pends in the Supreme Court. It may be supposed that a very pretty legal situation all around is involved, and it is not likely that we shall for some time hear the end of this complication.

All the officers and members of the Tolleston Club are grave and troubled over this affair, and over the misrepresentations to which they have been subjected by one-sided press reports from the scene of the trouble. They have been asked, "How many men have been killed by the club watchmen?" and all that sort of thing. As a matter of fact, the club has never sought any trouble with the poaching element at any time. It has killed no man. It has lost two watchmen killed and had two others shot nearly to death, to say nothing of the attempt made this week to shoot others of the men engaged in protecting the club property, which has been owned for nearly twenty-four years. The Tolleston Club has not been aggressor in any case, but has refused to allow lawless persons to run over it and its privileges. That the club is intensely unpopular on this account is not to be denied, but this unpopularity is something to which any sportsmen's club must submit.

President E. F. Daniels when seen expressed his deep sorrow over this unfortunate affair, and gladly gave the FOREST AND STREAM representative every aid to a full understanding of the facts. Mr. F. A. Howe, ex-president of the club, a man very much beloved and for many years continued in the office of president by the club, also spoke in terms of regret of the matter. Mr. Howe gave details as to earlier troubles upon the marsh, and set forth clearly facts which have never been made public. Mr. Geo. Manierre, secretary of the club, shared the same feeling, and also aided cheerfully in getting at all the information. Mr. C. D. Peacock, the club treasurer, in response to inquiry writes very kindly that he is not in possession of any facts except those embodied in the superintendent's report. The tone of these men and of other Tolleston members interviewed upon this sad occurrence is that while they deplore the affair, they do not in any sense feel responsible or at fault in it. It goes without saying that their watchmen will have the best of legal defense, and that no pains nor money will be spared in carrying this matter to a finish.

At this writing Frank Whitlock is still unfound. He is thought to be in Chicago. Koster, the man most seriously shot, is at this time still living, and it is hoped by all that his injuries may not be fatal. The ball passed through his body. Koster, or Costick, is a young Pole, a farm hand in the employ of Wm. Lohman, leader of the party of alleged poachers. Henry Nimitz, a farmer and one of the party, says that the following were also of the party: William Lohman, Lawrence Koudyker, John Bothwell, Alvin Bothwell, Rand Bothwell, Floyd Bothwell, William Johnson, John Johnson, Frank Costick, Charles Prott, Theodore Prott, Herman Guntzell, Alvin Nicholson.

It is charged by the club men that this raid was deliberately planned and carried out, and that the intention was to precipitate a fight. It is claimed that the animus of this and the names of the real leaders of the movement will come out at the trial. Feeling at this date of writing continues very intense.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Some Experiences with the Stump Bear.

OKANOGAN COUNTY, Wash., Jan. 7.—A short time ago I returned to the Okanogan from my annual vacation, and I found that I had got a long way behind in my newspaper reading, and nothing pleased me any more than your editorial on the "Stump Bear."

Now that the stump bear has been given a place in the bear catalogue, I presume that it will be in order to give the FOREST AND STREAM family some of the hairbreadth escapes we have had, the number we have seen and been chased by, and all the particulars pertaining thereto.

In 1860, when father and I went to Georgia Gulch, in Colorado, while father was prospecting I put in my time hunting. We had taken our wagon apart and made a cart; as there was quite a lot of open country around there, I found it very convenient and could bring my game home and readily sell any surplus. On one of my trips I was accompanied by Mr. J. and Mr. W., who claimed to be good hunters and had killed a great many deer, yet seemed to be very much afraid of bears. The first day out the boys each got a deer and they were highly elated. The next day they got another deer apiece and I got a very big buck and one small sheep. We reached camp in time to go down on to a stream we called Eagle River. Here we camped under a big spruce tree and picketed the oxen in a meadow near by.

As we had been very successful thus far we were feeling fine, and many were the stories told around the camp-fire that night. After forming plans for the morrow I took my blankets and went and laid down by one of the oxen, a habit I had been following ever since we had left the Missouri River. I was soon sleeping soundly, and do not know how long I had been asleep when I was awakened by the dog barking, and soon I heard two shots fired in quick succession. Then in a few minutes I heard six more. I got up and dressed myself and grabbed my rifle and revolver, and waited for further developments, which soon came by the boys hollering to me to come there, that a bear had taken possession of camp and had them up the tree, and they did not have their shot pouches. The poor dog had stampeded. I went up toward camp very cautiously. The boys kept telling me that they could see the bear, and that it was just above camp. I was soon able to get the object that I could see up between me and the horizon, and then I could see that it was nothing but a very large stump bear. I could not help laughing at the boys for their mistake. I built up the fire, then they come down, but it was quite a while before the dog came back to the fire. He showed by his actions that he was thoroughly frightened, for every few minutes he would look toward the stump and growl. I went back to my bed and slept until day began to break, then I got up and went to camp and started the fire. Soon the boys were up, and although they tried to make me believe that they had put up a job on me, I told them that it was too transparent. One of them had a very nice knife and said that it cost $5 in the States, and that he would make me a present of the knife if I would not say anything about the stump bear. I told him all right. We examined the bear very closely that morning, but could not find a wound on it.

Not many years ago, while up in the Clear Water country, Mr. Odle and I went one Sunday to see if we could locate a raspberry patch I had visited a few years before. When we had got near the place we picketed our horses and started up the ridge, and had gone but a short distance when I called his attention to what at first I thought was a stump, yet it looked very much like a bear. While we were looking it got down from a sitting posture to its natural way of locomotion. I jerked out my revolver, but Mr. O. begged me not to shoot. The bear ran around the hill and I after it. Mr. O. ran toward the horses. I soon come in sight of the bear, which had stopped at about 75yds. I took a shot at it and crippled it very badly. I ran up near to it and shot it in the head, then I went back and hollered for Mr. O. He could hardly believe that I had killed the bear, and was very nervous about going up to it. It was about two years old. And thus ends the first chapter on the stump bear. Next!

LEW WILMOT.

Ontario Water-Killing Deer Law.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Jan. 19.—A great deal of dissatisfaction having resulted from last year's amendment to the game law, whereby the killing of deer in the water was prohibited, the Forest and Stream Club, of this city, called a meeting some weeks ago, to which all interested in the premises were invited, irrespective of their membership in the club. Mr. W. H. Biggar, president of the club and member in the Ontario Legislature (in whose Province the subject lies) for this constituency, presided, and there was a thoroughly representative gathering. The subject was thoroughly discussed in all its bearings, and it was shown conclusively by reports from various parties of hunters that the prevention of water-killing had had the effect of causing much greater destruction than formerly among the deer herd, owing to the wounding of hundreds of the animals which escaped to die a lingering death. The following resolution, in which will be found embodied the objections which had been found as the result of experience against last year's change in the law, and suggestions for its further amendment at the session of the Legislature, which will open on the 10th of February, proximo, was submitted to the meeting:

Whereas, The effect of the law preventing the water-killing of deer has been shown by the experience of this season to be dangerous to human life by reason of large numbers of inexperienced persons who would otherwise have a clear view of their surroundings being inclined to shoot at moving objects in the woods, supposing them to be deer, with ofttimes fatal results; and

Whereas, to prevent the killing of deer in the water or to prohibit hounding would virtually confine the hunting of deer to professional hunters and settlers, and shut out from such enjoyment the great majority of the people who might so desire; and

Whereas, The result of the present law has been to cause the wounding of many deer which could not be secured, and which no doubt died a lingering and painful death or became prey to wolves;

Therefore, It is resolved that this club respectfully requests that the law may be so altered as to permit the killing of deer in the water as formerly; to limit the number of deer which each hunter may kill to one in each season, and to provide that venison shall not hereafter be sold, under a heavy penalty.

This resolution was referred to an able committee, who after some weeks' consideration adopted it with virtual unanimity, and decided to present them to the Game Commissioners. President Biggar stated that should the Commissioners refuse to recommend the resolution to the Legislature, he will embody it in a bill which he will introduce. When it is considered that our deer country is heavily wooded, rocky and rough in the extreme, and abounding in lakes, it will be seen that it is a fair compromise, and will be highly effective in preserving the deer. The slaughter caused by unskillful marksmanship in the woods; the limiting of the hunter to one deer; but above all, the stopping of the sale of venison, could not have other than a most salutary effect in the way of protection. At present there are men in this region who boast of killing and selling as many as sixty deer in a season. By stopping the sale, as suggested, the occupation of those butchers would be gone.

So great is the extent of the territory to be covered, so difficult is it to secure information from the people in the deer range as to infractions of the law, that our game wardens' duty is no sinecure, but they have done as well as could be expected so far, and will no doubt do better in future, as the people become educated to their interest in the matter. The following paragraph from this day's issue of the Toronto *Globe* will be found of interest in this connection: "The chief game warden for the northern district made an important seizure of moose skins at Orillia last week, and has notified the department to this effect. No names are given, but instructions have been given to prosecute the parties who had them in their possession."

R. S. BELL.

Maine Guide License Scheme.

BOSTON, Jan. 23.—Late reports say that the Maine guides are decidedly down on Commissioner Carlton's bill that they must be licensed. The Rangeley Guides' Association is reported to be against the measure to a man, and so decidedly against it as to have decided to send a protest to Augusta. Several members of that Association have written the newspapers protesting against such a measure, and asking why guides should be required to take out licenses, at cost to themselves, any more than men who work at lumbering, farming or any other employment. Besides they declare that the law does not propose to grant them anything in return. It does not increase their powers for fish and game protection. It simply requires them to look out for fires and make themselves obnoxious to the people whom they guide by being obliged to make returns to the State concerning names, fish and game taken, and grounds hunted and fished over.

The Rangeley Lakes newspaper, published at Rangeley,

and an organ of the interests of that region, ridicules the whole scheme and winds up its criticism with: "Bah! we want none of it!" The Bangor papers have, some of them, scathed the measure unmercifully. Boston sportsmen whom I have met are decidedly against the bill. I met a gentleman to-day who annually spends his vacations in Maine, going twice a year, when possible. Formerly a citizen of that State, he goes to his native town. An old friend accompanies him on his fishing and shooting trips. He does not pretend to be a guide, going with his "friend from Boston" mainly for love of the sport. His Boston friend pays him something for his time, because he cannot afford to leave his farm for nothing; has to hire a man in his place. Who shall decide in such a case as to whether the country friend is a guide? Must he take out a license or be subject to a fine, under Commissioner Carlton's bill? There are many just such cases. Indeed, the guides who make a business of guiding are not many. They work a little while in the spring and fall, accompanying one or two parties for a couple of weeks or more. Must they take out licenses? "Make the best of the guides wardens," the sportsmen say, "and nobody will object. But a sweeping law that every man working for hunters and fishermen must be licensed will not go down."

The very latest reports from Augusta say that the friends of fish and game protection are getting so many remonstrances against the guide license measure, already introduced into the House, that they are seeing that it will be of little use to pass such a bill. They are reported to be ready to consider a compromise measure, and for that reason will propose a hearing where the interests of the guides may be represented. They know that a measure to which the guides and everybody working for sportsmen are hostile can be of very little use. They begin to see the folly of attempting to tax the guides without any returns. SPECIAL.

Rhode Island Game.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sportsmen report a scarcity of water fowl in Narragansett Bay and its tributaries this winter, and the cause of the non-appearance of the bird is attributed to the fact that the weather has not been cold enough so far this winter to drive the wildfowl from their Northern haunts to lower latitudes. Nearly every winter from Dec. 1 until early in the spring Narragansett and Mount Hope bays are fairly alive with black ducks, bluebills, coots and whistlers, and sometimes these water fowl are seen in large flocks, often covering several acres of water surface about the bays and harbors. The birds find good feeding places in Narragansett Bay, and they would undoubtedly have made their appearance here in as large numbers as they have in recent years but for the fact that the winter has not been severe enough in higher latitudes to prevent them from obtaining food necessary to exist. So few wild ducks have been seen here so far this season that sportsmen feel that it is a sure sign of a mild winter.

A local sportsman of nearly a quarter of a century's experience, and well informed on the subject, reports that with the close of the shooting season rabbits and quail are more plentiful than for several previous years. Quail, he says, were especially plentiful, and with an open winter next season's shooting in Bristol county and contiguous sections of Rhode Island and Massachusetts should be good. Partridges are scarce, and there is but little prospect of much of this game next year.

The trout hatchery at Carolina recently supplied the Pennsylvania Forest Brook Trout Association with 100,000 trout fry.

While walking along a suburban road on Jan. 5 I thought I heard the note of a bluebird, and was soon gratified by seeing the welcome visitor flitting about among some scrub cedars. Bluebirds and robins were reported from Pawtuxet Valley on the 8th. The weather was unusually warm for several days. On the 15th I noted several small flocks of fox sparrows. Others were seen on the 16th, as well as snowbuntings. W. H. M.

The Cheat Mountain Club.

THE annual meeting of the Sportsmen's Association of Cheat Mountain for the election of officers was held at Hotel Duquesne at 8 o'clock Monday evening, Jan. 18. The election resulted as follows: President, W. M. Kennedy; Vice-Presidents, U. Baird, Nathaniel Ewing, W. S. Edwards, W. G. Brown, S. B Elkins; Secretary, Dr. W. F. Robeson; Treasurer, Theodore Sproull; Naturalist and Surgeon, Dr. W. J. Riggs; Board of Directors, C C. Scaife, George Shiras, 111; H. P. Pears, James H. Stewart, A. P. Tallman, J. M. Bell, M. C. Miller.

The report of the treasurer showed the corporation to be in an excellent financial condition, with a larger surplus than at any previous time. It was decided to purchase several hundred acres of land contiguous to the club house at Cheat Bridge, West Virginia. A survey will also be made with a view to converting certain swamp lands into a lake. The Association voted to indorse the efforts of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association to have a State game commission created on the lines of the State Fish Commission for the better protection of game in this State. Chinese pheasants introduced upon the preserve have thrived and multiplied. The club will place 3,000,000 trout fry in the waters of Cheat River during the coming season.

The Association intends to fix a date for some time next summer when a reception at the club's preserve will be tendered to the brethren of the fraternity not members, and the sportsmen's press, of which occasion FOREST AND STREAM will receive due notice and its representative a cordial invitation. DEACON.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 20.

Deer, Pheasants and Hares in Connecticut.

EAST HADDAM, Conn., Jan. 20.—It is $100 fine to shoot deer in Connecticut. A says that if a deer gets into a field of young corn and destroys it, or any crop, you cannot shoot him or collect damage, but must let him keep right on and suffer the damage. B holds that you can either shoot the deer to save the crop or collect damage from the State, as no law is constitutional that obliges a citizen to suffer damage with no means of recovery in such a case.

If you will kindly put us right on this subject we shall be very thankful.

Pheasants are becoming quite numerous in this locality; also Canada hares, which have strayed from the preserves of F. C. Fowler, of Moodus. In Westchester, just north of Moodus, pheasants were so numerous the past season that they did serious damage to the crops, and the farmers were obliged to shoot many of them. F. A. C.

[There is nothing in the Connecticut deer law which provides, as some other game laws do, that game may be killed if it destroys crops. You might save your corn from the deer by building a fence around it, or by exploding giant firecrackers and waving a red flag to frighten the deer away, or by erecting as a scaredeer a sportsman's effigy with a gun, or by a dozen other devices and expedients not necessarily fatal to the deer.]

Pheasants in Vermont.

NORTH FERRISBURG, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The pheasants of which I spoke in my note in your issue of Jan. 23 are called golden pheasants here, and were imported by W. S. Webb, of your city, from England, for stocking his Shelburne farms, situated about eight miles from here on the shore of Lake Champlain.

He has also imported (from Michigan, I think) several hundred quail, which are doing well and are already scattered over this part of the State.

I saw by a State paper a short time since that he had delivered to the gamekeeper here three different kinds of game birds, the largest of which when mature weighs 14lbs. and is much the same as a wild turkey.

He has furnished a large number of pheasant eggs to parties, that these birds might be started in different localities. Too much cannot be said in Mr. Webb's praise for his untiring efforts in trying to build up the game supply of the State.

I am very glad to see that our paper is doing all it can to stop the sale of game, and surely I think that could every man who uses a gun read the FOREST AND STREAM for a year we would have many less poachers and pot-hunters than now. FERRIS.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

A MEMORABLE TROUT SUPPER.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have followed up Fred Mather's reminiscences with great pleasure, and particularly enjoyed his graphic sketch of our old friend Chas Hallock, whose photograph will make an admirable frontispiece for the gallery of "Old Forest and Streamers" which you propose to give us in a "New Year's number *some day*"

I have been still more delighted with Mr. Hammond's description of old days in Holland, for it has recalled to my mind old scenes and old friends, long passed to "the happy hunting grounds," or in other ways lost sight of. Geo. Ashmun, Frank Bowles, D. B Wason and "Uncle" Aaron Howe I can see again now, and of George Ashmun I have particular memories. I never shot with him, though he once gave me a handsome black setter, which unfortunately would not stay given and insisted on returning to his old master; but he was one of "the men I have fished with," and I well remember his splicing the tip of a rod for me up at Greensboro, Vt., said tip having been broken by a fall in climbing down from the top of an old-fashioned stage coach to the slippery stens of the country tavern.

Another of my recollections is the eating of some superb trout, of his catching, in the taking of which I did not share, as follows:

In the spring of 1854 Col. Hazard, the proprietor of the celebrated powder mills at Enfield, Conn., discovered some large trout feeding in the pond which supplied his mills, and invited Mr. Ashmun and Chester Harding, the artist, who was also an expert angler, to come down and catch them, and also asked several other Springfield gentlemen to come down at 6 P. M. and eat them, feeling justly sure of the success of the fishermen. Both feats were duly performed, and I remember those trout yet.

It is so long since that I cannot recall all the guests, but I think that the coach in which I went down contained also Hon. David A. Wells, the well-known writer of political economics, now of Norwich, Conn.; Samuel Bowles, the founder of the Springfield *Republican;* and Mr. John L. King, a son-in-law of Mr. Harding. It was a dark and rainy night, and we went down in a covered coach, but the cheerful house, the warm welcome and the delicious dinner are things never to be forgotten. I believe Mr. Wells and myself are the only survivors of the party.

I was very busy in those days building and operating a large cotton mill at Indian Orchard, one of the suburbs of Springfield, and did not get much time for either shooting or fishing, though I managed to slip off for a few hours once in a while with my rod to the North or South Branch of Mill River, which supplied the water shops of the Springfield Armory, and in which there were a few good trout left, though it was severely fished.

Then the little Bircham Brook, which was entirely in Springfield and fell into the Chicopee River, between Indian Orchard and Chicopee Falls, usually gave me a few good breakfasts, and some sport for an hour or two in the afternoon every spring; and there was another little brook on the north side of the Chicopee River, in the town of the same name, and one in Ludlow, which yielded fair toll on an annual visit. There is a great stretch of level "plain land" on the north side of the river, stretching over Willimansett and South Hadley, which was a favorite resort for upland plover in August, and I occasionally got one or two of them, and have shot them so fat on grasshoppers as to burst open when they struck the ground in their fall if I had dropped them from a high sweep overhead, as they circled round. They are a hard bird to approach, though, and hardly pay for the trouble of looking up.

So much for recalled reminiscences. VON W.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXX.—Francis Endicott.

TEN years ago there was no sportsman more widely known in New York city and vicinity than the genial gentleman whose name heads this article. He was then in his fifty fourth year and was a strongly built man of medium height, with a stamp of sorrow on his face from a domestic affliction the year before, from which he never recovered. He had fished with all the clubs that have their great houses on the islands in Martha's Vineyard, shot bay birds at every beach about Long Island and was one of the most frequent guests at Bill Chadwick's famous resort on Squan Beach, N. J., since 1850, when Tom's River was the most famous place for fish and game within 100 miles of New York

Having said this, I hardly know how to say more, for he was the most intimate companion I ever had, and my love for him was greater than that of a brother. To strangers he was rather cold and dignified, always wearing a "Prince Albert" coat and a high hat, but rare old Jack Falstaff said: "Thine, * * * Jack, with my familiars; John with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John with all Europe;" and it was my privilege to be a familiar and call him "Frank."

With Rosaline I could say:

> "A merrier man,
> Within the limit of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withal."

In the sketch of ex-President Arthur it was told how I fished with him and Mr. Endicott in 1862, but the exciting events that followed, when we were making volumes of history every day, obliterated, or at least dimmed, their names on memory's tablet; but chance threw us together nearly twenty years later, and it seems strange how it came about. His father died in 1848, and before he was twenty he became head of the firm of Endicott & Co., lithographers, which did that fine work for the twenty volumes of "The Natural History of New York," in 1842, of which De Kay's volumes of Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, etc., are well known.

There had been annual contests at fly-casting at the New York State Sportsmen's conventions since 1866, but they were small beginnings with only two entries in each until 1871, when there were five contestants. Two years later I attended the meeting at Batavia to see what such a contest might look like. Four men entered, and the judges had no way of measuring the casts, but awarded the prizes as they thought best. The next year, 1874, at Oswego, they measured the lines after the casts, and on this false basis made the first report of distance cast. I attended many contests and made notes, which are now before me. In 1881 the State tournament was to be held at Coney Island, and the president, Mr. Abel Crook, asked me to superintend the fly-casting. I would, if permitted to carry out my ideas of reform and make the affair a perfectly square contest, which I plainly said had never been held in the State. Permission was given and we went ahead, to the utter dismay of some casters of great reputation. It was the first great contest where there were six classes and twenty-eight entries. In the bass casting, "Cuttyhunk style," appeared the name "Frank Endicott, Richmond County Protective Association," and the record in FOREST AND STREAM of June 30, 1881, says: "Mr. Endicott was awarded the fourth prize for the accuracy with which he cast, in addition to the third given him for distance."

After the labor of the day was completed I said to Mr. Endicott: "This is the first time I have ever seen a weight or bait cast from the reel, and it was very interesting."

"You've never fished for striped bass then?"

"O, yes, at Albany, with sturgeon spawn bait for small bass, and at the Great Falls of the Potomac with fly and bait for larger fish, and fine, gamy fish they are."

"Yes," said he, "but for grand surf fishing, for bass weighing from 10 to 40lbs., you should go to the islands in Martha's Vineyard, or down to Montauk Point."

And I met him frequently for a year afterward, and the pleasure of his company grew on me, and somehow we managed to meet frequently, by accident. One day in a rambling talk of fishing he mentioned losing his rod and rations at the Great Falls of the Potomac, and how a soldier from a neighboring garrison had saved his life with hardtack and salt horse.

I looked him over. There was the man who had slipped on the rocks twenty years ago, of whom I told of in the last sketch; the same sad eye, erect figure, silky hair and the long "dildails," as we called long side whiskers in those days, to distinguish them from the short "Burnsides." I asked: "When did this happen?"

"In the fall of 1862. Why?"

"Nothing, only I heard a story like that from a man who served in a regiment there; he was a sergeant at that time. Would you know his name if you heard it?"

"No, I don't think I would, although I met him later and he dined with my friend and me in Washington. Those old times are so long ago and events came so fast that one can t remember every chance acquaintance."

"The sergeant's name was the same as mine, and I went down from the falls in the hack with you to Fort Alexander, and afterward met you and your friend at the regimental su ler's, when swords were substituted for corkscrews."

"No!"

"Yes!"

"Shake!"

And there began a friendship with one of the most lovable men that I ever knew, a man of whom the late Martin B. Brown, printer of the N. Y. *City Record*, and a member of the Cuttyhunk Club, once said: "A man who could not love Frank Endicott couldn't love anybody." And I must heartily agree with him. He became my *alter ego.*

As an all-round genial sportsman he knew more anglers and shooters in New York city than any man in it. A walk with him on any street was a continued interruption of salutations and chats on fishing or shooting. Under the *nom de plume* of Ted Grayson he contributed charming sketches to *Porter's Spirit of the Times*, then the only journal in America which touched field sports. In the early day when Old Bill Chadwick was younger than he is now his hostelry on Tom's River, N. J., was the most famous of all nearby resorts for sportsmen from the great city, and around its fireplace the events of the day were discussed. There was grand fishing in Barnegat Bay, ducking and bay bird shooting along the sandy beaches, and brant were plenty in season. In the later days when I accompanied him to Chadwick's there was still good sport there, but over it hung the pall of tradition. "You should have been here thirty years ago, when George Gelson killed thirteen brant with one barrel," etc. I knew Gelson slightly, a man then of eighty years, who still shot an 8 bore and was known in New York city as "the bald eagle of Currituck."

After the tournament at Coney Island Endicott and I organized the FOREST AND STREAM anglers' tournament, which held its only contest on Harlem Mere, Central Park, in 1882, and then became the National Rod and Reel Association, and held tournaments until 1889.

He kept the lithographing firm running for many years after the death of his father, but soon after losing his wife his children left the Staten Island home and moved into the city, but he took a room in a very unpretentious hotel and remained on the island, where he could fish when inclination agreed with the tide. His room was a museum of arms and fishing tackle, as well as the library of a scholarly man, and after a day's fishing we often sat looking out on the bay, where we could see the ocean steamers from the Narrows until they were lost in the direction of the great city and exchange stories of fishing and shooting, or smoke in reverie. He seldom fished in the Bay above the Narrows; his favorite grounds were in the Lower Bay and the Great Kills, taking boat at Gifford's and going out far or fishing near, as he thought best. Our fishing there was mainly for weakfish and kingfish, but sometimes we tried for bluefish in Raritan Bay. He knew the grounds for miles around, and his knowledge of where to find the weakfish, whether the smaller school fish or the big yellow-finned tide runners, in all kinds of weather and stages of tide was remarkable.

Mr. Endicott, like his friend Gen. Arthur, was an epicure; perhaps not "of the first water," let us say of a prime vintage, for they were *connoisseurs* in wines as well as in all other things which are esteemed by the *bon vivant*, and in the two last months of each year, while he lived, we met at a little French restaurant and ordered a roast grouse, chicory salad and Burgundy; the grouse to be in the oven only twelve minutes, and the *chapon* in the salad to have an extra rub of garlic. This chicory was not the kind which grows like a carrot, but the French sort, sometimes called endive; and while we are talking of this salad I will tell you what I learned from Endicott about it. The *chapon* is a bit of dry bread 2in. square that has been rubbed with a clove of garlic, and then the latter is thrown away and the *chapon* is tossed among the leaves, which have been treated to salt and oil only. Most persons get enough garlic from this slight contact with the bread, but we saved the *chapon* for a *bon bouche* and divided it fairly. Whenever I wander up Fulton street, especially in the grouse season, it seems as if Frank Endicott must be coming to meet me at the little café, which is now no more.

From him I not only learned much about salt-water fishing, but also how game should not be cooked. At our first grouse dinner he noticed that I was a little shy of the very rare interior, and he overcame my crude ideas and taught me that the bird was cooked to perfection, and then I came to know how not to cook some birds. This is a thing which requires education, and I was a long time in getting mine, and have been longer in trying to educate a few household cooks who may appreciate rare beef, but draw the line on rare birds; but let me tell it as my mentor told me, as near as his words can be remembered:

"In the cooking of game birds," said he, "it is necessary that all the white-meated ones, like our Northern partridge and quail, should be well done, so as to show no bit of rare meat, just as a turkey or chicken should be cooked. But, my boy, with the dark-meated birds such cooking is ruin, the distinctive flavor of the meat is lost You know, of course, that the ruffed grouse is called a 'partridge' in New York markets, while the prairie chicken of the West is the only 'grouse' that the market and the café knows. Well, the first of these birds needs to be cooked to the bone, and the latter only well browned on the outside, just as fish should be thoroughly cooked and beef lightly Ordinarily a French *chef* has little knowledge of cooking game birds; he may cook venison well, because it requires the same treatment as mutton; but his idea is to devise some sauce with a flavor that will destroy the individuality of a game bird. Don't trust him to cook one without special instructions unless you know he understands this."

I was getting some new ideas about good cooking of game, and somehow they seemed to accord with the plain cooking of my hunting and trapping life, when it often seemed that there was a lack of "dressing" and sauces

He continued: "Take a canvasback duck, for instance If it has fed upon wild celery it is the finest aquatic fowl in the world, unless we include the redhead, which robs it of its dainty after its long dive for it; but let some cook roast it for half an hour and it might as well be a barnyard fowl, especially if it is stuffed and 'seasoned' so as to destroy the delicate natural flavor. If a canvasback is to be cooked at home, let them roast it in a hot oven full fifteen minutes if women are your guests, but only twelve if they are sportsmen epicures; but in both cases it must be served hot The oven must be hot and the bird heated through and served on hot plates, or it is wasted"

Another thing which this epicure taught me was to relish the bitter flavor in the backbone of a grouse after there was little else left. This can only be had by sucking on the dorsal vertebra, and it is said that in England some men carry this bone in a vest pocket for weeks and refresh their memories with a pull at it; but it is true that there is an agreeable bitter in the backbone of a grouse when you can't get another bit of satisfaction out of the bird. Yet this man whom I have extolled as an epicure was, or pretended to be, fond of roast possum, that omnivorous, fat-laden critter which feeds on what comes handy, just like the hog, the coon, the bear and man, whether it be fish, flesh, fowl or blackberries.

In my Long Island home there were two permanent boarders who never missed a meal nor paid me a cent. Their names were Keno and Trouble, and their idea of enjoying life was to make it miserable for rats, cats and possums. Regularly, about midnight, these terriers were let out before going to bed and their voices told me if they had treed a possum or if it was only a cat. In the latter case they came reluctantly at call, but if it was a possum they renewed their yelping after I had pulled on boots and started with a lantern for the game. I had told all this to Mr. Endicott and told him that I gave the long snouts to the darkies. Just how many I sent him or how many possum dinners we had down on Staten Island is not on record, but if not exactly feasts of reason there was always a flow of soul and wit. It may be possible that a dislike for all fat meats led me to revile the succulent possum while eating a small portion of it out of compliment to the host; that's the most likely solution, for I once told Frank, who was extolling the merits of a roast sucking pig, that I'd as soon eat a baby. Now, in justice to the taste of my friend and to the possum, I will say that the portion of the tongue, which he impartially served to each guest, was truly a gastronomic delicacy, little, but oh, my! Frank once delivered this after-dinner rhapsody over the remains of a possum:

"Oh! rare marsupial with the tail prehensile,
Would that I had the fervid pen or pencil
Thy virtues to depict—suffice for me
That thou hast brought such guests to dine on thee.
There are who say—may Satan's pitchfork toss 'em—
That none but Southern darkies eat the possum.
But we will cling with simple faith to thee.
As clings thy tail to the persimmon tree,
Immovable as earth—thou pansy blossom!
Thou flower! Thou miracle of gr(e)ase! Oh!!

"POSSUM."

In the last year of his life he wrote me the following, dated Jan. 28, 1890: "I have been very sick, weak and debilitated from nasal hemorrhages—have had some fainting spells and am somewhat weak on my pins, otherwise I would have inflicted you with my presence for a few days as per your kind invitation. I am the victim of a conspiracy between my children, my brother Munroe and a local physician, and the result is that I am ordered away to the Adirondacks for change of air. But what I wish to say to you, my dear boy, is this: The trouble in my throat is, I think, malignant, and as a consequence fatal. Ever bear me in your kind remembrance; I am not afraid of the grim enemy."

As I had seen him within a month and had eaten a grouse and venison chops with him, and promised him a possum or two before long, the above letter seemed strange. He was not a complaining man, and he appeared to be in robust health. He wrote me jolly letters, and I forgot that his health was bad. My busy season came on, and in May I learned that Dr. Russell had taken him to the Adirondacks, and we exchanged weekly letters. On July 24 he wrote from Benson Mines, near Carthage, N. Y., as follows:

"I have been here two weeks, loafing, vegetating, resting and blue-moulding. Have been too weak to do much fishing until yesterday, when I went somewhat further from the

FRANCIS ENDICOTT.
From a photograph sent to Fred Mather, June, 1888.

house (half mile) and caught twenty four trout, none weighing over ¾lb., most of them being about 7in. long. The trout are small in Little River, as they call this beautiful trout stream, but are very game. However, if you catch nothing, fly-casting is, like virtue, its own exceeding great reward. The stream is delightful for casting, no overhanging bushes nor other obstructions, and is strung with beautiful pools on whose surface you can see an occasional dimple made by the troutlings, or the bolder whirl of the larger trout. * * * Not much sport, you may say, but to me the brook and the trout were like a dream of past days. My chum, Dr. Russell, has just returned from a little stroll to the inlet of Cranberry Lake—eight or ten miles. Wish I could have been with him! He reports the fish much larger, but the accommodations bad. He brought home a trout which weighed 1¼lbs. dressed, and we promptly had it boiled for supper, with egg sauce. A large trout is a sublimated salmon! * * * I have gained somewhat in strength, but my throat still continues to be painful, and does not yield to the balsamic odors of the hemlocks, nor the tender ministrations of the black flies, punkies, mosquitoes and deer flies, which are very assiduous in their attentions."

This letter alarmed me. Between the lines I read that my dearest friend was really in danger of passing away in some lingering manner. If he were killed by any accident of flood or field, there would have been a shock devoid of pity. Few men care to be pitied, a brave one never does. As his most intimate friend I had seen many exhibitions of his moral courage, and now came that display of the highest quality of courage, the unflinching facing of the enemy who bears "Victory" on his banner, without the excitement of battle or "the pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious war."

Then I tried to be funny and fired letter after letter at him, filled with such conceits as I could muster, and hope they did him some good. The summer passed and the doctor brought him back to Staten Island. Late in September he dictated a letter saying that his troubles had increased, and wound up by saying: "I did intend to go down with my friend and chum, Dr. Russell, and see you, but cannot. I must have misrepresented you to him in some way, for he seems to want to know you; come down soon." Evidently his sense of humor had not left him, but the fact that the letter was dictated was alarming, and I would go at once. On looking at the letter again there was a marginal note from Dr. Russell, saying: "If you want to see your old friend again in life, come at once"

He was very weak, and as I kissed him he asked his son George to raise him up while he told me a funny story of the woods, at which he laughed so heartily that he dropped back in a faint and we feared he had gone. Brave fellow! He never complained, and he retained his pleasant manner during several visits. Early in October he was removed to the Hahnemann Hospital, in New York city, where he died on Nov. 14, 1890.

Francis Endicott was born in Baltimore in 1834, and was a descendant of the Puritan, John Endicott, "who in 1628, with his wife, Anne Gower, and that determined company of a hundred or so, followed the Plymouth pilgrims and founded Salem, in the New World, the famous Massachusetts Bay colony." Hawthorne, in his "Twice Told Tales: Endicott and the Red Cross," vividly pictures the old Puritan Governor slashing the red cross from the flag with his sword and resolutely ordering: "Beat a flourish, drummer, in honor of the ensign of New England. Neither pope nor tyrant hath part in it now." The famous Endicott pear tree, planted in Danvers in 1632, is still standing on the old farm. Gilbert Endicott, grandson of the Puritan, located in Stoughton, now Canton, Mass., and there on the old farm Frank's grandmother lived, and in his young days he frequently went there for trout fishing and shooting.

Space forbids writing many anecdotes of this genial sportsman, which not only show the turn of his mind but would be interesting to the general reader. Perhaps they may be written next week, but in closing this the sad lines of Eugene Field come up:

"O trees and hills, and brooks and lanes, and meadows, do you know
Where I shall find my little friends of forty years ago?
You see, I'm old and weary, and I've traveled long and far;
I'm looking for my playmates; I wonder where they are!"

FRED MATHER.

ANGLING NOTES.

John Mowat.

MANY readers of FOREST AND STREAM will learn with unfeigned regret that the grand old man, John Mowat, is no more; that, as he would have expressed it himself, he "crossed over the river" on the 14th of this month. On that day I received a telegram from Mr. Archibald Mitchell: "Our friend, Mr. Mowat, died this morning at 8:15. Was conscious to the last."

The last letter Mr. Mowat wrote me was dated in October, and contained some MS. for this journal, which was printed soon after, being his last contribution to FOREST AND STREAM. This column has told of the accident to Mr. Mowat on the Restigouche River last year, and how a log on which he was sitting with Mr. Archibald Mitchell became loosened and rolled over him, injuring him internally. His first conscious words as Mr. Mitchell was conveying him in his own canoe to a nearby farmhouse, where medical aid was obtained—for Mr. Mitchell's canoe had been smashed by the log after it passed over Mr. Mowat's body—were that he was glad that the accident had not happened to his companion, and that expression may be taken as an indication of his character. His last letter to me was so full of hope that I looked forward to seeing him in the spring. He said: "I do wish I could have met you in Montreal, but I was very sick, so much so that I had to be carried to the car. I am a good deal better, and since coming home have found out the cause of the trouble. The log in passing over me bruised the kidney, but the doctor says he will have me all right before spring. This has put new vim into my seventy-five years, and I may kill a salmon yet."

He mentioned the leasing of fishing privileges in New Brunswick, which will take place in March next, and closed his letter in these words: "I fully expect the few spots now available on which a fish can be had" (a "fish" with Mr. Mowat was always a salmon) "will pass out of the hands of the holders this season, but I expect to meet you next spring on the old Restigouche."

But this was not to be. In the death of Mr. Mowat I believe we have lost the man best informed about the Atlantic salmon in Canada. For more than fifty years he has been familiar with the Canadian salmon rivers, most of the time acting in an official capacity under the Fisheries Department, storing up knowledge of the habits of the fish such as it was given to but few men to possess. Of this knowledge he gave freely, and every one of his letters to the writer was like a fresh chapter in a book, ever interesting, ever charming, ever new and instructive, and always of the fish and fishing he loved so well. Once when he sent me for FOREST AND STREAM a paper on the habits of the moose I was rather surprised, but I believe the readers of this journal pronounced it one of the best papers on the animal published, the result of long and close observation.

Four years ago Mr. Mowat wrote me of the circumstances connected with the naming of the Princess Pool on the Restigouche River, the salmon stream which he regarded with more affection than any other in Canada. For a long series of years Mr. Mowat escorted every Governor-General of Canada whenever there was a State visit to the salmon rivers. When Lord Lorne and H.R.H. Princess Louise visited the Restigouche, the stream had been reserved for them by Messrs. Fleming and Brydges, and as usual Mr. Mowat was the escort of the royal party, and I will tell the story in his own words:

"When on the way down the river Her Royal Highness said to me, 'I am not yet tired of fishing, please stop the boat (Great Cæsar's Ghost) where you think we can have some sport.' I did so at the mouth of Chain Rock Brook, half a mile or so below Indian Pool. Lord Lorne, the Duke of Argyle and his daughters left us there, going down in their bark canoes, leaving the Princess, Lady MacNamara, Carpenter (detective), two Indians, myself and the boat's crew.

"The Princess called me and said she would be ready to go when I thought it time. The day was warm, with south wind, and toward afternoon clouds began to rise. About 4 o'clock I called the Indians, and the Princess was ready. I took the stern of the boat, turning out one of the men, rather against her will, as she requested me to sit down. I told her I wanted to manage the canoe myself. We soon got up to the ground, about 250yds. above the fall of the Hero Rapids. After anchoring the Princess handed me her fly book, saying: 'You know best which fly is most likely to kill.' Not finding a fairy, I put on a fly of my own, a middling-sized brown. First fish broke hold before anchor was raised; second fish did the same before it came to gaff, and this seemed to disappoint her very much. I said as the sun lowered the fish would take hold better, and just then we had a slight shower with some wind, and cooler. It was then about 6 o'clock, and the Princess struck a fish which held, and was landed in eleven and a half minutes, and was 24lbs. in weight. Next fish was foul-hooked behind the gill cover, and took twenty-two minutes. While playing her fish, she said to me: 'Don't be afraid to tell me if I do not handle them properly. I should have killed the last one quicker; he was only 22lbs., and I found he would go through the rapids.' I said: 'You hold very hard; your cast could bear no more.' Our next fish was a 26-pounder, and the fourth and last a 27-pounder, which I gaffed out of the

canoe when within 15yds. of the rapids, at 8 o'clock in the evening. We could have killed another, but the midges were plentiful and we concluded to quit. On our way to the barge the Princess said to me: 'If you had been with me all the time we would have made a much larger score (about thirty fish), and if I come again you must promise to go with me.' I then told her that the pool had no name, and asked her permission to name it the Princess Louise Pool, and so it was named. I must say that few anglers could handle a fish with Her Highness. She used a heavy English 18ft. rod, and her strong right arm (after the fish had made his second run) would lift his head clear of the water."

New men may come on the Canadian salmon rivers, but no one will ever entirely fill the place of the genial, kindly, loyal, unselfish, simple Scotchman, John Mowat, a pioneer salmon fisherman, who made friends to retain them always and who now mourn his loss.

Landlocked Salmon of Europe.

In a personal letter from Mr. Siegfried Jaffé, a noted German fish breeder, he tells me something of the European landlocked salmon, a fish that I have heard credited with many good qualities not possessed by our own landlocked salmon, until I once regarded it as something to be desired, like the Philosopher's Stone, and perhaps with as many mythical qualities. Anyway, Mr. Jaffé wishes very much to try the ouananiche in German waters, and describes one of his lakes and says: "The lake seems to be so appropriate for stocking with your landlocked salmon that I will defer stocking it with other *salmonida* for another year, hoping in the meantime to obtain some eggs from America. I have tried our own landlocked salmon (*Salmo hucho*) here twice. They are from the Danube and never go to sea, but somehow deep, quiet water does not seem to do for them, though it does well in the long, deep reaches of the Bavarian rivers. If at any time you care to try the *Salmo hucho* and will tell me, I will be glad to send you a consignment. They are not adapted for feeding the fry artificially. The *hucho* salmon is a nearly white meated fish, very good eating, but not a sporting fish."

I had to read that over two or three times, and then put my reading glass on the letter to make sure I read aright. Not a sporting fish! Well, our landlocked salmon is a sporting fish from the day it is born until its death. To continue from the letter: "The reason why I should like to try ouananiche and *purpuratus* [the redthroat trout] over here is that I have been so well pleased with the results the other kinds of American *salmonida* have given me, that I think they will do well too. The rainbow and *fontinalis* do very well here, and it may interest you to have the remarks concerning them which I have put on the inclosed sheet.

"The quinnat (Pacific salmon) is still in its first season with me here, but continues to do well. The fish in the yearling breeding ponds are now 6 to 7in. long. I have had reports, inclosed, showing that some I gave away for Bavarian small highland lakes have grown to 8in. fish.

"The prejudice against the quinnat is still great over here, caused no doubt from the results of the first consignment made by your Fish Commission to Europe in the 70s. They turned out unsatisfactorily, that is to say, the fish when they arrived at breeding age were subject to very bad fungus and peeled skin and scales easily, but I have no doubt this was owing to wrong treatment. The quinnat, which with us in the first season took on silvery scales that came off easily, is a very early ripening fish, and we must be prepared to give it large range early in the second year.

"We tried last year some experiments with Swiss char (from lake of Zug). The fish does not exceed 1½lbs. in its native waters. The fry did not do as well as *fontinalis*, but there was a good proportion of yearlings, although they did not feed as greedily as *fontinalis*, and I would consider the fish a doubtful acquisition; ova very small, smaller than from two-year-old *fontinalis*. I have also, after infinite trouble, obtained this year a small consignment of Russian char, a very big lake trout running up to 28lbs. in its native waters. The eggs are taken the end of August and they are fully hatched by now (the letter is dated Jan. 1). The ova is unusually large, larger than salmon ova (*Salar*) and nearly as big as from the quinnats, and the fry are beautifully strong. I will report on this fish, of which I have great hopes, as the season goes on." At another time I will give the notes on our rainbow and brook trout in Germany.

A Cinch.

There are some things done better in New Hampshire than in other States. For example, when Fish and Game Commissioner Wentworth was elected to the New Hampshire Senate he was made chairman of the Senate committee on fish and game; and when at the same election Commissioner Hughes, his colleague on the Commission, was elected to the Assembly, he was made chairman of the Assembly committee on fish and game. If they do not have some good fish and game legislation in New Hampshire this winter it will be no fault of the chairmen of the two committees.

A. N. CHENEY.

"Angling Talks."

WE have a very few copies of George Dawson's "Angling Talks," a series of chapters of entertaining chat about men, fishermen, fish, fishing and fishing places. Cloth, 50 cents. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 1.—INDIANAPOLIS.—Hoosier Kennel Club.
Feb. 1–5.—BOSTON.—New England Kennel Club.
Feb. 27–5. New York. Westminster Kennel Club.
March 3–6. ST. LOUIS.—St. Louis Kennel Club.
March 10–13.—CHICAGO.—Mascoutah Kennel Club.
March 17–20.—LOUISVILLE.—Kentucky Kennel Club.
March 24–27.—PITTSBURG.—Duquesne Kennel Club.
March 30–April 2.—BALTIMORE.—Baltimore Kennel Association.
April 7–13. STOCKTON.—Stockton Kennel Club.
April 14–17.—LOS ANGELES.—Southern California Kennel Club.

Champion Stakes at West Point.

WEST POINT, Miss., Jan. 26.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Five have qualified to start in the Champion Stakes: Delhi, Marie's Sport, Minnie T., Harold Skimpole and Tony Boy. The weather is extremely cold and stormy. The stake was declared off to-day, the money to be divided pro rata among the starters after deducting the expenses.

B. WATERS.

United States Field Trials.

THE results arrived at in the Pointer Derby, the Setter Derby and the All-Age pointer stakes are given below:

Pointer Derby.

Starters: T. W. O'Byrnes's dog Redskin, C. S. Shoop's bitch Aloysia, H. H. Mayberry's bitch Alabama Girl, Del Monte Kennels' dog Tony Works, George H. Smith's bitch Diana, T. W. O'Byrnes's dog Moerlein, J. S. Crane's bitch Firefly, H. S. Smith's bitch Ripple, Bar Harbor Kennels' dog Young Rip Rap, T. T. Ashford's bitch Elgine, Del Monte Kennels' dog Tick's Kid.

Winners: First, Young Rip Rap; second, Elgine; third, Ripple.

Setter Derby.

Starters: P. M. Essig's bitch Saragossa Belle, W. R. Holliday's dog Billy T., J. P. Greene's dog Sarsfield, Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' bitch Pin Money; F. R. Hitchcock's dog Tory Rustic, Fox & Blythe's bitch Caroline, H. Ames's bitch Christina, Theo. Goodman's Dog Dave Earl, Avent & Thayer's dog Peconic, C. P. Jones's dog Hurstbourne Zip.

Winners: First, Pin Money; second, Christina; third, Dave Earl and Tory Rustic (divided).

All-Age Pointer Stakes.

Starters: Ashford & Adams's dog Von Gull, N. T. de Pauw's bitch Sister Sue, H. K. Devereux's bitch Virginia, Del Monte Kennels' dog Tick Boy, Bar Harbor Kennels' dog Young Rip Rap, F. W. Dunham's dog Elgin's Dash, Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' dog Delhi, H. S. Smith's dog Ripsaw, Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' dog Tippoo, J. H. Johnson's dog Crackerjack, Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' dog Nabob.

Winners: First, Tippoo; second, Young Rip Rap; third, Elgin's Dash.

The judges were: Dr. George Ubanks, of Birmingham, Ala., and Mr. J. D. King, of Jackson, Tenn. The trials commenced on Jan. 18.

Challenge Class Prizes.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A merchant does not expect to increase his business by lessening the inducement to visit his store. This, however, is just what many of the dog shows this year are doing. Owing, I presume, to the slim entries in the challenge classes last year, they have offered only one prize therein for each sex. (I am only alluding to setters, having no interest in any other breeds.)

How many entries would they get if there were one first prize instead of first, second, third and fourth offered for open class dogs? And what do they get in the open classes even with the inducement of four prizes? Certainly not many entries, and those of a quality not comparable to the challenge dogs. For there are very few fine dogs "coming on," sad as it makes me to acknowledge it. The most of them have already won their way into the challenge ranks, which now actually outnumber, in good dogs, the open classes.

Now I take it that the mission and object of dog shows is, or ought to be, to draw out quality as well as numbers. And especially is this true of the large shows, such as New York's, Boston's, etc. They can afford to and should set the pace for the smaller exhibitions. Both numbers and quality are to be found in the challenge setter ranks. Offer four grades of challenge prizes and the good dogs there will come out. Let them adhere to one first prize, and the exhibitions in the challenge classes are likely to be the one dog that is usually the winner—such as champion Kildare in Irish setters. Many an owner of challenge setters, while conceding the superiority of some particularly fine specimen, would exhibit his really fine animals because he expects to beat every other entry except this one. But I don't think you'll find many men pay $5 entry fee, and more for expenses, for the doubtful honor of having their dogs unnoticed. As they can't win the first prize (and don't expect to) and there is *only one prize*, they'll keep their dogs at home. Offer four prizes and give them a chance to win something in a class where it is an honor to win anything, and they will send them. I have a letter before me now, from another State, where an owner of two fine Irish setters in the challenge classes says he did not enter them in Boston and will not in New York because there is only one challenge prize and Kildare and Queen Vic will take it. And he acknowledges their superiority, too. If economy be necessary, drop the puppy classes. No pups not having had distemper ought to be allowed in shows, for they merely spread disease and do no good to the breeds. Economize these, but increase the inducements to draw out the best dogs, which happen to be mostly in the challenge classes, and the quality as well as numbers will be kept up. Reduce challenge prizes to one, and only mediocrity (after the acknowledged champions grow old) will be the result. The practical importance of the matter to all lovers of a good setter makes me earnest.

SETTER.

Mascoutah Club Show.

THE premium list of the Mascoutah Kennel Club show, Chicago, March 10–13, has been issued. The judges will be:

St. Bernards, mastiffs, bloodhounds, Newfoundlands, greyhounds, deerhounds, Russian wolfhounds, poodles, beagles, dachshunde, Dalmatians, whippets, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous, Mr. H. W. Lacy.

Pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, foxhounds and Chesapeake Bay dogs, Major J. M. Taylor.

Collies and Old English sheep dogs, Mr. Henry Jarrett.

Great Danes, Dr. Nicolai.

Fox, Boston, bull, Black and Tan, Irish, Scottish, Skye, Bedlington, Dandie Dinmont, Yorkshire and toy terriers, Mr. T. S. Bellin.

Bull dogs, Mr. E. A. Woodward.

Pugs, Mr. A. E. Pitts.

Cocker, Clumber, field, Irish water, Blenheim, King Charles, Prince Charles and Ruby, and Japanese spaniels, Mr. E. M. Oldham.

Entries will close Feb. 20. There are, in addition to the regular premiums of $15, $10 and $5 in the larger classes, $10, $5 and $3 in others, and $5 and $3 in others; there are kennel prizes ranging from $25 to $10, and numerous specials. The list will be sent on request by Secretary J. L. Lincoln, Mascoutah Kennel Club, Chicago.

The Gould Cup.

WEST POINT, Miss., Jan. 24.—The absolute All-Age competition for Gould cup was awarded to Tippoo without competition, Tony Boy being sick.

B. WATERS.

National Beagle Club.

A QUARTERLY meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held in New York on Jan. 19. Members present were: H. F. Schellhass, J. W. Appleton, G. B. Post, Jr., A. W. Post, George Laick, G. Mifflin Wharton and George W. Regan. Voted that minutes be read at the adjourned meeting, subject to call of the chair. The executive committee then went into session with the above members present.

It was voted that the field trial committee should be excused. The secretary was instructed to secure ribbons for the prize winners of 1896 field trials. Voted that a bronze medal be presented at the Mascoutah Kennel Club show for the best beagle in the show. Open to members of the National Beagle Club of America only. It was requested that the judges be selected from the club's official list of judges or from members of the club. Three names were dropped for non-payment of dues. Voted that the Futurity committee send out blanks for the 1898 Futurity.

Pittsburg Show.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 24.—The Duquesne Kennel Club is booming matters for the big Pittsburg Bench Show, which will take place March 24, 25, 26 and 27, in the Marshall building, Penn avenue. At the annual meeting last week the following officers were elected: John M. Chaplin, President; Dr. J. S. Phillips, Vice-President; W. E. Littell, 69 Federal street, Allegheny, Secretary; W. R. Sewell, H. M. Breckenridge, Bernard S. Horne, J. O'H. Denny, Frank H. Denny, John M. Chaplin and Dr. J. S. Phillips, Board of Governors. These make up the bench show committee.

E. M. Oldham will superintend. The judges will be Major J. M. Taylor, C. H. Mason and James Mortimer. The entry list will close March 13. Secretary Littell will mail the premium list about Feb. 1. It will contain 163 classes against 130 last year. The cash prizes aggregate $500 more than last year. The specialty clubs offer an unusually large number of special prizes. The show building this year will have superior ventilation, heating and lighting. The Pittsburg show follows Louisville and precedes Baltimore.

CROMBIE ALLEN.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

THE BEGINNER AWHEEL.

SCENE—A Ninth avenue express train on the Elevated road, New York. Enter Mr. White, an old-time wheelman (number 'leventy-'leven in the L. A. W.), who takes a seat beside Mr. Brown, just graduated from the cycling academy. Grasps his hand warmly, and received but a feeble response.

"Glad to see you, old man, but what makes you look so badly? You aren't ill?"

"No, it's all due to that confounded bike; I took a ride yesterday."

"So did I. Hope I don't look as if I had lost my best friend in the world."

"You don't; you look as if you took life easily, and enjoyed it. That's where we differ. Life is a burden to me just now, and it's all due to that blamed wheel."

"Got a suit for damages on your hands? Did you kill anybody yesterday?"

"No, confound it. Wish I had. I was mad enough to kill some of those blathering scorchers if they had given me the chance."

"Never mind, you'll be scorching some of these days yourself. But tell me about it. It'll relieve your mind."

"Well, you see, yesterday was a nice day, and I thought I'd take a ride out on the Boulevard and around Grant's Tomb. Knew it was Sunday, but never thought there'd be much of a crowd out at this time of year."

"You thought it would be a good chance to get a little whack at the real thing, eh? Unlearn a few of your riding school lessons?"

"Yes, but I was hardly prepared for what happened. Before I'd gone a block I fancied something was wrong with the adjustment—wheel seemed to kind of drag, you know—and when I got off a great big ruffian with a loud, glaring sweater ran square into me from behind."

"Stopped in the middle of the street, did you?"

"Yes, I guess I had as much right to the street as anybody—that tough was from the Bowery. His talk was an inarticulate jumble of slang and chopped-off words. He said, 'What t'ell' and 't'row' for throw, and 'eart'' for earth, and wanted to fight me."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I tried for a while to argue with him. Told him that he'd been guilty of criminal negligence in scorching with his nose down to his front wheel in a position that rendered it impossible for him to see what was ahead of him. Of course, as I had no eyes in the back of my head I didn't as a matter of fact see what his position was; but then, you know, I argued that he wouldn't have run into me if he had been looking."

"You stopped rather suddenly, didn't you?"

"Yes, but he had the whole width of the street to turn out in; yet the fellow had the impudence to say that I was responsible for his bloody nose, and that I had deliberately thrown myself in his way—just as if I would do such a thing for the sake of being run into, and lamed so that I haven't been able to sit comfortably in my saddle since."

"What was the upshot of the affair?"

"A big crowd collected, and some of the people suggested that we fight it out and indulged in various witticisms at my expense. One man said that I had made a good beginning and had drawn first blood. Another said I should claim a foul, as I had been hit below the belt. Then a policeman came sauntering along, and the beastly ruffian that had made all the trouble got on his wheel and scorched down the Boulevard, and as I'd only been awaiting an opportunity to get rid of his nasty personalities, I left too, going up the Boulevard.

"I'd lost all pleasure in my ride, and would have gone home if it hadn't been that the fellow who ran into me went that way, and I had no desire to encounter him again."

"Hard lines, old man. I hope that was the end of your difficulties."

"Not by any means. What between thinking of crushing things I might have said to that Bowery thug if I'd only thought of them at the time, and wishing I hadn't come out—and I tell you Sunday is no day for a gentleman to ride, there's sure to be a crowd—I didn't watch very well where

I was going, and the first thing I knew I ran into another blooming idiot who showed up directly in front of me so suddenly that I couldn't avoid him."

"Threw himself right in your track, eh?"

"No, he was there all along. He slowed up because he wanted to turn into Eighty-sixth street."

"Didn't he give you any signal?"

'Signal! He had a little tinkling bell that you might have heard with an ear trumpet. I remember thinking at the time that a bell that didn't make any more noise than that was more fit to put around a poodle's neck than as a signal on a bicycle."

"You heard it then?"

"Yes, but before I could get over the first ridiculous impression it produced the bump came, and both of us went sprawling on the cross-town car tracks. I tell you I had a narrow escape for my life. The horses of an east-bound street car were almost on top of me, and if the driver hadn't pulled them up mighty quick and put on his brake instanter I guess I wouldn't be here now to tell you the story."

"No doubt your heirs would be suing the horse car company, and preparing to give you a decent funeral."

"Glad I saved them the trouble. I can assure you I thought of them first in the matter."

"So you escaped with your life and went on your way in search of new adventures?"

"Yes, but first I waited a while to see how they would untangle the mass their cars had gotten into. You see a north-bound Boulevard car was coming along at a good rate, and when the Eighty-sixth street car stopped to keep from going over me, the other car ran plumb into it and knocked it sideways up against a lamp post. A third car coming west on Eighty-sixth street tried to get by the other two and jammed the Boulevard car, so that not one of the three could be moved. It was the most interesting lock-up you ever saw, and I never would have believed it could have happened if I hadn't been there and seen the whole thing."

"And I suppose you pride yourself on being the cause of this interesting blockade?"

"Me? Why, I wasn't the cause of it. It was the other fellow, as I took particular pains to explain."

"Pardon the error. But how did they separate the cars?"

"I didn't wait to see, the whole thing took too long. Why, man, they had a jam of cars on the Boulevard reaching to 110th street, and—"

"From the mention of 110th street, am I to infer that you continued your disastrous course on up the Boulevard to that point?"

"See here, old man, you may be a hoary chestnut at wheeling, and perhaps you have been riding since the days when you had to carry your road along with you because the League hadn't yet taken up its arduous duty of making them for all mankind; but I want you to understand that I won't take any of your freshness."

"But really, I am curious to know if you got as far as 110th street!"

Before Brown could answer the guard pushed back the door with a bang, and putting his head inside the car unhitched his hoarse voice long enough to say "Warr'n street!"

"My station," said White, and he rushed for the door, calling back as he went, "I suppose, old fellow, that this will be 'continued in our next'?"

"No," replied Brown, speaking to himself, for his friend had disappeared, "not while the editor has a blue pencil back of his ear. To be exact, it will be 'concluded in our next.'"

DAN DALY.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public.*

A SPECIAL meeting of the New York Y. C. was called for Jan. 26 to hear the report of the special committee appointed to consider the desirability of the club taking action for the formation of a national yachting league. As the committee was made up largely from men who were known to be hostile to the scheme, an adverse report is looked for.

YACHT DESIGNING.—XIII.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

[Continued from page 55.]

THE subject of marine drafting, to say nothing of the broader subject of designing, is one that can be properly taught only by personal instruction, with its accompanying questions, explanations and discussion. In order to remove as far as possible the difficulties incident to such a treatise as ours, the writer and his readers not being in personal communication with each other, we shall welcome suggestions and inquiries that will tend to bring out any points that may be omitted, or to clear up any that are not perfectly clear. There is one important fact that we have in no way overlooked or underestimated. In the case of a teacher and his pupils in a class engaged in the study of drafting, it is almost invariably the case that each pupil has completed a course of preparatory study which has fitted him for the more advanced stages of the course. In the case of the present series of articles, many of our readers approach the subject with no previous knowledge of it, making it essential that we should cover at the same time both the preparatory and the more advanced work. The college student who has fresh in mind his geometry, trigonometry and descriptive geometry will find little difficulty in understanding every detail of a design, such as that in Plate I. There are many among our readers, however, who are thoroughly skilled in boat handling, and perhaps know more or less of building, but have no idea whatever of what such a drawing is intended to convey, or how to interpret it. We have endeavored thus far to take up the different points in a logical sequence which is not quite the order in which they are customarily found; and it may appear that some important points have been omitted when they are merely deferred to a more appropriate place.

Two questions have come to us this past week in relation to Plate I.: why two parallel lines are used in the sheer plan to outline the extreme end of the counter, and why the curved line marked C 8, or cross seam, is shown, in all three plans? The outer of the two parallel lines, that to the left, marks the extreme limit of the under side of the sternpiece, the line just inside and above it is the continuation of the buttock line across the face of the sternpiece. The line marked cross seam shows the edge of the after face of the sternpiece, the joining of this face with the main surface of the counter. It sometimes happens, as in Vigilant, Colonia and Navahoe, that the fair surface of the hull is carried out even aft until it intersects the deck, forming what is termed an *elliptical stern*; but the usual custom is to cut off the end of the counter, as in Plate I., by a separate surface, sometimes vertical, but generally on a *rake* or angle. The edge of this surface where it joins the main surface of the hull is called the cross seam.

We spoke in the previous chapter of the various methods of numbering the stations; in the design by Mr. Stearns, published last week, it will be noticed that the numbering begins on the after end of the l.w.l., which is called No. 1 station, and runs forward, the stations in the counter being lettered. This system has the important sanction of very general use among both designers and builders on the Clyde, but apart from this, the reverse system, with the fore end of the l.w.l. marked No. 0, is preferable.

We have seen in the previous chapter how certain lines of a design may be drawn in straight in one or even two of the plans, but are curved in the third. The process of constructing a design begins with the laying off of the various straight lines on the three plans; the second step, in which we begin to outline the actual form of the yacht, being the drawing, according to the judgment of the designer, of the curved lines such as the level lines, deck line and side line in the half-breadth plan, the keel line and sheer line in the sheer plan, and the stations or sections in the body plan.

The third step is called *fairing the design*, and includes the adjustment of each of the three designs until every curve is *fair*, and at the same time every one of the intersections, possibly a couple of hundred or even more, is absolutely correct within the limit of accuracy which the draftsman has determined is suitable for the nature of the work.

The term *fair* is a very common and useful one to the designer and builder, signifying a line or a surface which is of one true and unbroken sweep throughout its whole extent; the degree of curvature may vary from even a straight line to a circle of comparatively small radius, but if the changes of curvature are gradual and continuous the line or surface is considered *fair*. The reverse of *fair* is a line or surface which is broken by angles, short, abrupt curves, or curves which join together, or with straight lines, without being truly *tangential*. It may be as well to explain here that a *tangent* to a circle or other curve is a straight line which just touches it without cutting; similarly, two curves are *tangent* to each other when both have the same straight line as a common *tangent*, thus flowing easily into each other without a break.

A vessel is said to be *fair* when all the curves of her surface are true, one part sweeping into another without break or angle. A drawing is said to be *fair* when not only every curve is true, but when every measurement of one plan can be checked off exactly in its appropriate place on one or both of the other two plans. Before this end is attained the aspiring amateur will probably have reached the conclusion that he has mistaken his vocation, and that he is not destined to be a successful designer.

Strictly speaking, a drawing that would pass as perfect must be *fair* in two ways: In the first place, it must show a solid that is properly proportioned and whose surfaces are easy and flowing from end to end; in the second place, the various curved lines in each of the three plans must be *fair* in themselves, and their measurements must check off correctly in all three plans.

To secure this double end a number of auxiliary lines, mostly *fore and aft* or running with the length of the vessel, are used. From their length and their positions on the surface of the vessel, most of these lines are long and of easy curvature, making them more easily drawn than the level lines, and they also mean more to the draftsman.

The most useful of these lines are the *diagonals*, of which three or four at least may be used to advantage. A *diagonal* is a line cut from the surface of the hull by a fore and aft plane vertical to the end planes of our original box, but inclined to the bottom and back. The *traces* of such a plane are shown in D 1 in each of the halves of the body plan in Plate I. It will be noticed that the *diagonal* follows closely the lines of the plank edges, and crosses each section at as nearly as possible a right angle. In locating the *diagonals*, the body plan is first partly completed, perhaps half of the section being drawn in, and then three or four straight lines are drawn across it on each side of the center line, each being as nearly as possible *normal* to the curve of each section where it cuts it (a *normal* line is one perpendicular to a *tangent*). It will not be possible to draw a straight line which shall be absolutely *normal* to the curve of every section where it cuts the section, but a fair average position is taken. One *diagonal* is usually run across the *topsides*, in the position D 1, serving to fair the upper part of the body; another is run to cross the *turn of the bilge*, to secure perfect fairness in this important place; and a third about the *hollow of the floor*. In different models the positions will be altered, as will appear later.

A look at the lines in Plate I. will show that in the *fore body*, that portion of the vessel forward of the *midship section*, as shown in the right hand half of the body plan, the upper *diagonal*, D 1, is very nearly *normal* to all the sections, though in the *after body* it is by no means *normal* to Stations 13, 14. In the *after body*, D 3, through the hollow of the floor, is also nearly *normal* to every section, while it is but slightly inclined in the *fore body*.

It is easily possible to draw a line or lines that shall be truly *normal* to every section at the point of intersection, and such a line is called a *dividing line*. It is evident that it will not be a straight line in any one of the three plans. The *dividing lines* are true lines for the plank edges. The *diagonals* may be considered as approximate *dividing lines*, much more easily handled and more useful. In Plate I. they are shown only in the body plan; the true curves of the lines, as will appear in the next plate, are drawn on the sheer or half-breadth plans, or more probably between the two, as a matter of convenience.

They may be set off in three ways, as follows: First, the *expanded diagonal:* The distance from the middle line of the body plan to each section, measured along the *diagonal*, is set off from some suitable base line on its proper section, giving a number of points through which a curve may be drawn. Second, the *horizontal ribband line:* The distance of each intersection of section and *diagonal* is measured horizontally, and set off from a base line on the proper station; this line is usually drawn in over the level lines in the half-breadth plan. Third, a similar projection is made by measuring the *heights*, instead of the *breadths*, from the body plan, and setting them off on the proper stations in the sheer plan. The *expanded diagonal*, which is the most useful, is sometimes called the *line of heads and heels of timbers;* as, in the old system of framing by sawn timbers made up of short lengths, two sets of such timbers fastened side by side making up each frame, the joints of the heads and the heels of these various timbers were placed on the *diagonal lines*.

One very important use of the diagonals is in connection with the beveling of the timbers or frames of the hull, these lines being so nearly in a normal plane that the bevels taken on them are quite accurate

Another series of lines that, while perhaps not quite as indispensable, is still very useful, is that known by the double term of *bow lines* and *buttock lines*. The traces of the auxiliary planes, by which these lines are cut, are found, of course, in the shape of straight lines in both half-breadth and body plans; in the former parallel to the base line, in the latter parallel to the middle line; the planes themselves thus being vertical and parallel to the sheer plan. The lines themselves are found in the shape of fair curves in the sheer plan, as in Plate I., the curvature being quite abrupt forward and usually very easy aft That portion of such a line in the *fore body* is called a *bow line*, and that portion in the *after body* is called a *buttock line*. So far as strict accuracy of nomenclature is concerned, the proper term for the whole line would seem to be *bow-buttock line*, as we have lettered it in Plate I. Although the "*bow*" end of this line is always run in on the sheer plan, owing to the obliquity of the intersections, this part of the line is of little real value; but the after end, the "*buttock*" line, is very useful indeed, both in the original drafting of the lines and in the subsequent fairing.

The number and spacing of the bow-buttock lines is a mere matter of conventionality; three at least are generally used, spaced at equal distances. We have found by experience that it is very convenient to use three, as shown, and to space them at *equal intervals* of one-eighth of the extreme beam of the vessel. This brings the principal one, the *middle bow-buttock line*, about where it should be; and it has the further advantage of making it easily possible to enlarge the beam of the design. Suppose, for instance, that it was desired to widen the design in Plate I. so as to give a yacht 1ft. more beam, the other dimensions being unchanged. We would first draw a line in the half-breadth plan parallel to the base line and distant from it one-half of the required new beam; similar vertical lines being drawn at the same distance in the body plans. Now we will divide this new half-breadth into four equal parts, and draw new *bow-buttock lines* through the points of division in each plan. This done, the intersection of each *level line* with one of the original *bow-buttock lines* in the half-breadth plan would be squared out to a corresponding point on the new *bow-buttock line;* and in the same way the intersections of the sections in the body plan would be squared out to the new lines in that plan. Through the points thus obtained the new *level lines* in the one plan and section lines in the other could be run in, with the certainty that they would give a fair design of the required enlargement. If more than the three bow-buttock lines are needed, as sometimes happens, extra lines can be run in between the original ones, this being frequently desirable for the full length of the counter between the line B B 1 and the middle line.

The *inclined waterline* is of comparatively little use in fairing, but it is worth plotting, at least for the sake of comparison with the same line in other designs. It is supposed to be cut from the hull by a plane similar to the *diagonal planes*, but passing through the L.W.L. in the sheer plan, and inclined at some special angle to the *normal* or upright L.W.L. plane. This angle is usually that at which the plank sheer will be awash at its lowest point; it may vary from 15 degrees in a wide, shoal boat, up to 30 or even more in a narrow boat with high freeboard; in the present case it is 25 degrees.

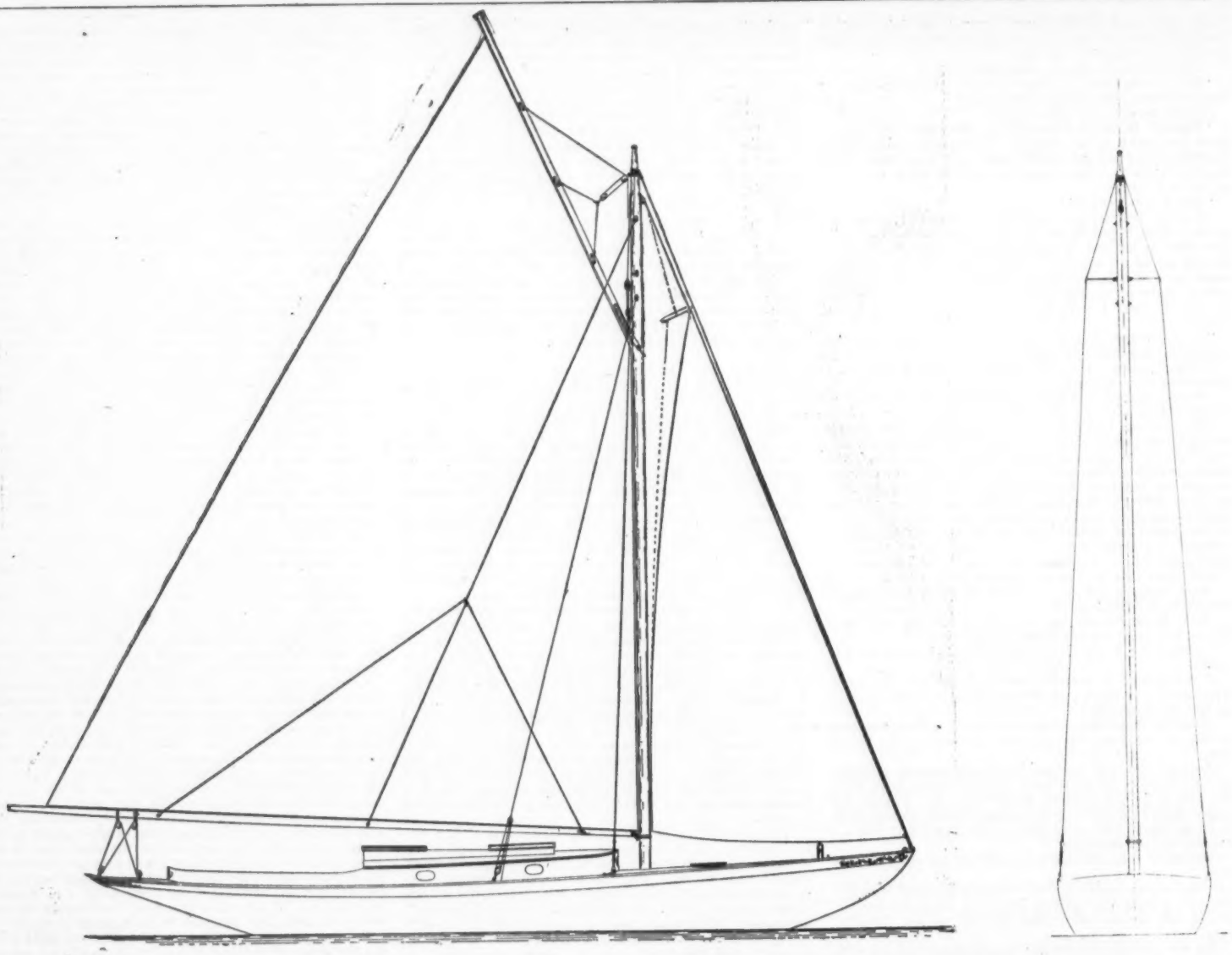
The normal L.W.L., with the yacht in the upright position, is of course symmetrical in its two halves, and but one side need be drawn, the L.W.L. of Plate I. The inclined L.W.L., however, is by no means symmetrical, and *both* sides must be drawn. Taking first the fore body of the yacht, as on the right hand in Plate I., it will be plain that if the vessel be heeled about the axis of the L.W.L. plane one side will go down while the other rises. Supposing the yacht to be thus inclined, the line marked *Im L.W.L.* will show where the surface of the water cuts the various stations in the topsides; and the line *Em L.W.L.* will show the similar intersections on the other side of the yacht. The former series of intersections, carried through both fore and after body, give us what is called the *immersed L.W.L.* or the *lee list line;* the latter give the *emersed L.W.L* or the *weather list line*. In Plate I. these lines are shown in the sheer plan, projected according to the third method described for the diagonals: by measuring the height of each intersection of the inclined line in the body plan with the different sections, and setting it off above the base line in the sheer plan on the proper station. This method shows one important point that has been much misrepresented of recent years: that in smooth water the mere heeling of the yacht, even to a great angle, does not increase the length of the waterline forward, the lengthening aft being much less than commonly believed.

The usual method of drawing the *inclined waterlines* or *list lines* is the same as the method for the *expanded diagonal*, the breadths from the middle line to the intersection of each station in the body plan are taken along the two lines representing the immersed and emersed sides, and then they are set off from any convenient base line on the proper stations.

The Payne Yacht Bill.

IN the Senate on Jan. 20 the House bill for the protection of shipbuilders of the United States was taken from the calendar, explained by Mr. Frye (Rep., Me.), and passed without amendment.

The bill provides that yachts belonging to a regularly organized yacht club of any foreign nation which shall extend like privileges to the yachts of the United States shall have the privilege of entering or leaving any port of the United States without entering or clearing at the Custom House thereof or paying tonnage tax; provided that the privileges of this section shall not extend to any yacht built outside of the United States, unless such ownership or charter was acquired prior to the passage of this act. And it repeals Section 11 of an act entitled "An act to abolish certain fees for official services to American vessels," approved June 19, 1886, so far as the same exempts any yacht built outside of the United States and owned, chartered or used by a citizen of the United States, from the payment of tonnage taxes,



TWENTY-ONE FOOT CRUISING YACHT DESIGNED BY W. B. STEARNS.—SAIL PLAN.

An Exceptional Case.

IN the interest of fair sport it is gratifying to think that the Choctaw-Penguin dispute, to which we have alluded at times during the past season, is a very exceptional case. It is also gratifying to know that the Atlantic Y. C. has not shirked a most unpleasant duty, but has dealt firmly and boldly with the case.

We hope that this action of the committee will avoid any possible necessity for adding to the *fin de siècle* term, "government by injunction," a similar one, "protest by injunction." The following official statement of the regatta committee recounts all the points of the case, as well as the final decision:

"The committee does not at this time attempt to consider many of the points originally contended for by the owners of Choctaw and Penguin, among which were:

"First—Whether Mr. Brightson's 'protest was sent to the committee before 6 P. M. the day succeeding the race,' as provided in Racing Rule XXVI.

"Second—Whether the races on June 6 and 13, being continuing races of legs of race, a protest under said Rule XXVI. should be construed to mean before 6 P. M. June 6 or 6 P. M. June 13.

"Third—Whether under Rule XXV. 'they should disqualify any yacht, should it come to their knowledge that she has committed a breach of the rules,' even if not protested.

"The regatta committee does not consider that under Article XII. of the constitution 'it had the power to decide all questions that may arise in the sailing of races,' * * * and that 'there shall be no appeal from the decision of the committee.'

"The committee considers that the agreement made by the owners of both Choctaw and Penguin with this committee at the hearings of June 17 was a full and complete waiver of all points of contest between them, whether of construction of by-laws or rules, and it was agreed that there was to be a new race under the measurements of Mr. Hyslop in lieu of June 6, and that if Mr. Hyslop's measurement did not show a sufficient difference to change the results of June 13, then that race should stand as a race to the credit of Choctaw.

"The owner of Choctaw failed to do as he agreed and his boat was not measured. The Penguin was measured as agreed.

"Later, for Sept. 5, the club having elected a measurer meanwhile, it was deemed advisable to give Choctaw another opportunity to respond, and so avoid all possible quibbles, and to secure an absolutely fair race it was determined to have both boats measured by Mr. Hill, the measurer of the club, on the morning of Sept. 5, the day designated for the contest, and the race of June 6 to be resailed or sailed off on that day. The race of June 13 should stand to the credit of the Choctaw, if Mr. Hill's measure showed she was entitled to it.

"Thus the committee considered it was giving Mr. Strong, of the Choctaw, an opportunity to redeem his reputation, and in reality a second chance, which perhaps had been already forfeited, but to which Mr. Brightson agreed.

"Mr. Brightson, for Penguin, complied with the committee's instructions, had his boat measured, and presented her for the race. Mr. Strong, for the Choctaw, not only failed to comply, but, through an attorney, served an injunction restraining the committee from sailing the race.

"The regatta commitee decided that by reason of no measurements of Choctaw having been made as first agreed, and later as ordered, and the violations of both agreement and order having been made on the part of Choctaw, and by reason of its failure to present itself for races, as ordered by the regatta committee, the said committee hereby award the races of June 5 and 13 to the sloop Penguin, George E. Brightson, owner, and award the Adams cup as the prize therefor.

"In view of the action of the owner of the yacht Choctaw in securing an injunction where, under the constitution of the club, there was no appeal, the regatta committee thinks that a full and searching inquiry should be made to prevent recurrence of such action, and to determine whether those who, by affidavits, secured the injunction, or the attorney who represented Mr. Strong, or Mr. Strong himself, either or all of them, have 'acted in a manner unbecoming gentlemen, or injurious to the name of the club,' as specified in Chapter XIII., Section 8, of the by-laws, and the regatta committee asks the club to direct the trustees or a special committee to fully investigate and report for the action of the club, as specified in Chapter XIII. of the said by-laws.

"The regatta committe directs that this decision be forthwith sent to the owners of the Choctaw and Penguin, to the chairman of the board of trustees, and presented to the club at it its next meeting for action on the last clause."

(Signed) JOHN L. BLISS, Chairman,
DAVID E. AUSTEN,
WILLIAM L. GERRISH,
G. W. MCNULTY.

The German Emperor's Cup for the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

A MEETING of the committee appointed by the German Emperor to arrange the conditions for the match for the silver cup which he has designed as a yacht racing prize to form part of the celebrations this year in honor of Queen Victoria's sixtieth year of reign met on Jan. 8 at Grosvenor House, Grosvenor street, to settle the conditions. There were present the Marquis of Ormonde, Vice-Com. of the Royal Yacht Squadron, in the chair; Sir Edward Birkbeck, Sir Edward Sullivan, Baron von Senden (Berlin), Admiral von Eisendecher, Geheimrath Prof. Busley, Mr. Richard Grant (Cowes), Mr. R. G. Allan (Glasgow,) and Mr. Dixon Kemp.

The chairman proposed that Mr. Richard Grant should be honorary secretary of the committee. This was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Dixon Kemp proposed, and Admiral von Eisendecher seconded, that the match for the cup, as far as racing yachts are concerned, be sailed under Yacht Racing Association rules and time allowances, and that cruising yachts shall be specially handicapped on the scheme adopted for the Queen's Cup by the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, the handicap to be determined by a sub-committee, from which there can be no appeal. This was unanimously agreed to.

It was further agreed that three yachts should start, or no race; that the entries should close with Mr. Richard Grant, at Cowes, at noon on June 1, and that the match be started from Dover on June 13, at noon.

The following were appointed the sub-committee to carry out all the arrangements: Admiral von Eisendecher, Marquis of Ormonde, Mr. R. G. Allan, Prof. von Busley, Mr. Dixon Kemp and Mr. Richard Grant.

It was further agreed that Mr. Grant should convene the meeting of the sub-committee for the day he considered most convenient.

The Marquis of Ormonde proposed that the following resolution should be adopted and sent by telegram to the German Emperor:

"That the best thanks of the Jubilee cup committee be conveyed to His Majesty the German Emperor for his generous gift of the Diamond Jubilee cup and for his continued support of yacht racing."

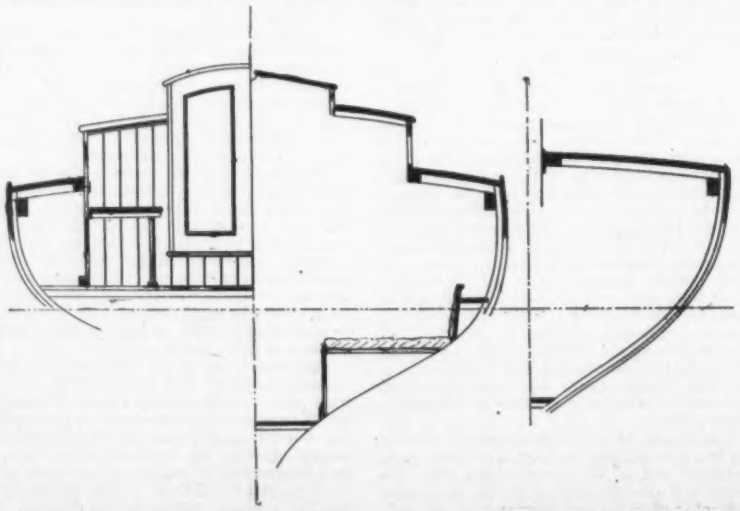
The resolution was seconded by Sir Edward Birkbeck, and carried by acclamation.—*The Field.*

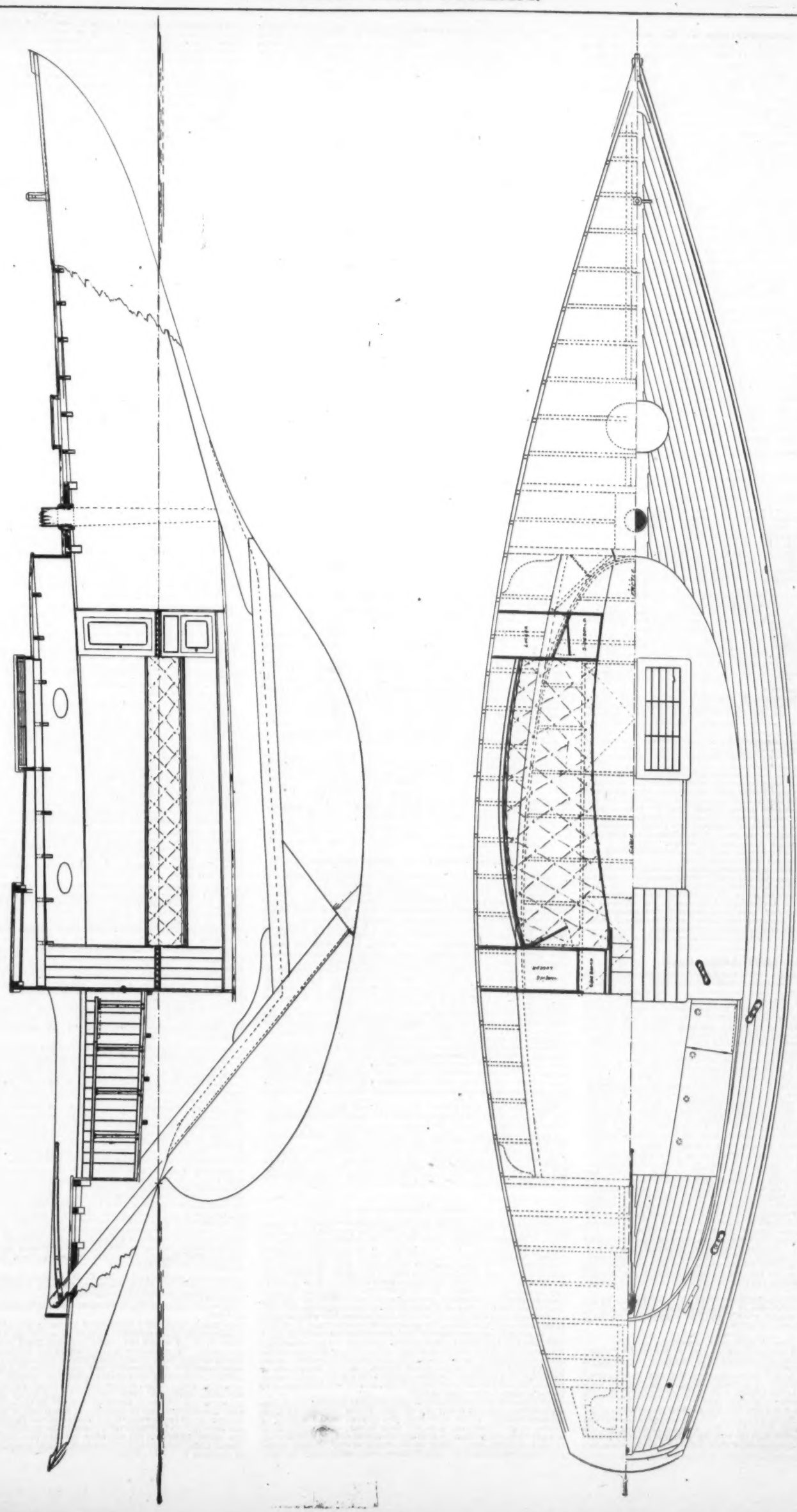
Another "One-Design" Class.

THE Bray Sailing Club will be strengthened this year with a new class of sailing boats entitled droleens. The boats will be miniature copies of the American catboat, their dimensions being: Length 12ft., beam 6ft., and transom 4ft. 7in. They will be rigged with a standing lugsail of 100sq. ft., and in addition will have a spinaker of 60sq. ft. The boats will be all from one design, and will be cheaply put together, the hull and spars costing the modest sum of £9. The planking will be of $\frac{3}{16}$in. spruce, timbers of steamed American elm, $\frac{3}{4}$in. by $\frac{1}{2}$in., spaced 5in. center to center, with a round fastening between each timber. The hull will be strengthened throughout in every likely spot for straining with grown knees. The centerplate is of galvanized iron, its area being 3.6ft., and it is pivoted in a slot 9ft. 3in. long. The keel is at right angles to the stem, but 8ft. 6in. aft it rockers 6in. to the under side of the transom. The hulls are being put together by Foley, of Ringsend, and the sails are being made by Madder, of Wyvenhoe, their cost being £1. 8s. The club thinks that these boats are most suited to resist the strain of a mast in the bow and live ballast on the weather gunwale, while at the same time giving more room, and being much drier than a narrower boat. Whether its aspirations will prove true is a question which time alone can safely tell.—*The Field.*

A Modern Cruiser.

THE accompanying illustrations show the accommodation and sail plans of the little yacht described last week.





TWENTY-ONE-FOOT CRUISING YACHT DESIGNED BY W. B. STEARNS, 1897.

The Massachusetts Y. R. A.

THE *Boston Globe* comments as follows on the action of the Mass. Y. R. A. in regard to its 17ft. l.w.l. class: At a meeting of the executive committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, held recently, it was declared that the vote of the Association at its meeting Dec. 21, extending the limit of the fourth class to 18ft., was illegal. The secretary was instructed to notify all the delegates of this action, and also that the motion for a change in the limit had been withdrawn. This disposes of the matter permanently, and the limit of the class remains at 17ft., as established in October.

This action of the executive will be good news to yachtsmen who have already built, or are intending to build, in the fourth class. The motion was originally made on the supposition that several Seawanhaka 30-footers and comparatively few Y. R. A. 17-footers would be built, but since it has been shown that the reverse is the case, and that no 30-footers are in sight, while nearly a dozen of the others can be counted, the maker of the motion cheerfully withdraws it, and hopes to see the 18ft. class fulfill all the promises of sport it now gives. So the 17-footers are all right for at least another season.

And the class is indeed a promising one. Lynn alone will contribute at least five new boats to the class, while last year's champion, Alpine, is being remodeled and improved in the effort to retain her championship honors. Rumors of a couple of new boats come from further down the North shore, while Boston will contribute quite a fleet, prominent in which will be C. B. Pear's Ripple and H. H. Linnell's new one of his own design. Harold Faxon's Gnome may also be fairly ranked as a new boat in the class, since she has been given a new and larger sail plan, and will be sailed with three men instead of the two for which she was originally designed when intended for the Seawanhaka 15ft class. She was tried under her new rig last fall, and was shown to be much faster under a gaff mainsail than under her original leg of mutton.

[Gnome has never carried a leg o' mutton rig.—Ed. F. & S.]

The latest announcement of a new boat in the class is one for C. D. Mower, of Lynn, head draftsman for designer Arthur Binney in this city. The boat was built last fall by Mr. Mower from his own designs, and was launched prior to Dec. 31, 1896, so as secure whatever time allowance may come her way. She proved well able to carry her sail, and he hopes for a good record the coming season. The boat is 25ft. over all, 15ft. waterline without her crew, 7ft. 5in. beam, and 7in. draft. She is lightly built, and has only ¼in. planking. She carries about 550ft. of sail in a jib and mainsail rig. Her board is a wooden one, with about 100lbs. of lead on the bottom. She is a well-turned model, with a bilge inclining toward hardness, and but little flare to the topsides. Her fore and aft lines are very easy.

The Sound Y. R. U.

THE following notice has been sent out by the Long Island Sound Y. R. U.:

OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF COUNCIL, Y. R. U., }
38 Park Row, New York, Jan. 18, 1897. }

NOTICE TO REPRESENTATIVES.

Dear Sir—A copy of the FOREST AND STREAM of the issue of Dec. 26, 1896, containing a report of the general meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound, held Dec. 19, 1896, is mailed you under separate cover. This report should be placed in the hands of the chairman of the regatta committee of your club.

Action should also be taken by the club as soon as practicable on the amendments to the rules adopted by the Union at that meeting. Copies of the amendments for club distribution can be obtained from Messrs. Thompson & Co., printers, No. 55 Dey street, at $3 per hundred.

The Council recommends the following changes in the amendments to the rules adopted at the last general meeting:

After addition to Rule II., Section 2, by striking out the words "All yachts in the 30ft. and lower classes," and substitute "yachts in classes 25ft. and under of sloops and all classes of catboats."

Strike out Section 3 of Rule III., reading "Yachts launched prior to Nov. 1, 1896, not exceeding the limit of the 50ft. or lower classes by more than .5 of a foot, and that have not been increased in sail area measurement since that date, shall sail in such class."

Alter Section 3 of Rule XII. by striking out the words "in classes 30ft. and under" and substitute "in classes 25ft. and under of sloops and in all classes of catboats."

The Council finds that it will be expedient to place yachts in the 30ft. class of sloops, cutters and yawls under the same regulations that govern classes above 30ft. This will make it practical and desirable to eliminate the provision allowing 5ft. excess in this and lower classes. To dispense with the necessity of calling a special meeting of the Union to act upon these changes, the Council asks for a mail vote of the representatives. You are therefore requested to notify the undersigned on or before Monday, Jan. 25, whether you are in favor of their adoption or not.

The Council reports that the Corinthian definition has been amended to read as follows: "Corinthianism in yachting is that attribute which represents participation for sport as distinct from gain, and which also involves the acquirement of nautical experience through the love of sport rather than through necessity or the hope of gain. In this respect the following general definition is given: No person who follows the sea as a means of livelihood or who has accepted remuneration for his services rendered in handling or serving on a yacht shall be considered a Corinthian yachtsman."

Applications for dates for special races for the season of 1897 should be submitted to the Council before April 1.

The Council should also be furnished before that time with a list of the sailing yachts in your club that will require racing numbers for the coming season. It is intended to issue a list before the commencement of the racing season of all yachts to whom racing numbers have been allotted. On account of changes in the lettering of the classes new numbers will have to be allotted for this season. The list of yachts should comprise the following information: name, owner, address, rig, 1896 racing length, cabin or open.

FRANK BOWNE JONES, Sec'y of Council.

The Lake Associations.

Up to the time of going to press last week we were unaware of the sequel to the long fight on Lake Ontario from the time of the Rochester meeting up to the close of the special meeting, which only adjourned after dark on Saturday. As stated last week, this meeting was followed later in the night by a second session of the Council of the new Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, which was unable to complete the work begun at the morning session until it was known what action would be taken by the L. Y. R. A. in the matter of the limitation of midship section and also that of measuring the l.w.l. and that of Corinthian crews. As told last week, the L. Y. R. A. meeting resulted in the adoption of a minimum section of 33⅓ per cent. for the 32ft. and larger classes, 30 per cent. for the 27ft. class and 18 per cent. for the 22ft.; in the rejection of the proposal to measure with crew on board, and of the admission of professionals, both as helmsmen and crews, except in the former capacity, and in the 42ft., 27ft. and 22ft. classes. These amendments were no more acceptable to the Lake Erie representatives than to the Ontario men outside of the Hamilton Oswego combination, and when they came up at the night meeting of the Y. R. U. Council they were all rejected, the Council retaining the original rules concerning the disputed points, with one or two additions, the result being:

First, that the area of midship section in all classes recognized by the Y. R. U. shall not be less than 35 per cent. of the parallelogram—the 22ft. class is not recognized, but the 27ft. class is. Second, that the Council shall have power to impose an extra allowance on existing yachts which fall under the limit. Third, that all yachts shall be measured with crew on board, existing yachts which do not exceed the limit by over 5ft. being retained in their old classes, but giving time for the excess of measurement. Fourth, that all yachts in the 42ft. and smaller classes shall be steered by Corinthians, and that not more than two professionals may be carried in any crew.

The Council then named the following yachts as subject to special allowance: Vencedor, Canada, Vivia, Eva, Hiawatha and Myrna. All of these are of reduced section, Canada being 28 per cent., Hiawatha 19, Eva 33, and Vencedor probably about 22 per cent. The latter was included in the list only because she has within the past two weeks been enrolled in the fleet of the Victoria Y. C., of Hamilton.

The final action before adjournment was the presentation by Mr. Jarvis, on behalf of the owners of Canada, of the silver cup won by her last summer, to be held by the Y. R. U. as a perpetual challenge trophy under the following conditions:

To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting:

Whereas, we, the undersigned, are owners of the yacht Canada and of the cup hereinafter mentioned, and members of the Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto; and

Whereas, our said yacht Canada did on the 26th and 27th days of August, 1896, off Toledo, O., in an international sailing match with the yacht Vencedor, of the Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, Ill., win the silver cup hereinafter mentioned; and

Whereas, we are desirous that said cup shall be preserved as a perpetual international challenge cup for friendly competition between representatives of yacht clubs of the two nations bordering on the Great Lakes, and to encourage the building of larger fleets by fostering class racing, and that the same shall be known as the "Canada's Cup."

Now know ye, and these presents witnesseth, that we do hereby give, grant, bargain, sell, assign, transfer and set over unto the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, to their successors and assigns as trustees, the said silver cup, in trust, to preserve said cup as a perpetual international challenge cup for friendly competition between sailing yachts, representatives of yacht clubs of the two nations bordering on the Great Lakes, and subject to the following rules and conditions:

(1) That said cup shall be known as the Canada's Cup.

(2) That any yacht belonging to any of the yacht racing associations on the Great Lakes affiliated with the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes shall be entitled to challenge for the cup, provided that such challenge shall be made and match sailed in accordance with the terms and provisions of this instrument.

(3) The cup shall be held by the club to which the winning yacht belongs, and such club shall be responsible for its safekeeping.

(4) Should the club holding the cup at any time go out of existence or should the association to which such club belongs withdraw from the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, it shall hand over said cup to such club eligible to hold the same as above as it may elect, upon the written demand of the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, their successors and assigns.

(5) Matches for the cup shall be limited to yachts belonging to the so called 42, 37 and 32ft. class of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes as such classes exist at the time of this instrument. But should in the future the method of classification in the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes be altered, or should the said union go out of existence, the classes in which matches for the cup may be sailed shall only include yachts of substantially the same size as represented by the above mentioned classes—i. e., yachts having a load-waterline length between 25 and 40ft., the same being fixed from time to time by the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and should said union go out of existence, by the Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario, and in the event of said association going out of existence, by the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto

(6) All matches shall be sailed under the sailing regulations of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and in the event of the said union going out of existence, under the sailing regulations of the Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario, and in the event of said association going out of existence, under the sailing regulations of the challenged club, but subject to the provisions of this instrument.

(7) All matches shall be sailed between a single yacht on behalf of the challenging club and a single yacht on behalf of the challenged club.

(8) The challenging club shall give ten months' notice in writing, naming the dates for the proposed races, and no races shall be sailed between the 15th day of September and the 15th day of June. At the time of the giving of the challenge it must be stated the class in which the match is to take place, subject to the rights given in Clause 11.

(9) The challenging and the challenged club shall each name its representative yacht by written notice to the other at least one week prior to the races.

(10) The match shall be decided by the winning of not less than two out of three or three out of five races, as may be agreed on between the clubs interested.

(11) The club holding the cup shall have the right to name the class in which the race is to take place for a period extending over three matches only.

(12) The challenged club must accept a challenge duly made under the terms and provisions of this instrument within sixty days of its receipt or surrender the cup to the challenging club.

(13) The course shall be an open lake course, having at least 15ft. of water over its entire length, and shall be leeward or windward and return, and triangular.

(14) All races shall take place under the management and auspices of the club holding the cup.

(15) The club challenging for the cup and the club holding the same may, by mutual consent, make any arrangement satisfactory to both as to dates, course, number of trials, management of races and other conditions that do not alter the sense or spirit of this instrument, and may also waive the ten months' notice mentioned in paragraph 8.

(16) For the first race the Royal Canadian Y. C. shall be deemed the holders of this cup, and, in the event of the Royal Canadian Y. C. selecting the yacht Canada to defend the cup in the first race, the representative of the challenging club shall not be required to fulfill Rule No. 4, restriction on area of midship section, page 16, rules of Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and, in this event, in place of 35 per cent. 28 per cent. may be substituted, being the percentage of the area of the yacht Canada's immersed midship section of her beam at load waterline multiplied by her extreme draft.

And we, the undersigned, the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, do hereby accept the above trust.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals, and the Royal Canadian Y. C. has hereunto set its corporate seal and the hand of its commodore and secretary, this 16th day of January, A. D. 1897.

GEORGE GOODERHAM.
GEORGE H. GOODERHAM,
S. F. MCKINNON,
J. H. PLUMMER,
F. J. PHILLIPS,
JAMES ROSS,
ÆMILIUS JARVIS,
} Donors.

Fifteen-Footers on Lake Ontario.

THAT Hamilton will lead the rest of the Dominion in the matter of half-raters next season seems now almost assured. F. E. Walker, vice-com. of the Victoria Y. C., started the interest in this type of boat when he acquired by purchase the possession of the slippery Sothis, believed by many to be the fastest boat in her class afloat, not even excepting the international champion, Glencairn. Other yachtsmen, however, did not propose that Mr. Walker should have a walkover in half-rater competitions, and a number of them early in the fall began preparations to build in this class, with the result that already three or four boats, whose owners have championship aspirations, are completed, while others are well under way.

Of those finished the most likely appearing is one now lying in the Bay street shop of L. H. Bastien. She is a creation of G. H. Duggan, designer of Glencairn and Sothis, and was built by Mr. Bastien for T. J. Carroll, of the Hamilton Brass Mfg. Co. She has been christened Ethel, and will fly the burgee of both the local yacht clubs.

Ethel is a typical half-rater, as may be seen by reference to the following dimensions and particulars of construction: Length over all, 23ft.; l.w.l., 12ft. 6in.; beam, 6ft. 3in.; draft, 6in.; draft with centerboard, 5ft. 6in.; mast, 20ft.; sail area, 300sq. ft.

The sail plan calls for a greater mainsail, jib and a spinaker, all of the best India silk. The boat is finished in natural wood, ship-lapped and smooth, the hull being white enameled. The weight, exclusive of spars and rigging, is exactly 350lbs. The spars, which are hollow, weigh 40lbs., and the running and standing rigging, all of the lightest possible material, when in position will add but 25lbs. to the weight of the boat.

The construction is as follows: Frames of oak, ⅝in.×⅝in.; planking of cedar, ⅝in. in thickness; deck of cedar, ship-lapped and finished naturally, $\frac{5}{16}$in. in thickness.

The centerboard and rudder, which are now being cast expressly for Mr. Carroll, are to be of bronze, light and durable.

As has been previously stated, there are to be a number of races arranged for boats of the Ethel type next season. The R. H. Y. C. and V. Y. C. will probably each schedule three events in this class, and arrangements are well under way to bring off five special events of $50 each exclusively for half-raters.—*Hamilton Herald.*

Lake Minnetonka.

THE Chamber of Commerce syndicate, headed by Hal P. Watson, skipper of the white-hulled sloop Marie, has ordered from Arthur Dyer, of Deephaven, a first-class sloop to be ready for launching as soon as the ice is out. The new craft is to be practically the same over-all length as Marie, but what her beam will be or whatever peculiarities are to enter into her construction will not become apparent if Dyer can help it until the boat is put afloat. A well known yachtsman, who may be expected to know as much of the plans as any one except the owners, asserts that Dyer is intending to introduce an even more startling innovation in yacht construction than the divided stern in Peet & Dunwoodie's phenomenal Tartar. The sensational career of the latter craft last season was a surprise to nearly everybody, including her owners. She did not surprise Peterson apparently, for very early in the season, before the trial races with Kite had been sailed, the Excelsior man said he had something that would make the critics open their eyes. Tartar did everything her builder claimed she would do, and nine out of ten yachtsmen believe that nothing will be put up this season, either at Deephaven or Excelsior, that can show the black-hulled craft a lead. At all events, Messrs. Dunwoodie and Peet are quite satisfied to nail their colors to Tartar's masts for this year at least.

The Chamber of Commerce syndicate intended building a new racing boat last year, but it was put off until it was too late, and Marie did duty instead. In the new boat just ordered the purpose is, of course, to get something that will beat Tartar, and certainly Dyer will put forth every effort to produce the fastest boat ever turned out of the Deephaven yard. None of the details of this contract, closed yesterday, can be learned. Hal Watson, when asked about the matter this morning, said that he didn't know what material was to be used in constructing the new boat, as the whole thing has been left to Dyer. The syndicate is offering a bonus for a boat able to perform certain necessary feats during the season of 1897, and if Dyer succeeds he will get a fancy price for his work.

There is a healthy rumor that Peterson has been commissioned by a Minneapolis yachtsman to construct a boat able to beat Tartar, and that the Excelsior man has accepted the commission. When asked about the matter, Peterson simply says that he has several orders in, but that he is not at liberty to talk about any of them. He seems to believe, though, that Tartar can be beaten out of the same yard, and very likely Capt. Peet will not have such an easy time in the coming season as many of his friends anticipate for him. So far there are only three first-class sloops under order for next summer, but six or seven of the one-rater class will be ready for launching in April.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

On Jan. 19 the members of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. listened to a very interesting lecture, the first of a series of three, by Commander Casper F. Goodrich, U. S. N., the subject being "The Sailor in the Revolution." The other two will deal with the sailor in the war of 1812 and the sailor in the rebellion.

The American Y. C., of Newburyport, Mass., has elected the following officers: Com., Charles H. Shackford; Vice-Com., William Balch; Rear-Com., G. W. Rodigrass; Sec'y, E. N. Follansbee; Treas., H. W. Bayley; Meas., E. P. Durland; Delegate to Massachusetts Y. R. A., H. W. Little; Executive Committee, C. H. Shackford, William Balch, E. N. Follansbee, H. W. Bayley, E. G. Wordwell, H. W. Little and L. P. Balch; Regatta Committee, H. W. Little, D. P. Page, A. T. Gould, L. W. Rodigrass, James F. Chase.

The American Y. C., of New York, held its annual meeting at Delmonico's on Jan. 19, the following officers being elected: Com., Charles A. Gould, steam yacht Nesira; Vice Com., William A. Hearst, steam yacht Buccaneer; Rear-Com., William H. Butler, steam yacht Forget-Me-Not; Sec'y, Thomas L. Scovill; Treas., William Porter Allen; Fleet Surgeon, Charles I. Pardee, M. D.; Meas., Charles H. Haswell; Consulting Engineer, George W. Magee, U. S. N.; Trustees (to serve three years), F. R. Lawrence, Wiliam H. Parsons and William Porter Allen; to serve one year, J. Howard Wainright and Charles I. Pardee, M.D.

At the annual meeting of the Dorchester Y. C., on Jan. 13, the following officers were elected: Com., Franklin L. Codman; Vice-Com., Arthur Merritt; Sec'y, Frank A. Dewick; Treas., George H. Collyer; Meas., Clifton W. A. Bartlett; Directors—Hartford Davenport, Wm. H. Swift, C. H. Nute, Franklin L. Codman, Arthur Merritt, Frank A. Dewick, George H. Collyer; House Committee—Hjalmar Lundberg, W. F. Abbott, Henry D. Wiag; Membership Committee—James F. Moody, Charles F. Hosmer, Fred P. Hayward, G. A. Critcherson, Frank A. Dewick; Regatta Committee—John F. Small, C. B. Pear, Arthur P. Nute, Theodore Hallett, Oliver F. Davenport.

At the annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, on Jan. 13, the following officers were elected: Com., Clement A. Griscom, schr. Alert; Vice-Com., Joseph de F. Junkin, schr. Columbia; Rear-Com., Dr. Hobart A. Hare, schr. Elfin; Sec'y, Addison F. Bancroft; Meas., George Herbert Millett; Race Committee: Addison F. Bancroft, Isaac W. Jeanes, Henry S. Jeanes; Committee on Admissions: Charles H. Brock, Alexander Van Rensselaer, G. Herbert Millett, Brereton Pratt, Frank H. Rosengarten; Trustees (to serve for three years): Joseph de F. Junkin, Brereton Pratt, George H. Kirkpatrick, Alfred C. Harrison. These with the following constitute the full board: Clement A. Griscom, Edgar T. Scott, John W. Brock, Russell E. Tucker, Addison F. Bancroft, Robert K. Neff, Wm. L. Elkins, Jr., Richard P. White.

Murray & Tregurtha, South Boston, Mass., report business fairly good, considering the present general depression. They have recently shipped a 5 H. P. gasoline motor to North Carolina, and a 41in. Tregurtha boiler to Buenos Ayres, South America. Among contracts at present in hand are a 33ft. cabin yacht, schooner rigged, equipped with a 10 H. P. gasoline motor, for Mr. George Skene, to be used at Chatham, Mass.; a set of machinery consisting of 19 H. P. compound engine and Tregurtha boiler, for a high speed launch for Mr. Ernest H. Rogers, of Brookline; a 41in. Tregurtha boiler for Mr. G. C. Stickney, of Beverly, and a 10 H. P. gasoline engine for Mr. W. H. McLeod, of Boston.

Adrienne, schr., designed by Stewart & Binney for members of the Southern Y. C., and successfully used for several years about the Gulf of Mexico, has been sold to Chas. E. Graham and J. A. Kelsey, New Haven Y. C. On the voyage from New Orleans to New Haven she was overhauled by a revenue cutter under suspicion of being engaged in filibustering, and later she put into Miami, Fla., where she will remain until April.

The annual meeting of the Chicago Y. C. was held on Jan. 16 at the club house of the Chicago Athletic Association; the following officers were elected: Com., Fred W. Morgan; Vice-Com., Frank K. Bull; Sec'y and Treas., Charles H. Thorpe. Executive Committee: Com. Morgan, W. Vernon Booth, Charles E. Kremer, Elliott Durand and James H. Channon. The offices of fleet captain and fleet surgeon will be filled hereafter by the executive committee.

Under the laws of the Chicago Y. C. all of its members must be members of the Chicago Athletic Association. The dues are merely nominal, $1 a year, and no initiation fee is charged. This is amply sufficient, as the club's expenses are also nominal only. The membership now numbers 90, but a large increase is anticipated during the coming season.

On Dec 21 the Peoria Y. C., of Peoria, Ill., was organized with the following officers: Com, Lee Harrison; Vice-Com, W. A Jones; Sec'y, C A Weiberg; Treas, E. J. Cressy; Board of Directors—Lee Harrison, chairman; W A. Jones, secretary; F C. Howe, H. S. Miller, E. N. Armstrong, W A. Sheehan, Joseph A. Weil. The club has ten sailing yachts and eight launches, and will add several 15 footers to its fleet.

The Winthrop Y. C has elected the following officers: Com, Geo. E. Leighton, slp Hyperion; Vice Com, Arthur W Chesterton, cat Myrtle; Sec'y, Charles G Bird; Treas, Luther T. Harrington; Meas. Harry Hutchinson; Directors—Clarence H. Billings, Edgar A. Cook, Lyman S. Meston, Chas A Heney; Regatta Committee—Jas. R Hodder, John MacConnell, Jr, Wm. I. Kelley, Lyman J Gillies, Samuel J. Wilde; Membership Committee—Harry W. Hall, Harry O Riggs, Wm W. Fordham, Frank H Richardson, Wm. H. Mirick, Minot H. Beacham, John G. Cuthbertson. Albert S. Richards, Joseph L. Rankin. The club has a membership of 225. It has adopted the Massachusetts Y. R A. rules.

Lawley has five orders on which he has not yet started: one 14ft. centerboard knockabout, two 14ft. cruisers, one 21ft knockabout, and the Crane Seawanhaka 20 footer. The wooden keel and stem and sternpost for the composite steamer have been got out, and the steel keel and floor plates are being got out in the mill. The Peabody 31ft. knockabout is nearly in frame, and shows a sharp-floored boat with some "tumble home" to the topsides. The lead keel is very much bulbed. The Burgess 34-footer is planked and smoothed and the cabin house is partly on. The deck will be covered with canvas. A 23ft. mahogany launch for A. E Lockbart's steam yacht Starling is planked in the boat shop. The 25ft. mahogany launch built for the Hermione is completed, and is a beauty in design, workmanship and finish. Her 5 H. P. alco-vapor engine is in a small cockpit by itself aft, leaving a clear forward cockpit nearly 12ft. long.

Fenton & White, of Manchester, who are building the racing 24-footer for A. H. Higginson, have received an order for a 24ft. cruising knockabout from a Boston yachtsman. The boat is from the designs of E. C. Jewell, a well-known Corinthian skipper, and is his first venture into the field of design in a large boat. She will be 43ft. over all, 8ft. 6in. beam and 6ft. 2in. draft, with a sail plan of about 1,000sq. ft. In the matter of long ends, as well as in some other ways, she will differ from present knockabout models, and hence should make an interesting boat. She will have a good cabin, with 6ft. of head room under the cabin house, and will be used in Boston and Marblehead waters. The Higginson boat is in frame, and is a very promising looking article.—*Boston Globe.*

Sovereign, steam yacht, Mr. C. D. Borden, is wintering at her builder's yard, Erie Basin, where her Babcock & Wilcox boilers are being replaced by others of the Sarrow type.

Clermont, steam yacht, A. Van Santvoord, is being lengthened 15ft. forward.

In March next, an exhibition of yachting and shipping will be opened at the St. Petersburg Aquarium, under the auspices of the Neva Y. C., of which the Grand Duchess Xenie Alexandrovna is patroness. The exhibition is being supported actively by the ministers of marine, finance, imperial domains and railways, and will be very extensive in character and scope. There will be fourteen sections, comprising twenty-eight classes of exhibits, including historical exhibits, ships, motors and machinery, rig and equipment, life-saving apparatus, yacht racing, navigation and such like items. An important feature of the exhibition will be the assembling of the first Russian congress of yachtsmen, which will, in all probability, awaken much enthusiasm in the breasts of the yachting fraternity, and may lead to further developments in the sport in Russian waters. The entire business of the exhibition is in the personal control of the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, who is honorary commodore of the Neva Y. C.—*The Field.*

On Jan. 14 the Savin Hill Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., A. W. B. Foster; Vice-Com., W. F. Bache; Rear-Com., W. F. Scott; Sec'y, A. A. Swallow; Treas., C. A. J. Smith; Meas., J. E. Robinson; Directors—W. H. Besarick, Homer Methot; Membership Committee—E. L. Bragg, C. H. Conant, G. L. Fitz, L. E. Noble, G. E. Stone, Loring Sears, A. A. Swallow.

The annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, was held on Jan. 18, the following officers being elected: Com., Nathaniel C. Nash; Vice-Com., Herbert H. White; Rear-Com., Winthrop A. Harvey; Sec'y, Everett Paine; Treas., J. B. Rhodes; Meas., John W. Dunlop; Executive Committee Francis A. Seamans, John F. Cole; Regatta Committee - David C. Percival, Jr., Herman Parker, C. Edgar Finney, Wm. B. Stearns, George W. Mansfield; Membership Committee—Herman Parker, Arthur K. Simpson, Daniel W. Lane, Joseph W. Hodgkins; House Committee (three years), Joseph W. Hodgkins; Board of Judges—Wm. W. Keith, W. I. Palmer, Arthur K. Simpson, Wm. B. Stearns, Albert E. Smith.

The Commonwealth Y. C., of Boston, has elected the following officers: Com., Edward Marley; Vice-Com., C. L. Ellis; Rear-Com., L. D. Lyons; Sec'y, John Nolan; Treas., C. H. Wilson; Meas., J. F. McKee.

We learn from the *Field* that among Mr. Watson's latest orders is one for a 1,900-ton steam yacht for an American owner.

The new steam yacht designed by G. L. Watson for Robert Goelet, of 1,750 tons, will be named Saidanha.

Empress, steam yacht, has been sold to A. Schwartzmann.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Police Revolver Scores.

On Jan. 20 the first and second teams from the two platoons of the New York Police Department met for practice at the revolver school in the 8th Regiment Armory. For some unknown reason Warner and Adams on the second team of the second platoon went to pieces in their shooting.

The conditions call for three strings of 5 shots each on the Creedmoor target (4in. bull) at 10yds. Scores follow:

FIRST TEAM FIRST PLATOON.

	Precinct.				Total.
Ebermann	11	71	70	70	211
Leddy	24	69	68	67	204
Schryver	4	66	66	63	195
Ward	29	66	66	62	194
Stenner	13	71	69	65	205

SECOND TEAM—FIRST PLATOON.

Illich	38	67	65	65	197
Dowling	38	66	63	62	191
Mason	20	69	64	61	194
McCarrick	18	72	70	69	211
Kolle	24	Absent.			

FIRST TEAM—SECOND PLATOON.

Woodbridge	35	71	71	70	211
Townsend	24	68	67	66	201
McNally	27	65	65	65	195
Brown	C. O.	66	64	64	194
Eckhoff	10	67	64	63	193

SECOND TEAM—SECOND PLATOON.

Cain	9	63	60	60	183
Warner	20	56	52	50	158
Adams	23	58	45	48	141
Freidenburgh	24	70	67	67	204
McMahon	11	61	62	61	183

Rifle Contests at the Sportsmen's Exposition.

THE Sportsmen's Association has decided to promote a series of contests for .22cal. rifles during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition, the contests to take place in Madison Square Garden.

The committee in charge of the tournament is composed as follows: H. D. Muller, chairman; Gus Zimmerman, C. G. Zettler, B. Walthers and Edward Banks, the latter being secretary of the committee. At its first meeting, held on Friday, Jan. 22, the committee decided to visit the Garden on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 26, for the purpose of choosing a location for the ranges on which the contests will be carried out. It also decided to issue a personal invitation to the captains of all rifle clubs in the vicinity of this city to attend the next meeting of the committee for the purpose of arranging a programme that would be satisfactory to the majority. This meeting will be held at 3 P. M., Tuesday, Feb. 2, in the rooms of the Sportsmen's Association, Room 1,009, 377 Broadway.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in these columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

JAN. 29.—YONKERS, N. Y.—Tournament of the Harriott Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

Feb. 8-20.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live-bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

Feb. 10.—HACKENEACK, N. J.—Second contest for the *Recreation* cup, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Feb. 12.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—100-target handicap event, unknown angles, $2 entrance, targets extra at 1 cent each. Shoot commences at 10 A. M. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Feb. 12.—NEWARK, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Forester Gun Club. Targets. H. E. Winans, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—All-day shoot of the New Haven Gun Club. Targets. Wm. H Hazel, Sec'y.

Feb. 22. WISSINOMING STATION, P. R. R., Pa.—All-day shoot of the Florists Gun Club, of Philadelphia. Targets.

Feb. 22.—PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—All-day shoot of the Mountain State Gun Club. Targets. Leo Epstein, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—NEWARK, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Forester Gun Club. Targets. H. E. Winans, Sec'y.

March 15-17.—MANCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $300 guaranteed.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap (live birds), at Elkwood Park. $1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added. Entries close March 20

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament.

April 14-16.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 17-21.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 26-29.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

B. F. Smith, late of Buffalo, N. Y., has taken root at Leroy, Pa. The first thing naturally that Smith turned his hand to after locating in Leroy was the organizing of a gun club. He has succeeded admirably in his efforts, and is now busily engaged weaning the affection of his pupils from black powder to nitros. In order to show the boys what he can do with the latter, he has recently shot a couple of races at 50 targets each, and has broken 45 each time. In a race for a silver trophy on Jan. 19 he won with 24 out of 25. Smith is still shooting his old Baker gun, and is pushing King's Smokeless and Peters's shells on behalf of the companies manufacturing the same.

A glance at our Fixtures column will show that the Interstate Association has made arrangements for tournaments as follows: Baltimore, Md., April 14-16; Monroe, La., June 9-10; New Haven, Conn., July 14-15; Lewiston, Me., Aug. 4-5; Montpelier, Vt., Aug. 25-26. It was a wise move of the Association to open its target season at Baltimore, Md., as that tournament will, without question, prove one of the drawing cards on the Interstate's circuit for 1897. Dates have not yet been claimed for Richmond, Va.; Nashville, Tenn.; nor Portsmouth, N. H.; but these three cities will probably round out the circuit of eight tournaments decided upon by the Association.

The name Bradley that appears in the scores made at Elkwood Park on the opening day will hardly be familiar to many of our readers. Mr. Bradley has not done much live-bird shooting outside of his own club's grounds; but his name will be a little more familiar to readers of FOREST AND STREAM when we mention that he is the hero of the Edgar Murphy-Bradley match shot a year ago at Carteret, when Murphy conceded his opponent 10yds. and was defeated easily, although he shot a good race. The conditions were: Murphy 30yds., Bradley 20yds. and 10 dead birds. Score: Murphy 83 out of 93, Bradley 93 out of a 100, including the first 10 dead.

Mr. Hyatt L. Frost, of Indianapolis, Ind., in sending us an account of the sparrow tournament in that city, makes the following note: "J. A. R. Elliott, O. R. Dickey, S. Glover, E. D. Fulford and B. A. Bartlett, the Eastern contingent; R. O. Heikes, Ralph Trimble and J. H. Mackie, of Ohio; and George C. Beck, J. W. Cooper, J. H. Trippe and Royal Robinson, of Indianapolis, left for the San Antonio shoot at 7:05, Wednesday evening, in a special sleeper via St. Louis. At that point they will be joined by Harvey McMurchy, T. H. Keller, J. L. Winston, Jack Parker, C. E. Willard, and probably several others."

We recognized the "Ready," "Pull," of R. A. Welch at the Elkwood traps on Thursday last much more quickly than we did his features. It is two years since we saw Mr. Welch shoot a live bird, and indeed during the past two years he has been almost an absentee from any shooting grounds. His ability for knocking down fast birds does not seem to have deteriorated in the least. He is shooting as well as ever, and that's saying a good deal, because on his day he is a dangerous man for anybody to go up against. Thursday, Jan. 21, was one of his days.

The second contest for the New Jersey amateur championship cup will be held on the Bergen County Gun Club's grounds, Hackensack, N. J., on Wednesday, Feb. 10. The club will also hold a 100 target handicap race on Feb. 12, Lincoln's Birthday, the conditions being unknown angles, $3 entrance, targets extra, at 1 cent apiece. A good lunch will be ready for the club's guests, and the boys may be trusted to look after everybody's comfort in their usual hospitable manner. Shooting commences each day at 10 A. M., the main events being commenced at noon promptly.

The Florists Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., one of the most energetic and thriving gun clubs in the State, has arranged to hold an all-day shoot at targets on Washington's Birthday at its grounds, Wissinoming Station, P. R. R. The programme will be one of "popular prices," and Will K. Park informs us that some specially interesting features will be introduced.

Arthur Bunn, of Singac, N. J., will have a live-bird shoot at his grounds Jan. 30, Saturday of this week. The chief event is a 25-bird handicap, $10 entrance, birds extra at 25 cents each, Rose system; if 12 entries or more, 4 moneys. The handicap will commence at noon sharp, but entries will be received up to the end of the fifth round. Bunn's birds are always good, so that a man who can shoot will stand some show to pay his car fare.

The Arkansaw Traveler's first annual live-bird tournament, advertised to take place at Hot Springs, Ark., Feb. 8-20, is in good shape. The programme states that $700 cash will be added to the purses, and that "no trophies, no plunder, nothing but cash," is on the list. The programme is a decidedly interesting one and a pleasing souvenir of a famous watering place.

The Knoxville, Tenn., Gun Club and other shooting organizations in Tennessee are doing their best to put a stop to the practice of exporting live quail out of the State. This pernicious practice has grown to such a magnitude that quail are now quite scarce where a few years ago they were numerous enough to suit a game hog. And this scarcity is not the result of "freeze outs," but of netting.

"George McAlpin is shooting a great gait just now." That is a sentence we have heard so often of late that it comes to mind whenever we stop a moment to think out some driver or twister. Could we drop our Drivers and Twisters with the ease and regularity that marks McAlpin's efforts in that line, we'd be the king pin of them all.

Fred Quimby is making an extended tour through the Western cities and will hardly be back in New York much before the first day of March. It is quite a comfort to be able to go into Fred's store now without first being forced to remove one's spare cigars from their accustomed resting place in the right hand upper vest pocket.

The Elkwood Park grounds were given a thorough trial on Thursday last, the rain of the previous night having been almost heavy enough to merit the title of deluge. Although every inch of the new grounds is "made ground," shooting went on just the same as if the soundest turf surrounded the club house.

During the second day of the Erie (Pa.) Gun Club's tournament, Jan. 14, Harry Kirkover, of the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., was slightly wounded in the right eye by a stray shot from a pothunter's gun. Owing to the accident Mr. Kirkover was unable to take part in his club's tournament the following week.

In a copy of the Harrisburg (Pa.) *Call* of Jan. 15 we notice an account of a small live-bird shoot that took place at Ephrata, Pa., on the previous day. The most interesting part of the report (to us at least) was the fact that Billy Fiele's name appeared in every event. That fact is interesting, because it shows that Billy is still on deck with the boys when business permits.

Bad weather marred the opening day of the Buffalo tournament, Jan. 18. The attendance was quite small, only 11 shooters taking part in the 13 events shot during the day. L. V. Beyer won the honors of the day with great ease, no one else being able to get near him. The strong wind was fatal to high scores.

T. W. Morfey's open letter to Winston, accompanied by the solid backing of a $50 forfeit, should recommend itself to Winston. An agreement was made between the two on Jan. 16 to shoot on some date between March 1 and 10, but no forfeit was put up. As Winston has expressed some doubts as to Morfey's tackling him, the latter has thought it better to post a forfeit and thus make the matter binding on both parties.

Roll Organ and W. P. Mussey have been in New York city on business. While here they found time to run out to Larchmont on Friday, Jan. 22, and see the Duryea-McAlpin match. It was a cause for regret on our part that business engagements on both sides prevented our meeting either of the above able representatives of Western trap shooters. The fates are unpropitious sometimes.

Noel Money is getting back into form again, judging from the way he smashed targets at Hackensack, N. J., on Saturday, Jan. 23. It was hard shooting too, as the wind blew a gale from the northwest. In the E. C. cup shoot he was the winner with 48 out of 50 shot at. T. W. Morfey was right after him with 45 out of 51.

Regardless of the letter from the attorneys of Elliott Bros., Kansas City, Mo., warning Phil Daly, Jr., not to use the traps now in position, as it is claimed they are similar to some in use at Kansas City for which a patent has been applied for, shooting will take place every Saturday, as announced, and from the traps now in position.

A 100 bird race was shot at the Larchmont Y. C.'s grounds on Jan. 20 between J. P. Knapp and H. Sanford, both standing at the 30yds. mark. The match resulted in a tie, each scoring 87 out of 100. The New York *Herald*, commenting on the shoot, says: "The weather was not favorable, and most of the birds were drivers." Favorable for what?

T. W. Morfey is no longer in the hotel business, having sold out his interest in the Eagle Hotel, Paterson, N. J., recently. It is more than likely that Morfey will be on the list at some of the large tournaments this season.

The scores made at the Indianapolis (Limited Gun Club's) tournament show that sparrows do not stand much chance with the crackerjacks unless there is a gale blowing and no snow on the ground.

In writing to us on another matter, Wallace Miller, of Austin, Tex., pays a high tribute to Jim Elliott's prowess as a shooter of live birds, and asks: "Where are all the gang that were looking for his scalp at Chicago last summer?"

The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., will hold all-day shoots at targets on its grounds, Newark, N. J., on Feb. 12, Lincoln's Birthday, and Feb 22, Washington's Birthday. On Feb. 12 Jesse James and Melrose Hayes will shoot a race at 50 targets, expert rules, for a side issue. This race will commence at 10 A. M.

J. J. Hallowell, of Tucson, Arizona, president of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association, was in great form at the recent State shoot held in Prescott. The boys of the circuit of 1896 will remember Tucson well, and will be glad to hear that his right hand and his right eye have not forgotten their cunning.

The Mountain State Gun Club of Parkersburg, W. Va., has elected the following officers for 1897: President, John Hogan; Secretary-Treasurer, Leo Epstein; Captain, Bob Clark. The club will have an all day shoot on Washington's Birthday.

The New Haven, Conn., Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot on Washington's Birthday. Particulars can be obtained from W. H. Hazel, secretary.

This week may be said to inaugurate the preliminary skirmishes prior to the breaking out in the target tournament line that will not come to pass until the month of April is fairly upon us. The boys will be cracking the blue rocks this week at San Antonio, Texas, under the supervision of the Rig Three.

The Boston, Mass., Gun Club has arranged a series of prize handicap events to commence Jan. 27 and end on May 5. Each event is at 21 targets, viz.: 10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs. Shoots take place every week and the best six scores out of the fifteen shoots to count.

The Jeannette Gun Club, a New York organization that holds its live-bird shoots at Guttenburg race track, Hoboken, N. J., has elected the following officers for 1897: Pres., C. F. Offerman; Vice-Pres., C. Vagts; Sec'y, Wm. P. Rottmann; Treas., C. N. Brunnie.

Gus Nowak, one of the most popular men in the ranks of the Emerald and Hell Gate gun clubs, of New York city, has become the proprietor of the Boulevard Hotel, Westchester, N. Y.

The third annual amateur championship of the Larchmont Y. C. will take place on the club's grounds, Jan. 29-30, on the arrival of the 9 A. M. train from New York. The contest is at 100 live birds per man, $100 entrance.

The Bergen County Gun Club will send a team to the Endeavor Gun Club's grounds, Marion, N. J., on Saturday next, Jan 30, to compete with a team from the home club. The team race will be commenced at 1 P. M.

The programme for the Grand American Handicap is well under way, and will be ready for distribution by Feb. 10.

The Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club intends to have some live-bird shooting on its grounds on Washington's Birthday.

Capt. A. W. Money is not expected home until the middle of February.

JAN. 26. EDWARD BANKS.

Morfey to Winston.

PATERSON, N. J., Jan. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One week ago to-day I was present at the Winston Mosher match for the Du Pont trophy at Yardville, N. J. On that day Mr. John L. Winston told me that he would shoot me a match at 100 live birds for $100 a side on his return from the South, the match to take place between March 1 and March 10. Notwithstanding the fact that I said that I would shoot him such a race on either of the grounds he named - Zwirlein's or Daly's—he made a bet with me of a $5 hat that I would not shoot him. I understand also that he openly expressed his opinion during the evening of the same day that I would not shoot him the above match.

To show Mr. Winston, therefore, and anybody else interested, that I mean what I say, I hand you herewith $50 forfeit to bind the match on the above terms, viz: 100 live birds per man, $100 a side, 30yds. rise, whatever boundary he wishes according to the grounds he names (Zwirlein's or Daly's), the match to be shot between March 1 and March 10.

The above is really an acceptance of Mr. Winston's own proposition, but as he always prefers to be challenged to challenging, I am willing to accommodate him to that extent. Let him now put up or do the other thing. T. W. MORFEY.

[Fifty dollars forfeit received.]

The Hot Springs Tournament.

THE souvenir programme of *Arkansaw Traveler's* first annual live-bird tournament, to be held at Hot Springs, Ark., Feb. 8-20, is a good and sufficient excuse for the long silence of John J. Sumpter, Jr., promoter of this shoot. It is a dandy, and contains much food for thought on the part of those who contemplate attending the same. It is hard to see wherein Mr. Sumpter could have made any change for the better. The list of events is small, it is true; but what does that amount to? Miss-and-outs, whether $5 or $3 entrance, are always acceptable and easily gotten up to suit shooters. So don't let the small number of events worry you. There'll be plenty of shooting and plenty of birds for all.

The first point we always make for in a programme is the page containing such matter as may be covered generally under the head of "General Information." This time that page is headed "Notes of Interest," but it means just the same. Extracting briefly, as space and time are limited, we would say: Black powder and 10-gauge guns are barred; A. S. A. rules will govern, and the referee's decision is to be *final under all circumstances;* handicaps range from 25 to 33yds.; King's automatic traps used and birds trapped at 25 cents each; guns and shells to be shipped in care of Thompson & Kelly; shooting commences at 9 A. M.; post entries ($5 extra) taken up to the end of the fifth round, etc. We would specially make a note of the fact that entries for the big event, the *Arkansaw Traveler's* handicap, must be made by Feb. 15, each entry being accompanied by a forfeit of $5; balance of entry money, together with the price of the birds, to be paid before going to the score. The following is a list of the scheduled events:

Preparation Day, Feb. 8.—No. 1, 10 birds, $5, three moneys, no handicap, birds included; No. 2, miss-and-out, $2.

Feb. 9.—Arlington Hotel handicap, 25 birds, $10, birds extra, $100 added, five moneys.

Feb. 11.—Fifteen birds, $10, five high guns.

Feb. 12.—Eastman Hotel handicap, 25 birds, $15, birds extra, $100 added, five moneys.

Feb. 15.—No. 1, 7 birds, $5, four high guns; No. 2, 10 birds, $10, four moneys, class shooting.

Feb. 16.—*Arkansaw Traveler's* handicap, 25 birds, $25, birds extra, $500 added. (The programme omits all mention as to how the purse is divided.)

If we know anything, and grave doubts have arisen on that point, it seems to us that Mr. Sumpter has done well in arranging a programme that is likely to catch everybody; and which, while giving them lots to talk about and plenty of shooting, will not take up a great deal of the two weeks of the tournament, but will allow ample time for any bluffs that may be called being settled then and there. The *Arkansaw Traveler's* head has proved itself to be perfectly level.

Trap Notes from Hartford.

HARTFORD, Conn., Jan. 25.—The Colt Gun Club held its annual meeting to-day and elected the following officers: President, J. A. Pitkin; Vice-President, Fred Bishop; Sec'y-Treas., M. F. Cook; Instructor, F. Risley. The Executive Committee are the above, with L. C. Grover added. The club has moved to new grounds and has built a new club house and inclosed the trapping pit. New traps with electric pulls have been put in. Being in the city limits, and only one and a quarter miles from the City Hall, the center, makes it the handiest grounds possible. The club has a membership of 150, with a good balance in the treasury.

The club holds bi-monthly shoots for a gold medal. The following scores were made at the last shoot at 25 targets:

Bishop 23, Cook 20, Risley 22, Sexton 20, "McGinly" 21, Alger 19, Pitkin 21, Putnam 19, Burbidge 17, Goodwin 16, Colt 15, Green 14, Storrs 13, Carter 14, Keho 5, Nichols 19. M. F. COOK, Sec'y.

The Midwinter at San Antonio.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Jan. 25.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* All day long there has been a fierce norther raging, and at the request of all the visiting shooters the tournament was postponed until to-morrow. This is the coldest weather experienced here in years. The ground is covered with ice and sleet and the wind is blowing a gale, while the thermometer is down to 19. All the hotels are crowded with shooters and the entries will exceed those of last year. Eleven full squads have entered for to-morrow, and if the weather moderates the entries will reach ninety. PAUL R. LITTER.

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Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Tucson, Ariz., Jan. 12.—The morning of Jan. 9 dawned bright and clear at Prescott, and gave promise of a perfect day; but ere the hosts of Arizona were drawn up in battle array before the traps, dark, lowering clouds hung all around, and gusts of wind swept over the grounds, while rain, snow, and occasional hail appeared at intervals. However, the Prescott boys had made arrangements for the bodily comfort of visiting sportsmen by the erection of a large tent, in which there was ample room for all guns, ammunition and shooters. The grounds are well located, and although the old-style rope pull was used it certainly gave the best of satisfaction.

The visitors were: J. H. Holmes, F. N. Scofield, M. E. Morin, M. B. Chubb and J. H. Aitken, Phœnix; K. L. Hart, C. Weber, F. Wilding, O. E Connor, C. P. Hart and J J. Hallowell, of Tucson The occasion of the visit of this aggregation of talent and gall to Prescott was the annual battle between the gun cranks of Arizona for the possession of three very handsome medals, representing the four-men team championship, the individual blue rock championship, and the live-bird championship. As the shooters were being driven to the grounds in the morning there were more blue-rocks smashed than Paul North could turn out at Cleveland in seven years, and more straights made than Rolla Heikes ever dreamed of; but as the day waxed old the target factory was not enlarged, and the slumber of the man from Dayton had not been broken.

The boys from Tucson started in at a swinging clip, and thanks to the fact that Capt. Hallowell personally tucked each one of his team into his respective downy couch the night before, they kept it up all day and landed the blue rock medals. The individual badge was won only after a hotly contested race and a shoot-off between Holmes and Hallowell, but the team badge was won by the handsome margin of 20 birds, with the total score of 163 out of 200, each man shooting at 30 singles and 10 pairs.

The morning of the second day was devoted to target shooting, and the weather was fairly good, but threatening clouds spoke badly for the live-bird contest to come off during the afternoon. The supply of live birds was very limited, and one event had to be cut out of the programme entirely. The other one was shot in an almost continuous drizzle of rain, making the birds heavy and slow. Very little interest was manifested during the shoot, as hard drivers were few and far between, none of the stops were phenomenal, and not more than a half dozen birds were above the ordinary run. The shoot was finished in semi-darkness, and the two tied for the medal with 15 straight decided to shoot it off at some future time. Not so, however, the three tied on 14; they, trusting to luck and awkwardness, decided to shoot in the dark, and had the pigeons been blue a clean score (of misses) would undoubtedly have been made. Hallowell finally succeeded in killing 4 out of 5 and landed a fine gun case. Jackson, of Prescott, killed 3 and got 200 loaded shells; while Hart, of Tucson, killed 2 for a Thurman blouse. Thus ended the fourth annual tournament of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association. Who shall say it was not the best, for we all had a splendid time, were treated royally, and had the best and squarest referee on earth.

The Prescott Gun Club tendered to visiting sportsmen one of the best and most elaborate banquets which it has been my fortune to attend. This, combined with the thorough hospitality of everyone we met in Prescott, from the solitary pioneer who met us at the train at 2 A. M. to the last parting handshake in the rain when we left, made it an occasion long to be remembered.

The toasts which were responded to were as follows: Arizona Sportsmen's Ass'n, J. J. Hallowell; Arizona Quail, F. N. Scofield; Sonora Pigeon, M. B. Chubb; Live Bird Badge, J. H. Holmes; Team Badge, C. Weber; Cactus Buck, M. E. Morin.

After the banquet a meeting of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association was held, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., J. J. Hallowell, Tucson; Vice-Pres., C. Weber, Tucson; M. E. Morin, Prescott; Corresponding and Recording Sec'y, K. L. Hart, Tucson; Treas., J. H. Holmes, Phœnix.

The next annual tournament was slated for Tucson, at such time as the club located there should set.

TARGET SCORES.

Scores in the target events shot on both days were as below:

	First Day.					Second Day.					
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	1	2	3			Per
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*25*	*50*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*25*	Shot at.	Broke	cent
Hallowell	13	17	23	44	18	13	18	18	190	171	90
Weber	12	17	20	45	17	13	18	19	190	161	84.7
Holmes	12	16	23	37	16	13	17	22	190	156	82.1
Ferguson	14	17	20	38	18	13	14	21	190	155	81.6
Scofield	13	18	21	36	17	12	18	20	190	155	81.6
Stephens	14	16	20	40	15	12	17	20	190	154	81.5
Wilding	13	16	21	40	15	9	19	20	190	153	80.5
Jackson	9	13	22	34	..	10	10	19	170	127	74.7
Chubb	11	14	19	35	16	11	14	20	190	140	73.7
Morin	8	16	19	33	13	11	16	20	190	136	71.6
Barnhart	9	14	18	..	15	10	16	..	115	82	71.3
Hill	13	16	22	31	12	10	13	18	190	134	70.5
Frantz	6	13	20	..	13	11	16	19	140	97	69.3
Conner	10	16	21	31	9	9	14	16	190	131	68.9
K L Hart	11	12	16	..	16	10	12	19	140	96	68.6
Andrews	9	13	19	..	9	11	12	16	140	89	63.6
Aitken	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	14	60	36	60
Mauderfeld	7	11	..	..	..	9	13	16	95	55	57.9
C P Hart	7	10	..	..	11	5	10	15	115	58	50.4
Marks	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	..	35	15	42.8

Scores in the team championship—30 singles and 10 pairs—were as below:

Tucson Team.

Hallowell	110111111111111111111111101111110—27	
	11 11 11 11 11 11 01 10 11 10 —17—44	
Weber	111010111111111111111111111111—28	
	10 11 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 11 —17—45	
Wilding	110111111111011111111111111100—26	
	10 10 11 11 11 11 10 10 01 10 —14—40	
Conner	111111101110101011110011110101—22	
	11 11 00 10 00 11 10 10 10 11 —12—34—163	

Prescott Team.

Ferguson	111111010111111111111011111111—27	
	01 10 01 10 01 10 10 11 10 10 —11—38	
Stephens	111110101111111111111011111111—27	
	11 00 11 11 11 01 10 10 11 00 —13—40	
Jackson	111111011101111110111111101101—25	
	00 11 10 00 10 11 00 10 10 10 — 9—34	
Hill	110111111011010110000111101100—19	
	10 10 00 10 11 11 11 10 10 10 —12—31—143	

Phœnix Team.

Holmes	111101111111001111100010111111—23	
	10 10 10 11 10 11 10 11 10 11 —14—37	
Scofield	010110111111110010111111111011—23	
	01 10 11 11 11 11 10 11 10 00 —13—36	
Morin	000101111111111111111101011111—24	
	01 00 10 00 11 00 11 01 00 11 — 9—33	
Chubb	111111100111111111101101111110—25	
	10 00 10 11 00 11 11 01 00 10 —10—35—141	

The scores in the event for the gold championship badge at live birds follow, all standing at 28yds. rise:

Hallowell	11121•211211111—14	Barnhart	111210122•21112—13
K L Hart	221:2121211120?—14	Weber	021111202122101—12
Chubb	•2210221?2••1?1—11	Stephens	1:022111•2022 0—11
Conner	21012:0?2011112—12	H D Aitken	22122001•022222—11
Holmes	11112?2212:2112—15	J H Aitken	220112201?0•00— 9
Morin	0011000w	Jackson	121011111211111—14
Hill	100201212111122—12	Ferguson	110212221022210—12
Scofield	111111112112121—15	Andrews	21•22:00:022222—11
Hastings	•2?22•211210•12—11	Frantz	121122•21012111—13
Wilding	211021111022212—13		

Tucson.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

GOOD SHOOTING ON DAVIS ISLAND.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 20.—There was some capital shooting to-day on the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club. W S King and McPherson ran 25 straight in the big race, Anson being only one behind with 24:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
W S King	1111222222222222222222222—25	2222222—7
S McPherson	2222221222212222222222221—25	222200 0—5
Anson	2222222222222220222222 22—24	212221—6
A H King	222222222222222220220 222—23	2022212—6
Jacque	222222222220022222222222—23	122222—7
J G Messner	2222200222222220022022—21	2222222—7
Hofmeister	2102102110310200201211010—15	1210 01—5

M'PHERSON DEFEATS CROSSLAND.

Jan. 18.—Sandy McPherson was in good form to day and won from Crossland in a 50-bird race on the Herron Hill Club's grounds, Davis Island, by a score of 46 to 44. Scores:

S McPherson	2022212222222222222222 02—23	
	1222222022022 21212222022—23—46	
J Crossland	1220221120222122201222222—22	
	1210221 222221211102220—22—44	

Sparrow Tournament at Indianapolis.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 20.—The Limited Gun Club opened its sparrow shoot under very unfavorable auspices as far as weather conditions were concerned. The first gun ushered in a fine snow, which a half hour later developed into a very heavy snowfall; this continued to 12 o'clock, when it again changed to a penetrating drizzle, and this at 2:30 o'clock had again changed to a heavy snowfall. The walks were kept well cleared, but still all was bad under foot—nothing but slush all the time. The snowfall amounted to nearly 6in., and thus the sparrows so trying to the eyesight where the ordinary dark background exists were made comparatively easy so far as seeing was concerned. And as is usually the case with pigeons, the sparrows did not fly so well as when ground is not covered with snow. The slight wind was favorable to incomers, of which there were a large number, the greater number, however, being crossing shots.

The six programme events were run off by 2:30 o'clock. In these the money was divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Two extra 15-bird sweeps were shot, with a division of the purse into four moneys; 1,405 birds were trapped in all; 15 traps were used and squads of five men shot rapid fire. Each shooter faced one of three unknown traps. The surroundings were conducive to rather high scores, but this should not materially detract from the shooting, which was excellent. In the 25-bird event the first squad averaged 96 per cent., and the entire score averaged 93 5 per cent.; in the 20-bird event the total score averaged still better—95 per cent.

The following table shows the first day's scores, and also gives the averages of the shooters:

First Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Entrance:	$4	$5	$8	$4	$10	$8	$4	$4			
Birds:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*25*	*20*	*15*	*15*	Shot at.	Scored.	Av.
Ed Voris	10	14	18	10	24	20	15	14	130	125	96.2
E D Fulford	9	14	20	8	25	20	15	15	130	126	96.9
J A R Elliott	8	14	20	8	23	20	14	15	130	122	93.1
R O Heikes	8	15	20	6	19	20	15	15	130	123	94.6
G C Beck	10	12	18	6	24	20	13	..	115	103	89.6
S Glover	9	14	19	7	24	18	14	13	130	118	90.8
B A Bartlett	9	10	19	8	25	19	14	14	130	118	90.8
T Parry	8	9	16	..	..	19	12	14	95	78	82.1
O H Hampton	9	10	15	9	..	17	13	..	90	73	81.1
O R Dickey	6	14	19	9	23	17	..	..	100	88	88
G G Roberts	8	14	..	..	..	..	12	..	40	34	85
J W Cooper	6	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	25	18	72
Dr Moore	8	11	..	..	..	..	15	..	40	34	85
R Robinson	7	11	..	..	..	..	..	12	40	30	75
G H Crawford	..	11	..	..	..	14	12	..	50	37	74
H Murphy	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	15	12	80
J H Mackie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	9	60

Second Day.

The weather conditions to-day were decidedly improved. No rain or snow fell, and it was colder, while a wind from the southwest reduced the number of incomers. The shooting was difficult, but yet not what the usual breeze from the above quarter gives us. The scores below show that the pace set by the crackerjacks was a hot one:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6		
Entrance:	$4	$4	$10	$6	$8	$8		
Birds:	*10*	*10*	*25*	*15*	*20*	*20*	Shot at	Scored.
Heikes	10	7	23	14	19	20	100	93
Elliott	10	7	23	15	14	18	100	90
Dickey	7	9	25	15	17	17	100	90
Fulford	9	8	24	13	14	15	100	83
Bartlett	8	6	23	14	15	18	100	84
McVey	9	5	23	14	13	17	100	81

No. 2 was at 5 pairs; No. 5 at 10 singles and 5 pairs.

NOTES.

Although E. D. Fulford killed one more bird in all the events than was scored to Ed Voris, they tied in the programme events and divided first and second average money, $15 each; J. A. R. Elliott took third average money, $7.50, although Heikes beat him out for average in all events.

Ed Voris really failed to kill only two of his birds, three of his lost birds falling dead out of bounds. He carried off quite a bit more of the money than any other shooter, and this fact made him feel pretty well, and he talked enough to disclose the fact that he had never challenged anybody in his life and yet had shot 46 individual matches, and lost but 3 of the 46. One of the lost matches was when he shot one barrel against the other man's two barrels, and yet he was beaten only 2 birds in a 100-bird match. Mr. Voris came very near to giving O. H. Hampton a chance for revenge for a previous defeat at sparrows; matters came so nearly to a climax that $40 was put up by Mr. Hampton, but was withdrawn shortly afterwards; it all seems to depend on Mr. Hampton.

When I expressed the hope to J. A. R. Elliott that he and J. L. Brewer would yet lock horns, Mr. Elliott indicated that "Barkis is willing" if the race be shot on a neutral ground.

The absence of A. W. du Bray was remarked early in the day by many of the shooters. His absence from a tournament of the Limited Gun Club would cause almost as much comment as the absence of its efficient secretary, Royal Robinson. It was therefore with much pleasure that the appearance of Du Bray about 2 P. M. was noted. He did not do any shooting, as he was attending strictly to business in order to be able to leave for San Antonio, Texas, with the rest of the boys.

It is more than three years since Jim Elliott has been in Indianapolis. His presence on this occasion caused quite a lot of talk in regard to the result of his recent match with J. D. Gay, of Pine Grove, Ky. Mr. Du Bray undoubtedly voiced the sentiment of all Kentucky shooters when he said that, though Old Kentucky had been defeated, such a defeat with such a score was no disgrace. For his last 400 live birds shot at Gay has averaged better than 95 per cent.

Rolla Heikes had a slice of his usual well-deserved luck, carrying off the biggest pot of the day on 15 straight alone in the first 15-bird event; the purse was about $30.

Hyatt L. Frost.

Altoona Gun Club.

Altoona, Pa., Jan. 21.—The annual handicap shoot of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club took place on New Year's Day at the club's new grounds near Lake Mont. This handicap is an annual feature among the members of the club and is usually well attended. This year, however, the attendance was light, but the enthusiasm was as great as ever and a good day's sport was had. The weather was fine with the exception of a high wind that blew across the traps from west to east, helping some of the right-quarterers to a gait that the boys could not gauge. The birds were a good lot, there not being more than half a dozen out of the 240 shot that refused to fly or leave the trap immediately after being released.

After the handicap was over a miss-and-out and two 5-bird events were decided. In these Sands shot in great form, killing all his birds in grand style. Booky carried off the honors in the handicap, killing 14, the lost bird falling dead out of bounds. Following are the scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	↙↗↖↙→↘↙↙↘↗←↓↓↖↗
Kotty (30)	2 2 1 2 2 0 1 • 1 1 1 2 1 0 0—11
	↗↘↘←↙↘↙↖↘↙↘↙↙↘↙
Christy (30)	2 0 2 0 1 1 1 1 2 2 0 1 2 1 1—12
	↑↙↓↙→↙↙↘↙↙←↙↖←←
Sands (30)	2 0 2 2 • 0 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1—12
	↙←→↓↘↘←↘↙↙←↗↙↘↙
Booky (28)	2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 • 1 1 2—14
	←→↘↗↘→←↖↘↙↘↓↖↘↙
W E Bell (28)	1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 • 0 1 1—12
	→↙↗↗↙↘↖↓↙←↘↓↖↘↗
Forney (26)	2 1 0 2 2 2 0 0 0 0 1 2 0 1 0—8
	←←→→↙↘↙H↙↘↗↙↙↑→
Doerr (26)	1 1 2 0 2 1 1 1 0 1 2 1 1 1 1—13
	↖←↘↙↙←↘↗→↙↙→↖←←
Bastian (28)	0 2 2 1 0 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1—13

Sweeps were shot as follows:

No. 2, 5 birds, $2, two moneys: Kotty, Roher, Bastian and Sands, 5; Christy and Bell, 4; Booky 3, Barley 2.

No. 3, same: Bell, Sands and Roher, 5; Booky and Bastian, 4; Kotty and Christy, 3; Fay 2.

No. 4, miss-and-out: Sands and Bell, 8; Bastian 7, Kotty 2; Christy, Booky and Roher, 1.

W. S. B.

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Erie's Midwinter Tournament.

Erie, Pa., Jan. 20.—The Clover and Pope midwinter tournament was held at Massassauga Point, Erie, Pa., Jan. 12, 13 and 14, and aside from disappointment in the matter of attendance was a very successful and enjoyable affair. The weather was clear and cold enough to keep the shooters hustling when at the score, and made the shooting both at live birds and targets all that could be desired. The birds were first class, being a selected lot, and the targets were thrown as difficult as possible and tested the skill of all shooters present. While this is the first effort made in Erie for years to hold a tournament of this kind, it will not be the last. The ball is started, and there is no place in the country with better facilities for holding a first-class tournament than we have here, and I think those in attendance at this tournament will bear us out in that. It is our intention to give another tournament in the spring that will give all trap-shooters in this part of the country a first-class time. The many shooters wending their way to Indianapolis, San Antonio and Hot Springs, the present centers of attraction to the trap-shooters all over the country, caused many of our friends to deprive themselves of the pleasure of attending our tournament who would otherwise have been with us on this occasion.

Among the visiting sportsmen present were: Sim Glover and Wride, Rochester, N. Y.; Ed Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; D. A. Upson, Cleveland, O.; B. A. Bartlett, Harry Kirkover and Norris, Buffalo, N. Y.; F. D. Kelsey, East Aurora, N. Y.; Robert W. Ewalt, Warren, O.; A. Smedley and Mr. Lay, Oil City, Pa.; I Ware, Dunkirk, N. Y.; Thos. Poy and Keck, Kane, Pa.; Fred Shelley, Sheridan, N. Y.; Whitner and J. M. Reed, Greenville, Pa.; Bixby and Jones, Beaver, Pa.; O. J. Marsh, Westfield, N. Y; Wood and Smith, Cincinnati, O.

Sim Glover shot in excellent form and held himself at the top all through the tournament. Sim is shooting a Parker gun and Schultze powder loaded in U. M. C shells, and is doing great credit to himself as well as doing the boys, as he earnestly and busily walks down the line knocking out clean scores one after another, and then walks up to the cashier's office and invariably gets first money alone. He then in a very complimentary way says to the cashier, "You are the quickest figurer and the best man in the cashier's office I ever saw at a tournament," closing by saying, "and that's no kid, either." E D Fulford, representing Francotte guns, was feeling good, looking fine and shooting to perfection; but was so busy selling guns that he hardly kept up to his usual form. Ed sold four guns in Erie, and has other sales under contemplation, and says that Erie is all right. There is probably no man in the world who understands loading shells better for all purposes and conditions than E D. Fulford to get any desired pattern or penetration. He was loading his shells here for the sparrow shoot at Indianapolis. His first barrel will be loaded with 4drs. of Schultze, with a complicated arrangement of wadding, and 1¼oz. of aqua ammonia instead of shot. He will shoot this in a cylinder-bore gun, which will fill the air through the whole boundary with a suffocating mist. Should this load possibly fail, he will then steadily use his left, which I think is loaded with hemp or canary seed; at least the whole combination is sure death to the sparrow. Capt Bartlett was shooting in fine form and attracting the attention of all by his rapid work with the Winchester gun, which company he represents.

During supper time on the third day there was some very exciting live-bird match shooting going on over the sumptuously loaded board served by our host, Mr. John F. Parke. Propositions, with conditions such as would draw the last cent from any shooter's pocket with a strong string tied to it, were offered, accepted and rejected. The table was covered with money, the floor with feathers, and the room filled with referees and stakeholders. After quietness was restored, and after it was found that the management had still on hand 700 choice live birds immediately at their disposal, it was agreed to declare all matches postponed.

Scores in the target events were as below: Nos. 1-6 were shot on the first day, Nos. 8-13 on the second day, and Nos. 15 and 16 on the third day. Nos. 7, 14 and 17 were live-bird events, the results of which are given below the target scores. No. 16 was a two-men team race, 20 targets per man, $4 per team. The scores were: Buffalo, F. D. Kelsey 18, B. A. Bartlett 17—35; Greenville, Smith 17, Clover 17—34; Rochester No. 1, Glover 18, Pope 15—33; Rochester No. 2, Fulford 18, Wride 15—33; Dunkirk, Shelley 17, Jones 12—29; Greenville No. 2, Keck 15, Carn 10—25. Other target scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	8	9	10	11	12	13	15	16
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*10*	*10*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*25*	*20*
Glover	9	9	19	18	18	18	7	10	20	20	20	19	21	18
Bartlett	7	10	17	15	17	16	10	8	18	18	17	16	23	17
Norris	7	9	15	18	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pope	6	9	14	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	14	15
Skelly	5	8	..	..	14	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	17
Clover	9	7	17	16	16	16	8	9	17	16	18	17	23	17
Burr	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Reblett	..	3	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Poy	..	5	13	12	15	10	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Upson	10	18	17	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wride	..	7	12	8	15	12	5	5	14	14	15	12	15	..
Sigel	..	3	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fulford	..	7	18	17	17	17	10	9	18	18	17	18	23	18
Ware	..	7	18	15	13	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ewalt	..	..	..	..	..	15	7	7	17	18	18	17	..	..
Kelsey	..	..	..	..	..	16	10	6	17	15	18	18	22	18
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	9	16	18	17	16	..	..
Lay	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	6	10	11	12	10	..	..
Smedley	..	..	..	..	..	16	7	8	13	13	..	15	..	..
Bixby	..	..	..	..	..	15	6	2	9	9	8	11	14	..
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	..	..	..	12	..
Whitner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	17
Keck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15
Carn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10

Live-bird scores were as follows:

Event No. 7, 10 birds, $5: Fulford and Ware 10, Upson and Clover 9, Bartlett and Glover 8, Pope and Poy 7, Wride 6.

Nos. 14 and 17 were at 10 and 20 birds respectively, No. 17 being the contest for the E. C. Powder Company's cup. The cup was won by Glover with 20 straight. Scores:

	No. 14.	No. 17–E. C. Cup.*
Fulford (32)	2122222222—10	22220222222 22221001—17
Bartlett (30)	1221222122 10	222102 12211211110?0—17
Glover (32)	2211221220— 9	21222222222212111111—20
Kelsey (30)	2011111112— 9	1112012212:0:121:221—18
Clover (30)	2222020222— 9	221122121222022 022—18
Wood (31)	2122 22122—10	....
Carn (28)	22.0041120— 7	2201001002212?101w
Lay (28)	02101200w	....
Smedley (28)	2210122200— 7	....
Bixby (28)	0022210021— 6	0002201102222O1210w
Wride (28)	1112111122—10	....
Fay (28)	00111010:0— 5	....
Ware (30)	0200202222— 6	....
Poy (28)	2221020220— 7	....
Pope (30)	2222212122—10	22221012220112201212—17
Kirkover (31)	2222w	....
Ewalt (30)	1120011000— 5	....
Bacon (28)	1011210022— 7	0021222200101222210w
Childs (28)	1202111222— 9	1112112211222120002—17
Smith	....	2122212122222012222—19
Kavanaugh	....	2.22222200012202w
Reed	....	122 000110212922w
Rodney	....	02012122222222210.03—16

* The following also shot in the E. C. cup shoot: Derby, 11 out of 17; Koehler, 11 out of 17; Keck, 2 out of 5.

A. P. P.

Bronx River Gun Club.

New York, Jan. 21.—Two members of the Bronx River Gun Club met on Saturday last at the club's grounds (Miller & Zorn's), Baychester, N. Y., to decide the ownership of class A medal. This medal becomes the property of the member winning it the greatest number of times during the year. On summing up at the end of the year (1896) it was found that F. Pringle had won the medal four times, C. H. Zorn had also won it four times and tied M. Herrington for it once; the latter had previously won the medal three times. It was therefore only necessary for Zorn to defeat Herrington to become the owner of the prize, and his failure to defeat Herrington would make all three, viz.: Pringle, Zorn and Herrington, a tie with four wins each to their credit. It being too dark to shoot at the conclusion of the regular event, it was decided to postpone the shooting off of ties until Jan. 16, 1897, on which date Zorn and Herrington met and shot off their tie. The conditions were 25 targets each, unknown angles. The scores:

M Herrington	1111111110111111111111101—23
C H Zorn	1101011111000111110111111—19

Mr. Pringle not putting in an appearance, Zorn and Herrington shot two sweeps of 5 pairs each, which resulted as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Herrington	10 11 11 11 11—9	11 11 10 10 11—8
Zorn	00 11 10 w	01 11 10 01 00—5

The ties between Pringle, Zorn and Herrington will be shot off at the next regular club shoot, which will take place on the last Saturday in this month (Jan. 30).

B. Cavgen, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

OPENING DAY AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Jan. 21.—The inaugural shoot at the Elkwood Park new grounds took place to-day in bright, blustery weather. It was just the weather to make the shooting hard, the northwest wind driving the birds away from the traps whether they wanted to go or not. Late yesterday afternoon it commenced to snow, but during the night the snow turned to rain, a perfect deluge of water falling in the early hours of the morning. The effects of the heavy rain were no cause of worry to the management at Elkwood Park, except in the matter of transportation from the Branchport crossing to the grounds; and yet that was both easy and cheap—stages at 10 cents a head being provided in numbers ample enough to meet all demands.

Once at the grounds, it was as pleasant inside the big club house as one could possibly wish. The building was warmed both naturally and artificially, the sun's rays and the heat from the stoves being almost more than enough to make it comfortable. Upstairs was the café and restaurant, all four sides of it glass. Seated at the tables on the southern side of café, it was possible to eat one's dinner and also watch the shooting at the No. 2 set of traps. Downstairs only the left wing was used as a depository for shooters' coats, guns, satchels, etc., the belongings of the eighteen or twenty shooters present scarcely making a show owing to the ample accommodation provided.

Only two sets of traps were used, the number of those who wanted to shoot being insufficient to warrant the use of more. Different events were shot off at the same time on Nos. 1 and 2 set of traps, and in some instances the shooters entered in both events; yet so near together are the scores of the two sets of traps, owing to the "clover-leaf" formation of the three sets, that little or no delay was caused by permitting entrance in both events. There was no delay in trapping birds, the underground system in use at Elkwood Park being more than equal to the occasion. This feature of these grounds is worth more than passing mention on this occasion, and it is an absolute fact that no shooting at all could have taken place on the Elkwood Park grounds to-day had the old conditions of trapping been in use; being all "made ground" of a light, sandy-loam nature, and saturated by the downpour of the previous twelve hours, it was considerably more than "hock-deep" when one got off the boardwalks.

THE ATTENDANCE A DISAPPOINTMENT.

The attendance was a disappointment to us. We had looked for a far more representative gathering than we found at Elkwood Park on our arrival. Philadelphia and the Riverton Gun Club easily carried off the honors, both in point of numbers and in shooting. Among those from Philadelphia were: R. A. Welch (winner of the first Grand American Handicap), T. S. Stokes, Junius H. Davis, C. H. Edwards, Leonard Finletter and Count Gustav Langen. New York was represented by Noel E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co.; Justus von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold (U. S. agents for Schultze); G. S. McAlpin, of Carteret; D. Bradley, of the Larchmont Y. C. and New York Athletic Club. Other shooters were: T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J.; W. R. Patten and Woolley, of Pleasure Bay, N. J.; A. L. Ivins, of Seabright, N. J.; Dr. J. G. Knowlton, of New York city, etc. Among the spectators were: Marshall Herrington, of the Laflin & Rand (W-A) Powder Co.; Aaron Woodruff, Hank White, "Uncle Billy" Hughes, etc. Fully a couple of hundred spectators, including several ladies, were present during the day.

The birds were a good lot, leaving the traps very quickly and being aided very much by the strong wind that blew over the grounds. Coming out of the northwest, it made a nearly straightaway wind on the No. 1 set of traps, the set facing toward the Inn. On the traps that faced south, the No. 2 set of traps, it was a strong left quartering wind that swept the birds off to leeward at a rate of speed that baffled nearly all calculations. Many a bird that struggled up wind escaped through errors made in calculating the "drift" of the shot in such a strong breeze. The difference between the two sets of traps was remarkable. On the No. 1 set birds went down wind very fast, but did not twist to any great extent. Many birds also quartered and fought up against the wind toward the club house, affording the easiest of marks. Occasionally a screamer would leave the traps, and then there was generally trouble. On No. 2 set it was different; birds jumped into the air, twisted and turned down wind in a style that baffled all of the shooters; it was just about as hard shooting as any we have ever seen.

THE PATTEN CUP.

The principal event on the programme was the competition for the Patten cup, a valuable trophy presented by Mr. W. R. Patten, of Pleasure Bay. This contest was at 25 birds, $25 entrance, handicap, birds extra, and was open only to members of the Hollywood, Philadelphia, Riverton and Carteret gun clubs; and to members of Tuxedo, Westchester Country Club, Westminster Kennel Club and Larchmont Yacht Club. Only eight entries were obtained for the event, and six of these hailed from Philadelphia, New York's only representatives being D. Bradley and G. S. McAlpin. Harold B. Wallack acted as referee.

McAlpin lost a good bird in the first round, the pigeon going down wind and getting over the boundary before coming to the ground. Bradley and Finletter both lost birds in the next round, Finletter's being as hard a bird as left the traps during the day; it was a dark blue that sneaked out of No. 5 trap before it was half open and then streaked away for the boundary, never leaving the ground more than a foot. In the third round Count Langen, of the Riverton Gun Club, scored a lost bird, Mr. Edwards of the same club losing a very hard bird in the fourth round. Mr. Davis drew a good one in the fifth that beat him out, although he scored many a harder bird afterward. Thus at the end of the fifth round only two men, Stokes and Welch, were straight. Stokes lost a fair bird in the next round, McAlpin and Bradley both drawing very hot ones and scoring ciphers. This left Welch in first place, a position he never relinquished, running out with 25 straight, a score that, although not unmarked by luck in the draw of the birds, was one that any one could feel proud of, as the list of 25 kills included some excellent pieces of work with the gun on very fast birds. Mr. Welch was placed 1yd. in by the handicappers, receiving a yard the best of it from Stokes, McAlpin, Davis and Finletter. We suppose his handicap was figured on the basis of the shooting he has been doing of late, viz., practically nothing at all, as he has not been doing much shooting for a couple of years. On that basis we think the handicappers were by no means at fault, notwithstanding his record of to-day. Welch on his day is a remarkably dangerous man for anybody to meet, and to-day was his day. He was favored in the draw of the birds perhaps, but he used his first barrel with the precision and quickness that marked his efforts in past years; many a screamer was cut down before it had more than gotten under way, and again many a bird that had jumped into the air and twisted off to the east (down wind) was centered with the first barrel with wonderful quickness. His "ready" and "pull" were given with his old-time vigor.

To return to the Patten cup contest: Edwards retired in the 15th round with 10 kills to his name; McAlpin followed suit in the 18th with 13 kills, Davis also dropping by the wayside with 15 out of 20. Stokes withdrew in the 24th round with 19 kills, leaving Welch with a straight score, and Finletter with no misses, and Bradley and Count with 4 misses each. This quartette scored their 25 birds and ended with 25, 23, 21 and 21 respectively. The conditions of the cup were: 50 per cent. to first and cup; 30 per cent. to second and 20 per cent. to third high guns. Welch and Finletter took their respective portions, Bradley and Count dividing third money.

Before leaving the record of the Patten cup, mention must be made of Bradley's 22d bird; it was a good hot one that was knocked to the ground and was apparently a certain dead bird for him; when the dog got to it it rose and flew back over the boundary, falling dead just outside. Welch's 24th bird nearly spoiled his straight score, as it went off to the boundary and fell just against the low wire fence that marks the 50yds. boundary.

The scores in this event are given below:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Patten Cup.

```
                    ↑←→←→↑↕↑H↓↑↙←HH←←↑←↑→←↖↗↑
R A Welch (29)....2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25
                    ↗↖↑↙↑→↖←→↑↑←→←↑↙↑→→↕→→↑←
F Leonard (30)....2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—23
                    ↙↖↑↑←↕←↙→←←↑↑H→H↑↑↗←←↑↓→←
D Bradley (28)....1 0 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 0 2—21
                    ↓↑↑←↖↗←←↑↑↑→↑↑↙↑←↕←↑↑←←↑←
Count (26)........2 2 0 2 1 2 1 1 2 0 2 1 1 0 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—21
                    ↓↑↑↙↙←↑↑↑↓←H↑↑→↗↑←→↗↑↑↖↑
T S Stokes (30)...2 2 1 1 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 1 0 w
                    ↗→↑↘←↑←H↖↙↑→H↑←↑↑→↓↑
J H Davis (30)....2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 1 0 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 1 0 w
                    ↗←↓↑↖↕↗←↕→↑←↑→↓↑↕←
G S McAlpin (30)..• 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 0 w
                    ↑↙↑↕↘↓→↑→↓←H↑↑←
G H Edwards (32)..1 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 0 • • 2 w
```

OTHER EVENTS.

Several miss-and-outs, $5 entrance, and three other sweepstakes were shot, the latter being: 10 birds, $10; 5 birds, $3; and 15 birds, $15, all at 30yds.

The last-named event was shot on No. 2 set of traps, the representative of FOREST AND STREAM acting as referee on this set. This event was almost the last for the day, and was finished with the sun about three-quarters of an hour high. The birds were a really excellent lot of flyers, and were directly responsible for the comparatively low scores made.

THE 15-BIRD RACE.

Morfey went to the score first and drew a hot one that fairly beat him out; Count lost one in the first round also. Count, Davis and Woolley also lost their birds in the second round, Woolley's being a piece of extremely hard luck, the wind fairly carrying his dead bird just over the boundary fence into the cornfield. Edwards lost his 3d bird dead out of bounds, Woolley, Stokes and Morfey all drawing very fast birds in this round. Welch, Stokes and Finletter broke their straight scores in the 4th round, Finletter having a good hard bird to kill. Welch's loss was the result of a piece of carelessness on the part of the shooter; he simply paralyzed a swift white bird from No. 5 trap that went down wind to the left, knocking it all in a heap just to the left of No. 2 trap, where it lay on its back, its head doubled up under it. Welch thought that one barrel was enough, although the bird was trying to turn over, so opened his gun and left the score. When the retriever got to the bird, the pigeon managed to get into the air and flew over the boundary before dropping to the ground, where it was gathered; the judicious placing of a second barrel on this bird might have landed Welch closer to first place. Count and Stokes lost birds in the 5th round, Patten being the only man left with a straight score at this point of the game.

Patten spoiled his score in the next round (6th) by having a fast left-quarterer drop dead out of bounds. Woolley scored a miss in this round on an easy bird, shooting behind it with both barrels. In the 7th round Count lost another bird and retired; Stokes drew a good one and made a great stop on it. In the next round Davis and Morfey lost birds, Morfey's miss being one of those unaccountable pieces of shooting one often sees—but not when Morfey is at the bat. The bird was a left-quartering incomer and fairly sat in the air while Morfey plunked both loads at it; as soon as the second shell had been discharged the bird concluded it had had enough and turned off down wind without a feather injured. It was one of the luckiest pigeons we have been made acquainted with.

The 9th round was an interesting one, five out of the eight men still in the race losing their birds. To make up for this piece of work, the next 11 birds were scored dead, and then Stokes lost his 11th, a fast one that was too good for the shooter. Davis lost his 11th bird and Edwards scored a miss on a fast circling incomer to the right in the 12th round. In the 13th round Welch and Woolley each lost a bird dead out of bounds, Welch's being an extremely hard bird to kill, as it fled for the boundary. Davis and Finletter scored losses in the 14th round, Finletter's bird falling dead out of bounds. In the last round Welch lost a driver that put him in second place; Edwards also lost a driver, thus shooting himself into the 11 hole and out of the money; Davis also drew another screamer and made his second consecutive cipher.

The conditions were: Three high guns, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Thus Morfey and Patten divided first and second moneys with 13 each, while third money was divided between Welch, Stokes and Finletter. The scores in this event were:

Sweepstakes, 15 birds, $15, three high guns:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

```
                 ↗←←↑←↙↖↙↗↓←←↑←↩
T W Morfey......0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—13
                 ↙→↓↑↖←↗↗↙↘↑←↑↑↓
W R Patten......1 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2—13
                 ↓←↑↖↖←↗→↙↙←←↕↙↑
R A Welch.......1 2 1 • 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 • 2 0—12
                 ←→↑↙↙←↙↙←↖↖←↑↑↑
T S Stokes......1 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2—12
                 ↑←↑←←↑←←↙↑←↓↓↑←
F Leonard.......2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 • 2—12
                 ←→↙↓↓←↑←↑←←↰↓←↑
G H Edwards.....2 1 • 1 1 1 2 2 0 1 2 0 1 2 0—11
                 ↗↖←↗←↙↙←←→←↖↙←
W Woolley.......2 • 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 • 2 w
                 ↑↰↓↑←↓↗↖↗→←↓←←↑
J H Davis.......2 0 2 2 2 2 1 0 0 2 0 1 1 0 0— 9
                 ←↓↓←↓↓↗
Count...........0 0 2 1 0 1 0 w
```

Sweepstakes were shot as below, No. 5 being a 5-bird event and No. 6 a 10-bird event; all the rest were miss-and-outs, $5 entrance:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Stokes (30)	220	22120	22220	222	21100	0112127220—8
Finletter (30)	0	21220	212 222	...	.....	10 2222202—8
Welch (28)	110	1211221	2112122	...	11222	....
Davis (30)	2222	2222222	....	...	22222	....
Edwards (30)	2212	2211122	....	...	00102	....
McAlpin (30)	210	2222222	2222222	...	.....	....
Von Lengerke (28)	1112	1120	22210	...	01122	....
Count (27)	2120	220	10	...	00201	....
Patten (25)	......	......	2222120	...	21210	0012102220—8
Money	......	......	....	0	.....	1000041002—4
Morfey	......	......	....	220	22022	....
Ivins	......	......	....	220	.....	0002011020—4
Cooper	......	......	....	0	22122	2220202022—7
Bradley	......	......	....	220	22202	....
Money (re-entry)	......	......	....	122	.....	....
Knowlton	......	......	....	...	22222	....

	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.
Stokes	221212	220	2221222221	210
Finletter	212220	222	....	22220
Edwards	210	...	....	122122
Morfey	22210	0	....	222222
Patten	0	212	0	222122
Count	2220	0	0	20
Patten (re-entry)	222222	...	20	......
Morfey (re-entry)	.....	220	....	......
Count (re-entry)	.....	20	0	......
Von Lengerke	.....	...	2221211222	......
Daly	.....	...	20	......
Money	.....	...	0	......
Welch	.....	...	2221121111	1110
Davis	.....	...	....	20

SUBURBAN GUN CLUB, OF ELIZABETH.

Jan. 16.—The Suburban Gun Club, of Elizabeth, held a little live-bird shoot to-day. In addition to three sweeps, a 50-bird match was shot between W. E. Ross and H. K. Tooler, both of this city. Ross won by 41 to 35. W. Parker acted as official scorer, and also looked after Ross's interests, Aaron Woodruff handling Tooler. Nate Astfalk was referee. The scores in the sweeps were as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Dr Eaton	12200—3	00010—1	..
Chas Ross	10000—1	.....	..
Alexander	00010—1	.....	..
G W Coyne	00200—1	.....	..
Turner	12022—4	02200—2	10
Waterbury	21010—3	.....	0
Greiff	....	12212—5	..
Folsom	....	21220—4	0
Woodruff	....	21222—5	20
Chartrand	....	12100—3	0
Donnelly	....	22212—5	11
Astfalk	....	11212—5	..

Greiff and Chartrand re-entered in No. 3, but lost their birds again. Score in the Ross-Tooler match was as below:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

```
             1 2 3 5 3 4 4 2 3 3 4 1 2 1 2 2 3 4 3 3 2 4 4 4 3
H K Tooler....2 0 0 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 0 1 2 0 2 2 2 0 2—16
             5 3 1 1 2 1 3 3 2 3 3 3 2 4 5 4 2 3 4 2 3 4 3 4 5
             2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 0 0 1 2 0 2 2 0 2 0—19—35
             5 5 3 1 5 4 5 1 4 3 1 4 1 1 2 2 4 2 2 4 2 3 5 4 2
Wm E Ross.....2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 0 0 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—20
             3 3 2 2 5 1 4 3 3 3 3 5 5 3 1 5 1 5 3 5 4 3 1 3 1
             0 0 0 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2—21—41
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E. C. CUP AT HACKENSACK.

Jan. 23.—The cup presented to the Bergen County Gun Club by the American E. C. Powder Co. was contested for to-day for the third time on the grounds of the club, near the depot of the New York, Susquehanna & Western R. R. The day was unfavorable for target shooting, as a gale from the northwest swept across the Hackensack meadows and played all sorts of tricks with the targets. In the cup race Noel Money shot like his old self, and carried off the cup with the good score of 48 out of 52. Morfey also made a rattling good score under the conditions, running 24 out of his first 25 and 20 out of the second string. Money, Morfey and Brockett, the latter a beginner of promise, were the only ones to shoot out their handicap allowances, as no one else had any show against Money's total. The totals made in this race give some idea of the conditions under which the event was shot. Edwards, the scratch man, made a poor showing in this event, scoring 34 out of 50. The Bergen County boys made things very comfortable for their members and guests, and "set up" the lunches in a very pleasant manner. If everybody did not get enough shooting it was his own fault, as the traps were kept busy all the time from 11 until dark. The club will hold a handicap target race, 100 targets, unknown angles, on Feb. 12. Scores in the cup race were:

```
N E Money (2)11110110111111111111111111011111111101111111111—46
             11                                              — 2—48
T W Morfey (1)11111111111111011111111111111001111111111010011—44
             1                                               — 1—45
Brockett (13)..11001001111111110111100111100011110100110011 10101—33
             1111101101111                                   —11—44
M Herrington (3)..10111101010100111101011111001110111011011111101111—36
Ed Taylor (2)......11111101111110111110110011100111011100100010111111—36
F S Edwards (0)...10111001010110010100111111011101010110111011011111—34
R Snyder (9) .....11001010001110101110111101111011110011111111101010—34
Warner (11).......10111010101111101100011111111010101000011101010111—33
P Adams (5).......11110001100110111000110100110011101011010111101111—30
T Bell (2).........01111010100110110101111101110011010110011110000110—30
Steele (12)........01111110010101110000011011111000101011001000111111—29
Van Keuren (10)..11110100010101010110101110010111001011011001100110—28
Whyand (13)......10100110010000101000101110001100101001111011110010—24
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Scores in the sweeps shot during the day were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	25	10	20	15	15	20	10	10	10	20	25	25	25	10
N E Money	20	8	12	12	18	19	9	9	10	17	..	18	21	..
T W Morfey	19	9	15	13	12	..	..	..	5	..	..	20	..	..
F S Edwards	23	10	14	14	14	18	10	9	9	12	..	21	22	..
M Herrington	17	8	13	11	10	17	5	10	7	..	..	..	13	..
Ward	..	5	10	8	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Van Keuren	..	5	11	9	9	13	7	..	..	11	15	..	..	..
Ed Taylor	..	..	..	..	9	15	8	..	..	..	..	..	20	..
H D Warner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	15	..	..	..	8
Brackett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	15	..	14	..	9
R Snyder	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	6
C O Gardner, Jr.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	16	..	..	5
T Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
P Adams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	19	..	..	..
Whyand	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	15	..	..	..
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	10	20	..	..
Raymond	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	19	..	..

EAST SIDE GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Jan. 20.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the East Side Gun Club, of Newark. Event No. 1 was at 8 live birds, $2.50 entrance; Nos. 2 and 3 at 15 targets per man, known traps and angles. Scores in the live-bird event were:

Perment	11111111—8	Erhardt	10101110—5
Thomas	11111111—8	Laufenberg	11000111—5
Koegel	10111111—7	Bitz	10100111—5
Leuthauser	10111111—7	Reiboldt	10101100—4
Hilfers	01011111—6	Neigart	01110001—4

Two 15-target events were shot after the live birds had been disposed of. Scores were as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Leuthauser	111111100111110—12	110010010111111—10
Reiboldt	111110011110110—11	100111111111011—12
Koegel	111110111110100—11	100101111011001— 9
Thomas	110110111101001—10	....
Bitz	111011010111000— 9	111110001111111—12
Schork	011011011000111— 9	011001001111010— 8
C Neigart	111111000001010— 8	110110000000000— 4
Erhardt	111000010001010— 6	010011110010100— 7
Perment	010000011101010— 6	110101010001101— 8
Lutz	001001001100011— 6	....
Laufenberg	111011000001000— 6	....
Henry	101000000010011— 5	....

THEO. LEUTHAUSER, Sec'y.

A Saturday at Larchmont.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—A long list of events was decided to-day on the grounds of the Larchmont Y. C., 15 events being shot and 427 pigeons trapped. Of this number 353, or about 82 per cent., were scored, the number of dead out of bounds, owing to the 21yds. boundary, being extremely large and fatal to the chances of many a shooter. The scores in the 5 bird events, two high guns, and in the miss-and-outs were as below, a glance at the scores telling what was what:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
H Butler	22•0•	•011•	12010	00111	21021	111111222
J P Knapp	12222	2202•	022222	20221	20222	12110
G S McAlpin	21222	111121	2222•1	•2•	21122	122122222
G Magoun	2201	222220	20122•	21201	02010	22212
W H Stafford	2202	222222	02220	22222	2222•	222•2
H B Wright	....	......	•12•	22201	01021	222122•
F G Moore	....	......	.....	.....	2220	212222221
L T Dwyer	....	......	.....	.....	.....	211222222
Dr Wynn	....	......	.....	.....	.....	222220

	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.	No. 13.
Butler	22112•	0	•	.....	....	...	...
Knapp	212•	222222	2122	20	1122120	20	...
McAlpin	2222•	222222	2•	22222	2212222	212	221
Wright	22222•	222222	•	12220	2122222	222	120
Stafford	2220	0	2222	220	2222222	20	222
Moore	220	0	2220	0	22•	...	...
Wynn	110	122222	2111	22221	221222•	12•	...
Duryea	210	0	1122	2212[illegible]	20	...	...
Magoun	.....	......	0	.....	....	...	...

	No. 14.	No. 15.
Wright	2222120	22221222
Stafford	2222222	21222•
McAlpin	1222120	2212222•

Trap at Leroy, Pa.

LEROY, Pa., Jan. 19.—The newly organized gun club of this city held a shoot to-day for a silver trophy donated to the club by its secretary, Mr. S. D. Loyd. The contest was a handicap affair, the number of targets shot at by each individual ranging from 25 to 50. The handicaps were arranged by B. F. Smith, S. D. Loyd and R. Holcomb. B. F. Smith won the trophy by breaking 24 out of his 25, but was closely pursued by Messrs. R and C. Holcomb, each of whom broke 23 out of 37. There would have been seven or eight more entries had the weather been more favorable; as it was, the air was bitterly cold and penetrating. Scores were:

```
B F Smith (0).....1111111111111111111110111                              —24
R Holcomb (12)....1010111101010101101101110110101001101                  —23
C Holcomb (12)....1110101011011100110111011003111001110                  —23
T Morse (19)......11000100011101011000110110001100000101110111            —21
C Dodge (40)......10000110110011011010111001010001000001010 0101          —20
C McCreary (12)...0011010111001011000110110101100101100                  —19
S D Loyd (25).....00010011001001100001100101101000010101010000100100—19
R Blowers (25)....00010000011101101001001100000100100001110000101101—19
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BUFFALO B.

Interstate Tournaments for 1897.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Up to the present time the Interstate Association has made arrangements to give tournaments as follows, and claims dates accordingly: Baltimore, Md., April 14, 15 and 16, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association; Monroe, La., June 9 and 10, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club; New Haven, Conn., July 14 and 15, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club; Lewiston, Me., Aug. 4 and 5, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club; and Montpelier, Vt., Aug. 20 and 26, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

Rising Sun Gun Club.

RISING SUN, Md., Jan. 19.—The Rising Sun Gun Club, of this place, held a shoot to-day. The main event was at 25 bluerocks per man, and below are the scores made by the 8 highest guns:

```
A Keen ..........................0011111111111001111110111 1—21
J Gifford .......................1100011011111110111111101—19
H England .......................1111111111011111111111111—23
J Hartenstine ...................1011111111111111011111111—23
S Terry .........................1011111111111011110111111—21
D Letts .........................1011111111111110100101111—20
W Martindale ....................1111111011101111111111011—22
H Alexander .....................0010110100111111111101110—19
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H. L. WORTHINGTON, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.

Jan. 19.—The Emerald Gun Club's monthly shoot was well attended, as usual, twenty-eight members taking part in the club shoot, three guests making the number that faced the traps at Dexter Park this afternoon total thirty-one in all. There was just enough wind to make the birds a fairly strong lot of flyers, and in consequence only two of the thirty-one, E. J. Clark and Gus Nowak, were able to make straight scores. Among the twenty-eight members of the club were two new ones, J. S. S. Remsen and H. F. Burns. Remsen was shooting a new gun, and found that it suited him very well, as he scored in practice and in the main event just 31 out of 3[illegible].

The monthly gatherings of the Emerald Gun Club are always most enjoyable, while the friendly rivalry among the members makes each shot of interest. Although our score does not show the number of birds that fell dead out of bounds, it should be noticed that Charlie Dudley's straight was spoiled in the 8th round by a bird that barely got across the boundary. Tom Lewis (an assumed name, by the way) shot about five different guns, and his score by no means represents his real capabilities.

The full score in the club shoot is given below, the manner of handicapping the members by both distance and by points being shown. (N. B.—Each shooter must score more birds than shown by his handicap points before adding anything to his record for the yearly prizes):

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	Points.	
E J Clark (A, 29)	7	2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—10
R Phister (A, 29)	7	2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2— 9
J S S Remsen (A, 29)	7	1 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2— 8
Tom Lewis (A, 29)	7	0 2 2 2 2 0 0 0 0 2— 5
M Herrington (A, 28)	7	1 1 1 2 0 1 2 2 2 2— 9
Tom Short (A, 28)	7	0 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 1 2— 8
Dr G V Hudson (A, 28)	7	2 1 2 0 2 0 1 2 0 2— 7
Gus Nowak (A, 28)	6½	2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2—10
C F Dudley (A, 28)	6½	1 1 2 1 2 1 2 0 1 2— 9
H P Fessenden (A, 28)	6½	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2— 9
F W Place (A, 28)	6½	1 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1— 9
W Sands (A, 28)	6½	2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2— 9
E A Vroome (A, 28)	6½	2 1 1 0 2 2 2 1 2 0— 8
J H Moore (A, 28)	6½	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1— 8
G E Loeble (A, 28)	6½	2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 1— 8
O Mulcahy (A, 28)	6½	2 2 2 0 1 2 0 2 0 1— 7
C Steutzle (A, 28)	6½	2 2 0 0 1 2 0 1 0 0— 5
J Banzer (A, 28)	6	2 2 0 2 2 1 0 1 0 2— 7
R Regan (A, 28)	6	0 2 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 1— 4
W Amend (A, 28)	5½	2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 0 1— 8
B Amend (A, 28)	5½	2 0 2 1 0 0 2 1 2 0— 6
J Woelfel (A, 28)	5	0 2 2 0 0 2 0 0 2 2— 5
T F Codey (B, 26)	5½	0 2 0 2 0 1 2 0 1 2— 6
Dr Richter (B, 25)	5	0 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 0 2— 7
Emil Weiss (B, 25)	5	2 0 2 0 0 2 2 1 2 1— 7
G K Breit (B, 25)	5	0 2 0 0 1 0 2 2 0 1— 5
G B Hillers (B, 25)	5	1 0 0 0 0 1 2 0 2 0— 4
H F Burns (B, 25)	5	0 0 0 2 0 1 0 0 2 2— 4
*F S Edwards (27)		2 0 1 1 2 0 1 0 1 1— 7
*W Jaeger (28)		2 0 1 0 0 2 2 1 0 1— 6
*T B Ford (28)		2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0— 2

* Guests. EDWARD BANKS.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

Jan. 20.—The first shoot of the year of the New York German Gun Club was held to-day at Dexter Park. There were thirteen shooters on hand to take part in the club shoot at 10 live birds. Three of the thirteen tied on 9 each, and on the shoot off miss-and-out Koenig won on the first round, both Dr. Hudson and J. Schlicht losing their birds dead out of bounds. Scores made in the club shoot and in a 3 bird sweep shot after the main event were as follows:

		Tie.	Sweep.
B Koenig	1112112201- 9	2	2[illegible]1—3
Dr Hudson	1022[illegible]2111—9	•	111- 3
J Schlicht	[illegible]1[illegible]21210 9	•	
F Sauter	0[illegible]1110112—8	.	[illegible]01 2
H Thamforde	2112[illegible]0120[illegible] 8	.	
E Doeinck	1101 22[illegible]0 8	.	10[illegible]—2
J P Dannefelser	[illegible]110 220[illegible]—8	.	[illegible]00- 1
H Leopold	2011010111—7	.	...
J Oehl	00[illegible]021110- 6	.	...
M Banden	02 [illegible]011101 6	.	...
J Wellbrock	1[illegible]2[illegible]01000[illegible]—6	.	200—[illegible]
A Radle	[illegible]0 12200[illegible]2—6	.	...
P Kronsberg	02 0221 00- 5	.	2 2—2
H Meyer	000000.00[illegible]- 1	.	...

The following list gives the records for 1896, and shows the number of points handicap, and also the total number of points scored by each contestant in the nine club shoots held during the year. The first ten on the list received prizes at the annual meeting held Jan. 15:

	Handicap.	Points.		Handicap.	Points.
J Wellbrock	5½	15	M Banden	4½	4
H Thamforde	5	8	S J Held	6	4
Dr Hudson	6½	7	H Nobel	5	[illegible]
J Schlicht	5½	6½	J Oehl	4	3
F Sauter	5	6	A Schmitt	5½	3
J Smith	5	6	E Doeinck	5½	2
H Leopold	5	6	A Lucas	3	2
E Radle	4½	5½	A Leuthenser	3	2
J P Dannefelser	5	5	A Busch	5½	½
P Garms, Jr	5½	4½	B Koenig	5	1

The annual election of officers also took place on Jan. 15, the following list of officers being elected for 1897: President, August Schmitt; Vice-President, J. Wellbrock; Secretary, A. Leutheusser; Treasurer, J. P. Dannefelser; Captain, F. Sauter.

A. LEUTHEUSSER, Sec'y.

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB.

Jan. 21.—Five members of the Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn, put in an appearance this afternoon at Dexter Park, to take part in the first regular monthly shoot of the club for 1897. J. E. Lake scored 8 out of 10 from the 28yds. mark and took first place. W. H. Dean, a guest of the club, ran his 10 birds straight. Scores were:

J E Lake (28)	0012111121— 8	J Grace (28)	0010210000— 3
Dr Eddy (28)	1[illegible]120[illegible]1110— 7	*W H Dean (30)	2112221121—10
Wm Allen (29)	221121[illegible]100— 7	*J Williams (25)	0001110112— 6
Wm Selover (30)	12[illegible]2 20120— 7	*Guest.	

FALCON GUN CLUB.

Jan. 22.—The Falcon Gun Club held its first monthly shoot for 1897 at Dexter Park this afternoon. Seven members competed for the club's prizes, J. Vagts and J. Herrmann tieing for first place with 6 kills each. Falcon Gun Club rules call for gun below the elbow, second barrel kills to count as a half. Scores were as below:

J Vagts (25)	1111011—6	C Doscher (25)	2102101—4
J Herrmann (25)	1011111—6	H Van Staden (25)	0111020—3½
J Bobling (25)	1011111—5½	J Moller (27)	0112001—3½
J Meyer (28)	1111010—4		

Trap Around Buffalo.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 18.—The regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, of this city, was held at Audubon Park on Saturday. The attendance was poor compared to what usually greets these weekly gatherings, but the quality of the shooting was decidedly good. Nos. 3 and 4 were the club shoot and the Gold Dust powder events respectively. In respect to the latter event the Buffalo *Courier* has this to say in its issue of the 17th inst.: "As was expected, the special Gold Dust powder shoot was the event of the day, and it was very hotly contested. Although the prize was won by the donors, Burkhardt Brothers, they kindly allowed the second best men, of which there were five, to shoot for its possession. Among them was one who not very long ago won the beautiful W. & A. silver powder flask, and he vowed that he would win this one also. In the shoot-off, which was a miss-and-out affair, it took only four rounds to decide that the Gold Dust belonged to the same man who made good his vow, Mr. Leonard Bennett. President Reid made the presentation speech in a few well-chosen remarks for the occasion, after which Mr. Bennett who had been anxious to see his prize, opened the package and found not powder for shooting purposes, but in its stead a well-known brand of washing powder. Everybody now has the laugh on Mr. Bennett, but he has threatened to get even with some one, particularly Georgie McArthur, whose fertile brain hatched the scheme. The Class A badge fell to the lot of Charles Burkhardt with a straight score. This makes his fourth claim. Edward Reinecke was again successful as last week and won the Class B badge for the second time. Alderman George Zoeller was again the winner in Class C."

Scores were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*15*	*20*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*15*	*20*
E C Burkhardt	8	14	24	15	14	18	U E Story	..	8	19	10	..	..
Norris	8	14	20	13	14	16	J A Kennedy	..	8	13	10	10	12
C S Burkhardt	10	13	25	14	15	14	J J Reid	..	9	19	11	..	10
L W Bennett	10	15	23	13	14	20	E N McCarney	..	11	20	13	10	14
A Coombs	..	..	21	..	..	..	W Hines, Jr	..	14	20	11	14	..
B Toisma	..	..	17	11	..	..	E P Reynolds	..	9	12	8	6	..
G McArthur	9	12	20	12	11	14	J H Johnson	..	11	18	13	..	..
G Zoeller	5	15	21	13	11	17	J J Schneider	..	..	14	8	10	..
E Reinecke	..	..	20	11	..	..	A Rossiter	..	..	..	12	..	..
L Fries	9	14	15	10	11	..							

MIDWINTER TOURNAMENT.

Jan. 16.—The first day of the Audubon Gun Club's first annual midwinter tournament opened most inauspiciously, a high wind blowing all day. But few local shooters put in an appearance and only one or two from out of town were on hand. L. V. Beyer, of Rochester, N. Y., took part in twelve events and came out easily on top. The scores in the thirteen events shot during the day are given below in tabulated form:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
L Beyer	7	9	6	8	9	7	13	12	9	..	8	10	11
Geisendorfer	4	7	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fay	6	5	7	4	..	..	..	..	5	4	4	6	4
Baker	4	8	8	5	..	..	7	6	3	4	..	6	5
Poole	..	..	..	..	6	9	9	6	6	5	..	5	..
McCarney	..	..	..	..	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Estes	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C S B	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	9	5	..	9	9	10
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	..	..	..	..	..
H Wheeler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	4	3	..	4	7
Norris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10 and 12, 10 targets each; Nos. 7, 8, 11 and 13, 15 targets each.

The Elliott-Gay Match.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 16.—J. A. R. Elliott and J. D. Gay, the latter hailing from Pine Grove, Ky., shot a match to-day on the grounds of the Kentucky Gun Club, of this city. The conditions of the match were as follows: 100 live birds per man, $100 a side; Elliott to stand at 31yds. and to use a Winchester repeating shotgun; Gay to stand at 29yds.; winner to take the gate receipts. Elliott won by 2 birds with a score of 98 to 96.

The day was warm and pleasant, but there was no breeze, and the atmosphere was hazy. The prominence given to the match by the caliber of both shooters, and by the big scores that have lately been made by both men, brought out a large attendance of spectators. Mr. Irby Bennett, of the W. R. A. Co., looked after Elliott, the same office being performed for Mr. Gay by Mr. H. J. Lyons. The referee was Mr. Geo C. Beck, of Indianapolis, Ind.; official scorer, John Morton; trap-puller, Claude Kelley. The match commenced at 1:39 P. M. and finished at 3:40 P. M., occupying just one minute over two hours. The traps fell to the contestants as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Elliott	12	18	22	24	24	100
Gay	31	18	21	21	14	100

Elliott shot a Winchester repeating shotgun, Winchester factory-loaded ammunition, Leader shells, 48grs. E. C., 1¼oz. No. 7; Gay shot a Parker gun, U. M. C. Smokeless shell, 3½drs. Hazard, 1¼oz. No. 7. Gay's shells were loaded by Emile Pragoff, of Louisville, Ky.

As will be seen from the score, Gay lost his 14th and 22d birds, both dead out of bounds. High runs were: Elliott, 44, 46; Gay, 13, 2[illegible], 21, 34. The detailed score given below tells the story of the match as to flight of bird, trap, etc.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

JAR Elliott (31)
3 2 1 2 4 2 3 5 3 5 2 2 4 3 1 1 2 1 3 4 3 3 5 1 5
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

2 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 5 2 5 2 2 5 4 4 1 2 4 1 1 4 4 3 3
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

5 2 3 5 3 3 5 5 5 4 4 1 4 5 3 3 2 5 4 5 5 5 5 3 5
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

2 4 3 3 3 2 4 4 5 3 5 3 5 3 5 5 1 4 4 2 2 1 4 2 1
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24—98

J D Gay (29)
5 4 1 2 1 3 2 1 1 3 1 1 2 5 2 2 1 3 3 4 5 4 3 5 5
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2—23

5 5 3 3 1 4 1 1 1 2 4 1 4 3 3 5 3 3 3 4 5 4 1 4 4
2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

4 1 3 4 2 5 1 1 1 4 2 4 3 1 1 2 3 5 3 4 1 5 3 2 3
1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1—24

1 1 3 1 4 1 4 2 1 5 1 4 1 4 4 4 1 2 5 1 2 1 4 1 3
2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2—25 96

Hastings Gun Club.

HASTINGS, Neb., Jan. 15.—Below are the scores made by members of the Hastings Gun Club in the handicap shoot for the silver trophy donated by Laflin & Rand (W-A) Powder Company. All ties will be shot off at the next regular club shoot:

		Added.	Total.
Kinney	0100000110110111110011001110[illegible]- 16+ 9		—25
Rants	1011110111111001101111011111[illegible]- 24+ 6		—30
Bernhard	1011111111111111[illegible]00[illegible]1111111[illegible]1 -16+ 7		- 31
Averill	00101011001000101011111001101[illegible]- 1[illegible]+16		—3[illegible]
McKinney	11110111111101010101[illegible]011111011—[illegible]+10		- 3[illegible]
Lyman	100100000110000100110100111010- 1[illegible]+16		—27
Walradt	110001110100100111101101111001—18+ 9		—27
Holsworth	111101111111111111111[illegible]01011111 [illegible]7+ 7		—34
Lawson	111000111111111101111111111010- 21+ 4		—25
Creeth	11110011110011011111010011111[illegible] [illegible]+10		—3[illegible]
Duer	[illegible]1110111111[illegible]00111110111111111 25+ 0		—25
Boyd	0110001110011100100111110 0011— 7+ 7		—[illegible]4
Hayden	1[illegible]00111111111111111111101001011 24+ 4		- 2[illegible]

SECRETARY.

Are Elkwood Park's Traps an Infringement?

WE have received from Mr. Robert S. Elliott, of the firm of R. S. Elliott & Co., of Kansas City, Mo., a copy of a letter sent to Mr. Phil Daly, Jr., by Mr. Elliott's attorneys. The letter, which fully explains the circumstances under which it was sent, is as follows:

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 15.—*Mr. Phil Daly, Jr., Branchport, N. J.:* We are credibly informed that you are using in your profession a sportsman's live-bird trap, with an opening in the bottom of the trap adapted to insert a bird through said bottom into the trap; and further, we are aware that you have formerly been using the trap known as the Mott trap, patented Aug. 6, 1895, to Jordan L. Mott, Jr., No. 544,186; and to add practicability and make this trap more expeditious you, or other persons with whom you are interested, have cut an opening in the bottom of this trap, through which the bird can be introduced by the feeder secreting himself in a pit in the ground or otherwise, from the bottom.

This trap, as you are using it, is a direct infringement upon an invention for the same purpose by Robert S. Elliott, of this city, for which he now has an application pending in the U. S. Patent Office for patent, and which is ready for official allowance and will be so officially allowed when it receives the next official action by the department; and we will now call upon you, by authority vested in us by Mr. Elliott, to desist at once from the use of any live-bird trap by which the bird is inserted through the bottom into the trap; and if you fail to comply with this notice the law in such cases will be put in full force against you, and you will be held strictly to account for all of the traps that you have been using with the said opening in the bottom of the trap.

Hoping that you will comply at once with the spirit of this notice, we are, yours very respectfully,

HIGDON & HIGDON.

McAlpin Defeats Duryea.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—G. S. McAlpin and L. T. Duryea shot a match to-day on the grounds of the Larchmont Y. C., and McAlpin won from Duryea by 3 birds, the scores standing 91–88. These scores were really excellent ones and both men did great work, as the birds were a fast lot, with a strong wind to help them out of bounds. The conditions were: 100 live birds, 30yds. rise, 21yds. boundary. The short boundary was answerable for several ciphers, as each man had birds scored dead out of bounds that would otherwise have been called "good birds." McAlpin lost 6 birds dead out; Duryea lost 8 from the same cause; these figures show that they didn't miss many.

A number of spectators were present, among them Roll Organ and W. P. Mussey, of Chicago. Others were: W. C. F. Jones, E. Eddy, G. Magoun, Dr. W. Wynn, W. E. Duryea, Wm. Stewart, Dr. Knowlton, F. W. Duryea, D. I. Bradley, O. Adams, etc.

In the two first strings of 25 birds McAlpin gained on Duryea, scoring 24 to 23 and 20 to 19; in the 3d string Duryea gained rapidly, and at the 69th round McAlpin was only 1 ahead of him. Then McAlpin lost his 69th and Duryea had to score to tie; he failed, his bird falling dead out of bounds. From this point McAlpin ran out straight with 31 unfinished, but Duryea lost 2 birds, his 89th (dead out) and his 93d. Double-figure runs were: McAlpin 31, 24 and 17; Duryea 20, 19, 12 and 11. Scores:

G S McAlpin
•[illegible]2222[illegible]2[illegible]2122222[illegible]2221 22—24
•022221222 •221••2 222222—20
2221222[illegible]•210212 2022222—[illegible]2
222[illegible]2212222[illegible]122222222—25 - 91

L T Duryea
2[illegible]•2[illegible]•2222[illegible]2121[illegible]20 22222—23
22221•[illegible]•20[illegible]212122•[illegible]22••22—19
21222[illegible]222[illegible]2222[illegible]•21122[illegible]—[illegible]
2222222222[illegible]•22 0222222—23—88

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 14.—The scores made by the members of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club given below were made under very unfavorable circumstances for good scores, a heavy snowstorm bothering the shooters while the event was being decided.

H Reynolds	1010111101101110111111111 20
Ed Williams	1011111101011101110110010—17
W Corlies	0110011011111101001111[illegible]—17
W Perkins	1001110111010111111010011 17
J M Spencer	1101111000100111101011101 - 16
H Valentine	1010010010[illegible]101101111011101—14
W Manney	1101011110000101001101011—14
A Traver	0001001000011101001010001— 9
F Reichert	1010000001100000010001101— 8
F Horsefall	1001010011000001001000000— 7
H Sisson	0010100100001000011101000 7
G Van Wagnen	0100000000000000001000001— 1

Jan. 20.—Below are the scores made in a team race shot to-day between members of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club and the Hyde Park Gun Club. The scores are very low, chiefly on account of the bad weather:

Poughkeepsie.		Hyde Park.	
Eastmead	20	Russell	16
Perkins	16	Sleight	15
Godinez	16	Hover	12
Corlies	16	Baker	11
Spencer	15	Wicker	9
Condit	13—96	Wigger	6—69

W. J. PERKINS, Sec'y.

At Fairmount Springs.

BENTON, Pa., Jan. 16.—We were treated to-day to as interesting a match as was ever shot at Fairmount Springs, Pa., when Eli Hess and Dr. Bonham, the two Fairmount cracks, met before the trap on Smith's old grounds to settle a difference of opinion. The conditions were $25 a side, 25 bluerocks per man, thrown from one expert trap, at unknown angles. The event was very close all through, and after the 10th round it was anybody's, until Hess failed to connect with his 21st bird, a sharp left-quarterer; this left Bonham 1 in the lead, a position he maintained to the finish. They are expected to meet again next week. Following is the score:

Bonham	1111111110111111111111111 -24
Hess	1011111111111111111101111—23

J.

The Riverton Gun Club, an organization of Philadelphians, has issued its programme for the annual shoot on March 5-6. The events are open only to members of the following clubs: Carteret, Larchmont, Tuxedo, Westminster Kennel Club, Westchester Country Club, Philadelphia Gun Club, Elk Ridge Fox Hunting Club, Blooming Grove Park Association and Riverton Gun Club. The main event of the shoot will be the contest for the "Riverton annual 100-bird handicap," 50yds. boundary, 50 birds to be shot at each ground, and all to be shot on one day; $100 entrance, four high guns, 50, 30, 15 and 5 per cent., with 10 per cent. to the club, cup also to the winner with the 50 per cent. of the purse. Entries, with $25 forfeit, must be made by March 1. Shooting commences on the arrival of the 10:30 train from the Market street wharf, Philadelphia.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

H. J. K., Washington, D. C.—It is a dead bird.

TRAP WAD.—It is a no bird if he kills it; a lost bird if he loses it.

KEYPORT, N. J.—Will our correspondent who wrote us under date of Jan. 18, asking (among things) for the breeding of Rip Rap, Jr., and Prairie Belle, kindly send us his name and address?

J. S. G. C., Toronto.—I have four beagle puppies three months old troubled with worms. I have been treating them with areca nut powder and santonine. They are now showing symptoms of distemper. Would you kindly give me a remedy? They are bred rather too fine—brother and sister. Ans. Keep your dogs in a warm place. Feed them frequently; give them almost anything they will eat. Give 5grs. of sodium salicylate four times a day. Should cough be very distressing give ¼gr. of codeine twice a day.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

WHEN YOU GO SOUTH to the great Texas midwinter shooting carnival at San Antonio, or to the great Arkansaw Traveler's annual winter tournament at Hot Springs, Ark., remember the Missouri Pacific R. R. When you go South for a bit of the best shooting in America, to the Texas Gulf Coast or the Indian Nations, remember the Missouri Pacific R. R. Elegant through trains out of St. Louis, with all the luxuries of modern travel. Special tournament rates. Address H. C. Townsend, G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.—*Adv.*